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The Genuine Edition of
JOE MILLER'S JESTS:

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Wits Vade-Mecum *Revised.*

Most humbly inscribed to all

The CHOICE SPIRITS, MERRY SOULS, and
FACETIOUS COMPANIONS of the Age.

BEING

A Collection of the most Brilliant JESTS, excellent
BON MOTS, and most pleasant short Stories in the
English Language; many of them transcribed
from the Mouth of the Facetious Gentlemen whose
Name they bear.

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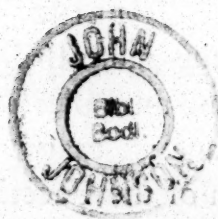
Choice Collections of Moral Sentences,

And of the most pointed and truly valuable

EPIGRAMS in the British Tongue;

With the Names of the AUTHORS to such as are known.

A NEW EDITION.



JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

THERE being a great disturbance one night at Drury Lane play-house, the late Mr. Wilks, coming upon the stage to say something to pacify the audience, and an orange being thrown full at him, which when he had taken up, making a low bow, with the orange in his hand, *This is no civil orange, I think*, said he.

2. A certain poet and player, remarkable for his impudence and cowardice, happening many years ago to have a quarrel with Mr. Powel, another player, received from him a smart box on the ear; a few days after, the poetical player having lost his snuff-box, was making strict enquiry if any body had seen his box, *What* said another of the theatrical punsters, *that which George Powel gave you the other night?*

3. Mr. H——rr——n, one of the commissioners of the revenue in Ireland, being one night in the pit at the play-house in Dublin, Monaca Gaul, the orange girl, famous for her wit and assurance, striding over his back, he popp'd his hands under her petticoats. *Nay, Mr. Commissioner*, said she, *you'll find no goods there but what have been fairly enter'd.*

4. In the reign of queen Anne, when it was said the lord Oxford had got a number of peers made at once to serve a particular turn, being met the next day by my lord Wharton; *So, Robin*, said he, *I find what you lost by tricks, you have gain'd by honours.*

5. Sir F. P. once in parliament, brought in a bill that wanted some amendment, which being not attended to by the house, he frequently repeated, That he *thirsted* to mend his bill. Upon which, a worthy member got up, and said, *Mr. Speaker, I humbly move, since that member thirsts so very much, that he may be allowed to mend his draught.* This put the house in such a good humour, that his request was granted.

6. A certain country 'squire ask'd a Merry Andrew, Why he play'd the fool? *For the same reason*, said he, *that*

you do; out of want: You do it for want of wit, I do it for want of money.

7. When the duke of Ormond was young, and came first to court, he happen'd to stand next to my lady Dorchester one evening in the drawing-room, who being but little upon reserve on most occasions, let a fart; upon which, he look'd her full in the face, and laugh'd. *What's the matter, my lord?* said she. *Ob! I heard it, madam,* reply'd the duke. *You'll make a fine courtier, indeed,* said she, *if you mind every thing you hear in this place.*

8. A poor man, who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolv'd to have the word, told her, if she spoke one crooked word more, he'd beat her brains out. *Why then, rams-horns, you rogue,* said she, *if I die for it.*

9. A gentleman ask'd a lady at Tunbridge who had made a very large acquaintance among the beaux and pretty fellows there, what she would do with them all? *Ob!* said she, *they pass off like the waters.* And pray madam, reply'd the gentleman, *do they all pass the same way?*

10. An hackney-coachman, who was just set up, had heard that the lawyers used to club their three-pence apiece, four of them to go to Westminster; and being called by a lawyer at Temple-Bar, who, with two others in their gowns, got into his coach, he was bid to drive to Westminster-hall; but the coachman still holding his door open, as if he waited for more company, one of the gentlemen ask'd him why he did not shut the door, and go on? The fellow scratching his head, cry'd, *You know, master, my fare's a shilling; I can't go for nine-pence.*

11. Gun Jones, who had made a handsome fortune from a very mean beginning, happening to have some words with a person who had known him for some time, was ask'd by the other, How he could have the impudence to give himself so many airs to him, when he knew very well, that he remember'd him seven years before, when he had hardly a rag to his a——. *You lie, sarrab,* reply'd Jones; *for seven years ago I had nothing but rags to my a——.*

12. A gentleman told Betty Careless, upon shewing her legs, that they must needs be twins. *But indeed,* said she, *you are mistaken; for I have had more than one or two between them.*

13. A lady seeing the sheriff of a county who was a very handsome young gentleman, attending the judge, wh
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was an old man; a gentleman, standing by, ask'd her which she lik'd best, the judge or the sheriff? The lady told him, the sheriff. *Why so?* said the Gentlemen. *Because,* answer'd she, *tho' I love judgement well, I love execution better.*

14. One told another, who was not used to be cloathed very often, that his new coat was too *short* for him; *That's true,* answer'd his friend; *but it will be long enough before I get another.*

15. A certain lady, finding her husband somewhat too familiar with her chamber-maid, turn'd her away immediately. Huffy, said she, I have no occasion for such fluts as you, only to do that work which I chuse to do myself.

16. Altho' the infirmities of nature are not proper subjects to be made a jest of; yet when people take a great deal of pains to conceal what every body sees, there is nothing more ridiculous: Of this sort was old Cross the player, who being very deaf, did not care any body should know it. Honest Joe Miller, going with a friend one day along Fleet-street, and seeing old Cross on the other side of the way, told his acquaintance he should see some sport; so beckoning to Cross with his finger, and stretching open his mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he halloo'd to him, tho' he said nothing, the old fellow came puffing from the other side of the way, *What a pox,* said he, *do you make such a noise for? Do you think one can't hear?*

17. Joe Miller, another day, sitting in the window at the Sun Tavern in Clare-street, while a fish woman was passing by, crying, *Buy my souls, Buy my maids.* Ah! you wicked old creature, said Joe, *are you not contented to sell your own soul, but you must sell your maid's too.*

18. Sir William Davenant, the poet, who had no nose, going along the Meuse one day, a beggar-woman follow'd him, crying, Ah! God preserve your *eye-sight*, Sir; the Lord preserve your *eye-sight*. Why, good woman, said he, dost thou pray so much for my *eye-sight*? Ah! dear Sir, answer'd the woman, if it should please God that you grow dim-sighted, you have no place to hang your spectacles on.

19. A conceited fellow, who fancy'd himself a poet, ask'd Nat Lee, if it was not easy to write like a *madman*, as he did? No, answer'd Nat; *but it is easy to write like a fool as you do.*

20. Colley Cibber, who, notwithstanding his odes, has now and then said a good thing, being told one night be-

hind the scenes by the late duke of Wharton, that he expected to see him *hang'd or beggar'd* very soon; By G—d, said he laureat, *if I had your Grace's politics and morals, you might expect both.*

21. Dr. Sewel, and two or three more gentlemen, walking towards Hampstead, on a summer's day, were met by the famous Daniel Purcell, the punster, who was very importunate with them to know upon what account they were going thither. The doctor merrily answer'd him, *To make hay.* Very well, replied the other, you'll be there at a very convenient season, the country wants *rakes.*

22. A gentleman was saying one day at the Tilt Yard Coffee-house, when it rain'd exceeding hard, that it put him in mind of the general *deluge.* Zoons, Sir, said an old campaigner, who stood by, Who's that? I have heard of all the *generals* in Europe but him.

23. Mother Needham, about 50 years ago, being much in arrears with her landlord for rent, was warmly pressed by him for his money: Dear Sir, said she, how can you be so pressing at this dead time of the year; in about six weeks both the P——t and the C——nv——c——n will fit, and then business will be so brisk, that I shall be able to pay you ten times the sum.

24. Lord R— having lost fifty pistoles one night at the gaming table in Dublin, some friends condoling with him upon his ill luck; Faith, said he, I am very well pleased at what I have done; for I have bit them; by G—, there is not one pistole that don't want six-pence of weight.

25. A traveller coming into the kitchen of an inn, in a very cold night, stood so close to the fire that he burnt his boots. An arch rogue, who sat in the chimney-corner, cried out to him, Sir, Sir, you'll burn your spurs presently. *My boots you mean, I suppose,* said the gentleman. *No Sir,* replied the other, *they are burnt already.*

26. A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air; Well, honest fellow, said he, 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labours. To which the countryman replied, *'Tis very likely you may, truly; for I am sowing hemp.*

27. Villiers, the witty and extravagant duke of Buckingham, in king Charles II'd's time, was saying one day to Sir Robert Viper, in a melancholic humour, I am afraid, I shall die a beggar at last, which is the most terrible

rible thing in the world : Upon my word, my lord, said Sir Robert, there is another thing more terrible which you have reason to apprehend, and that is, *That you will live a beggar, at the rate you go on.*

28. The same noble duke, another time, was making his complaint to Sir John Cutler, a rich miser, of the disorder of his affairs, and ask'd him what he should do to prevent the ruin of his estate? *Live as I do, my lord,* said Sir John; *That I can do,* answer'd the duke, *when I am ruined.*

29. At another time a person, who had been a dependant on his Grace, begg'd his interest for him at court; and to press the thing more home upon the duke, said, *He had nobody to depend upon but God and his Grace. Then,* says the duke, *you are in a miserable way; for you could not have pitched upon any two who have less interest at court.*

30. A lady being asked how she lik'd a gentleman's finging, who had a very *stinking breath* : *The words are good,* said she, *but the air is intolerable.*

31. The late Mrs. Oldfield being ask'd if she thought Sir W. Y. and Mrs. H—n, who had both stinking breaths, were married: *I don't know,* said she, *whether they are married; but I am sure there is a wedding between them.*

32. A gentleman saying something of an ugly wench, with a red face, another said her face always put him in mind of Marybone Park; being desired to explain himself, said, *It was vastly rude, and had not one bit of pale about it.*

33. A pragmatICAL young fellow, sitting at table over against the learned John Scot, asked him, What difference there was between *Scot* and *sot*? *Just the breadth of the table,* answered the other.

34. Sir Thomas More for a long time having only daughters, his wife prayed earnestly that they might have a boy; at last they had a boy, who when he came to man's estate, proved but simple; *Thou prayedst so long for a boy,* said Sir Thomas to his wife, *that at last thou hast got one who will be a boy as long as he lives.*

35. The same gentleman, when Lord Chancellor, being pressed by the counsel of a party, for a longer day to perform a decree, said, *Take St. Barnaby's day, the longest in the year;* which happened to be the next week.

36. This famous chancellor, who preserved his humour and wit to the last moment, when he came to be executed

on Tower Hill, the headsmen demanded his *upper garment* as his fee; *Ab! friend*, said he, taking off his cap, *that I think is my upper garment.*

37. The great Algernon Sidney seem'd to shew as little concern at his death; he had, indeed, got some friends to intercede with the king for a pardon; but when it was told him, that his majesty could not be prevailed upon to give him his life; but that, in regard of his ancient and noble family, he would remit part of his sentence, and only have his head cut off; *Nay*, said he, *if his majesty is resolved to have my head, he may make a whistle of my a— if he pleases.*

38. Lady C—g and her two daughters, having taken lodgings at a leather breeches maker's in Piccadilly, the sign of the *Cock and Leather Breeches*, was always put to the blush, when she was obliged to give directions to her lodgings, the sign being so odd; upon which my lady, a very good sort of a woman, sending for her landlord, a jolly young fellow, told him, she lik'd him and his lodgings very well, but must be forc'd to quit them on account of his sign; for she was ashamed to tell any body what it was. Oh dear, madam! said the young fellow, I would do any thing rather than lose so good lodgers; I can easily alter my sign: So I think, replied the lady; and I'll tell you how you may please both me and my daughters; *Only take down your breeches and let your cock stand.*

39. When Rabelais, the greatest drole in France, lay on his death bed, he could not help jesting at the very last moment; for having received the extreme unction, a friend coming to see him, said, He hoped he was *prepared* for the next world: *Yes, yes*, replied Rabelais, *I am ready for my journey now*; they have just greased my boots.

40. Henry the IVth of France, reading an ostentatious inscription on the monument of a Spanish officer, *Here lies the body of Don, &c. &c. &c. who never knew what fear was.* Then, said the king, he never snuffed a candle with his fingers.

41. A certain member of the French academy, who was no good friend to the abbot Furetiere, one day took the seat which was commonly used by the abbot, and soon after having occasion to speak, and Furetiere being by that time come in; Here is a place, said he, gentlemen, from whence I am likely to utter a thousand imper-
tinencies. Go on, answered Furetiere, there's one already.

42. When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York Buildings, which he intended for public orations, he happened at a time to be pretty much behind hand with his workmen; and coming one day among them, to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the rostrum, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard; the fellow mounting, and scratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator. Oh! said the knight, no matter for that, speak any thing that comes uppermost. *Why here, Sir Richard,* says the fellow, *we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money: Pray, Sir, when do you design to pay us?* Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough, I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't admire your subject.

43. A country clergyman, meeting a neighbour who never came to church, although an old fellow of above sixty, he gave him some reproof on that account, and asked if he never read at home? No, replied the clown, I can't read. I dare say, said the parson, you don't know who made you? Not I, in troth, cry'd the countryman. A little boy coming by at the same time, Who made you, child? said the parson. God, Sir, answered the boy. Why look you there, quoth the honest clergyman, are not you ashamed to hear a child of five or six years old tell me who made him, when you, that are so old a man, cannot? *Ab!* said the countryman, *it is no wonder that he should remember; he was made but t'other day, it is a great while, m'aster, sin I war made.*

44. A certain reverend drone in the country, was complaining to another, That it was a great fatigue to preach twice a day. *Oh!* said the other, *I preach twice every Sunday, and make nothing of it.*

45. One of the aforefaid Levites, as was his custom, preaching most exceedingly dull to a congregation not used to him, many of them flunk out of the church, one after another, before the sermon was near ended. *Truly,* said a gentleman present, *this learned doctor has made a very moving discourse.*

46. The late duke of Wharton, going through Holborn, in a hackney coach with Phil F—, saw a fellow a drumming before the door of a puppet show; Now, this is a pretty employment, Phil, said the duke; if you

were reduc'd so low, that you were oblig'd to be either a highwayman, or drummer to a puppet-show, which would you chuse? Faith, my lord, answered Phil. I would be the highwayman rather than the other. *Ay, reply'd the duke, that confirms the opinion I always had of you, that you have more pride than honesty.*

47. A certain senator, who is not, it may be, esteemed the wisest man in the house, has a frequent custom of shaking his head, when another speaks; which giving offence to a particular person, he complained of the indignity shewn to him; but one who had been acquainted with the first gentleman from a child, as he told the house, assured them, That it was only a bad habit that he had got, *for though he would shake his head, there was nothing in it.*

48. A French marquis, being one day at dinner at the late Sir Roger Williams's, the famous punster and publican, was boasting of the happy genius of his nation, in projecting all the fine modes and fashions, particularly the ruffle which he said, *Was de fine ornament to de hand, and had been followed by all de other nations.* Roger allowed what he said, but at the same time, *That the English, according to custom, had made a great improvement upon their invention, by adding the shirt to it.*

49. A young gentleman, playing at questions and commands with some pretty young ladies, was commanded to take off a garter from one of them, but she, as soon as he had laid hold of her petticoats, run away into the next room, where was a bed: Now, madam, said he, tripping up her heels, *I bar squeaking. Bar the door, you fool, cry'd she.*

50. A very modest young gentleman, of the county of Tipperary, having attempted many ways in vain to acquire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at last was resolved to try what could be done by the help of music, and therefore entertained her with a serenade under her window at midnight; but she ordered her servants to drive him from thence by throwing stones at him: *Oh! my friend, said one of his companions, your music is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very stones about you.*

51. Some unlucky boys, the scholars of Dr. Busby, at Westminster, besmeared the stairs leading to the school with something that shall be nameless; the doctor, as it was design'd, befoul'd his fingers very much in it; which
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so enrag'd him, that he cried out; He would give any boy half a crown, that would discover who had a hand in it; Upon which an arch boy immediately told him, for that reward he would let him know who had a hand in it; Well, said the doctor, I will certainly give you the half crown, if you tell me the truth. *Why then, answer'd the boy, you had a hand in it, or you would not have been so best—t.*

52. A young gentleman, who had stolen a ward, being in suit for her fortune, before a late Lord Chancellor, and the counsel insisting much on the equity of decreeing her a fortune for their maintenance; his lordship turn'd briskly upon him with this sentence, *That since the sutor had stolen the flesh, he should get bread to it how he could.*

53. A young gentleman, of a very good family, who had only a pair of colours in the guards, had been for some time in vain soliciting for a company; 'till happening to be on a visit, where her late grace of Marl---had met with an indelible disgrace, by accidentally breaking wind backwards, if our bold son of Mars had not with great gallantry, taken the shame upon himself, and ask'd a thousand pardons for the pretended offence he had committed, which quite freed her from the least suspicion of it; Her grace was so charmed with the presence of mind, and polite manner in which the young ensign had brought her off, that she never let my lord duke rest, 'till he had given him the company he wanted; and upon delivering his commission to him, *You find colonel, said she, it is an ill wind that blows no-body any good.*

54. A very harmless Irishman, eating an apple-pye with some quinces in it, *Arrah now, dear honey, said he, if a few of these quinces give such a flavor, how would an apple-pye taste made of all quinces?*

55. An English gentleman ask'd Sir Richard Steel, who was an Irishman, what was the reason that his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering, and making bulls? *Faith said the knight, I believe there is something in the air of Ireland; and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there, he would do the same.*

56. A gentleman who was a staunch *Whig*, disputing with a *Jacobite*, said, he had two good reasons for being against the interest of the *pretender*: What are those? said the other. The first, replied he, is that he is an *impostor*, not really king James's son: Why, that, said

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the *Tory*, would be a good reason, if it could be proved: And, pray, Sir, what is your other? *Why* said the *Whig*, *that he is king James's son.*

57. A certain nobleman, a courtier, in the beginning of the late reign, coming out of the House of Lords, accosted the duke of Buckingham, with, how does your pot boil, my lord, these troublesome times? To which his grace reply'd, *I never go into my kitchen, but I dare say the scum is uppermost.*

58. A gentleman having lent a guinea for two or three days to a person whose promises he had not much faith in, was very much surpriz'd to find, that he very punctually kept his word with him; the same gentleman being some time after desirous of borrowing a larger sum, *No*, said the other, *you have deceived me once, and I am resolv'd you shall not do it a second time.*

59. My lord chief justice Holt had sent by his warrant, one of the French prophets, a foolish sect, that started up in his time, to prison; upon which Mr. Lacy one of their followers, came one day to my lord's house, and desired to speak with him; the servants told him, their lord was not well, and saw no company that day: But tell him said Lacy, I must see him; for I come to him from the *Lord God*; which being told the chief justice, he ordered him to come in, and ask'd him his business: I come, said he, from the *Lord*, who has sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *noli prosequi* for John Atkins, who is his servant, and whom thou hast cast into prison. *Thou art a false prophet*, answer'd my lord, *and a lying knave; for if the Lord had sent thee, it would have been to the attorney general; for he knows it is not in my power to grant a noli prosequi.*

60. A country parson having divided his text under two and twenty heads; one of the congregation was getting out of the church in a great hurry; but a neighbour, pulling him by the sleeve, ask'd him whither he was going? *Home for my night-cap*, answer'd the first; *for I find we are to stay here all night.*

61. Old Dennis, who had been the author of many plays, going by a brandy-shop in St. Paul's Church Yard; the man who kept it came out to him, and desired the favour of him to drink a dram. For what reason? said he. Because you are a *dramatick* poet, answer'd the other. Well, thou art an out-of-the way fellow, said the old gentleman, and

and I will drink a dram with thee: But when he had so done, the man ask'd him to pay for it: 'Sdeath, Sir, said the bard, did not you ask me to drink a dram, because I was a *dramatick* poet? *Yes, Sir,* reply'd the fellow, *but I did not think you had been a dram o'tick poet.*

62. Daniel Purcell, the famous punster, and a friend of his, meeting, and having a desire to drink a glass of wine together upon the 30th of January, king Charles's martyrdom, they went to the Salutation tavern upon Holborn-Hill, and finding the doors shut, they knock'd at it, but it was not open'd to them, only one of the drawers look'd through a little wicket, and ask'd what they would please to have? Why, open your door, said Daniel, and draw us a pint of wine: The drawer said, his master would not allow of it that day, for it was a *fast*. *D—mn your master,* replied he, *for a precise coxcombe, is he not contented to fast himself, but he must make his doors fast too?*

63. The same gentleman calling for some pipes in a tavern, complaining they were too *short*: The drawer said they had no other, and those were *but just come in*. *Ay,* said Daniel, *I see your master has not bought them very long.*

64. The same gentleman, as he had the character of a great punster, was desired one night in company, by a gentleman, to make a *pun extempore*. Upon what subject? said Daniel. The *king*, answer'd the other. *Oh, Sir,* said he, *the king is no subject.*

65. An Irish lawyer of the Temple, having occasion to go to dinner, left the directions in his key-hole. *Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's, and he shall read it for you.*

66. The same gentleman had a client of his own country who was a sailor, and having been at sea for some time, his wife was married again in his absence, so he was resolved to prosecute her; and coming to advise with this counsellor, he told him, he must have witnesses to prove that he was alive when his wife married again. Arrah, by my shoul, but that shall be impossible, said the other; for my ship mates are all gone to sea again upon a long voyage, and shan't return this twelve month. *Oh! then* answer'd the counsellor, *there can be nothing done in it; and what a pity it is that such a brave cause should be lost now, only because you cannot prove yourself to be alive.*

67. Poor Joe Miler happening one day to be caught by

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one of his friends, in a very familiar posture with a cook-wench, who was exceedingly ugly, was pretty much rallied by them for the oddness of his fancy. *Why look ye, gentlemen, said he, altho' I am not a very young fellow, I have a good constitution, and am not, I thank Heaven, reduced yet either to beauty or brandy to whet my appetite.*

68. Mr. Congreve going up the water in a boat, one of the watermen told him as they passed by Peterborough house, at Mill-Bank, that the house had *sunk a story*. *Ne, friend said he, I rather believe it is a story raised.*

69. The aforefaid house, which is the very last in London one way, being rebuilt, a gentleman ask'd another, Who liv'd in it; His friend told him, Sir Robert Grosvenor; *I do not know, said the first, what estate Sir Robert has, but he ought to have a very good one; for no body lives beyond him in the whole town.*

70. Two gentlemen disputing about religion in Burton's coffee-house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guines you can't say the *Lord's Prayer*; Done, said the other, and Sir Richard Steel here shall hold stakes. The money being deposited, the gentleman began with, *I believe in God*, and so went cleverly thro' the *Creed*: *Well, said the other, I own I have lost; I did not think he could have done it.*

71. Sir B——ch——r W——y, in the beginning of Queen's Anne's reign, and three or four more drunken Tories, reeling home from the Fountain Tavern in the Strand, on a Sunday morning, cried out, we are the pillars of the church. *No, by G——d, said a wag, that happen'd to be in their company, you can be but the butteresses; for you never come on the inside of it.*

72. Swan the famous punster of Cambridge, being a Nonjuror, upon which account he had lost his fellowship, as he was going along the Strand, in the begining of king William's reign, on a very rainy day, a hackney coachman called to him, Sir, won't you please to take coach? *it rains hard. Ay friend said he, but this is no rain [reign] for me to take coach in.*

73. When Oliver first coin'd his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, *God with us*: On the other, *The Commonwealth of England*. *I see, said he, God and the Commonwealth are on different sides.*

74. Colonel Bond, whe had been one of king Charles the

the First's judges, died a day or two before Oliver, and it was strongly reported every where that Cromwell was dead; *No*, said a gentleman, who knew better, *he has only given Bond to the devil for his farther appearance.*

75. A Welchman bragging of his family, said, His father's effigy was set up in Westminster-Abbey; being ask'd whereabouts, he said, *In the same monument with 'squire Thynne's; for he was his coachman.*

76. A person was saying, not at all to the purpose, that really Sampson was a very strong man: *Ay*, said another, *but you are much stronger; for you make nothing of lugging him in by the head and shoulders.*

77. My lord Stangford, who stammer'd very much, was telling a certain bishop that sat at his table, that Balaam's ass spoke, because he was pri—est—Priest—rid, Sir, said a valet-de-chambre, who stood behind the chair, my lord would say. *No, friend*, replied the bishop, *Balaam could not speak himself, and so his ass spoke for him.*

78. The same noble lord ask'd a clergyman once, at the bottom of his table, Why the *goose*, if there was one, was always plac'd next to the parson? *Really*, said he, *I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd, that I shall never see a goose for the future, without thinking of your lordship.*

79. Lady N——t, who had but a very homely face, but was extreemly well shap'd, and always neat about the legs and feet, was tripping one morning over the Park in a mask; and a gentleman follow'd her for a long time, making strong love to her: He call'd her his life, his soul, his angel, and begg'd, with abundance of earnestness, to have one glimpse of her face; at last, when she came on the other side of the Bird Cage walk, to the house she was going into, she turn'd about, and pulling off her mask, Well, Sir, said she, what is it that you would have of me? The man, at first sight of her face, drew back, and lifted up his hands, *Oh! nothing, madam, nothing*, cried he, *I cannot say*, said my lady, *but I like your sincerity, tho' I hate your manners.*

80. An arch wag of St. John's College, Cambridge ask'd another of the same college, who was a great *flower*, Why he would not read a certain author, call'd, *Go Clenius**?

81. Colonel——, who made the fine fireworks in St.

* *A famous grammarian.*

James's Square, upon the peace of Ryfwick, being in company with some ladies, was highly commending the epitaph just then set up in the Abbey on Mr. Purcell's monument,

He is gone to that place, where only his own harmony can be exceeded.

Lord, colonel, said one of the ladies, the same epitaph might serve for you, by altering one word only :

He is gone to that place, where only his own fireworks can be exceeded.

82. After the fire of London, there was an act of parliament to regulate the buildings of the city ; every house was to be *three stories* high, and there were to be no *balconies* backwards : A Gloucestershire gentleman, a man of great wit and humour, just after this act pass'd, going along the street, and seeing a little crooked gentlewoman on the other side of the way, he runs over to her in great haste ; Lord, madam, said he, how dare you walk thus publickly in the streets ? Walk publickly in the streets ! and why not, pray Sir ? answer'd the little woman. *Because*, said he, *you are built directly contrary to act of parliament ; you are but two stories high, and your balcony hangs over your house of office.*

83. One Mr. Topham was so very tall, that if he was now living, when people are fond of shows, he might have made a very good one ; this gentleman going one day to enquire for a countryman a little way out of town, when he came to the house, he look'd in at a little window over the door, and ask'd the woman, who sat by the fire, if her husband was at home ? *No, Sir*, said she, *but if you please to alight, and come in, I'll go and call him.*

84. The same gentleman walking across Covent-Garden, was ask'd by a beggar-woman for a halfpenny, or farthing ; but finding he would not part with his money, she begg'd, for Christ's sake, he would give her one of his old shoes. He was very desirous to know what she could do with one shoe ; *To make my child a cradle, Sir*, said she.

85. King Charles II. having ordered a new suit of cloaths to be made, just at a time when addressees were coming up to him from all parts of the kingdom, Tom Killigrew went to the taylor, and ordered him to make a very large pocket on one side of the coat, and one so small on the other

other, that the king could hardly get his hand into it; which seeming very odd, when they were brought home, the king ask'd the meaning of it; the taylor said, Mr. Killigrew ordered it so. Killigrew being sent for, and interrogated, said, *One pocket was for the addressee of his majesty's subjects, the other for the money they would give him.*

86. My lord B——, in queen Anne's reign, had married three wives, who were all his servants; a beggar-woman meeting him one day in the street, made him a very low curtsy. *Ah, God Almighty bless your lordship,* said she, *and send you a long life; if you do but live long enough we shall all be laides in time.*

87. Tom B——rn——t happening to be at dinner at my lord mayor's, in the latter part of queen Anne's reign, after two or three healths the ministry was toasted; but when it came to Tom's turn to drink, he diverted it for some time, by telling a story to the person who sat next him; The chief magistrate of the city, not seeing his toast go round, called out, *gentlemen, where sticks the ministry?* *At nothing,* by G—d, says Tom, and so drank off his glass.

88. My lord Craven, in king James the first's reign, was very desirous to see Ben Johnson, which being told to Ben, he went to my lord's house; but being in a very tatter'd condition, as poets sometimes are, the porter refus'd him admittance, with some saucy language, which the other did not fail to return. My lord, happening to come out while they were wrangling, ask'd the occasion of it? Ben, who stood in need of no-body to speak for him; said, He understood his lordship desir'd to see him. You, friend, said my lord, who are you? Ben Johnson, reply'd the other: No, no, quoth my lord, you cannot be Ben Johnson, who wrote the Silent Woman; you look as if you could not say *bo* to a goose; *Bo*, cry'd Ben: Very well, said my lord, who was better pleas'd at the joke than offended at the affront; I am now convinced, by your wit, you are Ben Johnson.

89. A certain fop was boasting in company that he had every *sense* in perfection; *No*, by G—d, said one who was by, *there is one you are entirely without, and that is common sense.*

90. Dr. Tadloe, who was a man of an enormous size, happening to go *thump, thump*, with his great legs through a street in Oxford, where the pavours were at work, in
the

the middle of July, the fellows immediately laid down their rammers. *Ab! God bless you, master*, cries one of them, *it was very kind of you to come this way; it saves us a great deal of trouble, this hot weather.*

91. G——s E——l, who, though he is very rich, is remarkable for his sordid covetousness, told Colly Cibber one night in the Green Room, that he was going out of town, and was sorry to part with him, for *faith he lov'd him.* *Ab!* said Colley, *I wish I was a shilling for your sake:* Why so? said the other. *Because then*, cried the laureat, *I should be sure you lov'd me.*

92. Lord C——by, coming out of the House of Lords one day, called out, *Where's my fellow?* *Not in England*, by G——d, said a gentleman who stood by.

93. Mr. Serjeant G——d——r, being lame of one leg, and pleading before the late Judge Fortescue, who had little or no nose, the judge told him, He was afraid he had but a lame cause of it. *Ob! my lord*, said the serjeant, *have but a little patience, and I'll warrant I prove every thing as plain as the nose on your face.*

94. A gentleman eating some mutton that was very tough, said, It put him in mind of an old English poet: Being asked who that was, *Chau—cer*, replied he.

95. A certain Roman Catholic lord having renounced the Popish religion, was ask'd not long after, by a Protestant peer, Whether the ministers of state, or the ministers of the gospel, had the greatest share in his conversion? To which he replied, *That when he renounced Popery, he had also renounced auricular confession.*

96. Michael Angelo, in his picture of the Last Judgement, in the Pope's chapel, painted among the figures in hell that of a certain cardinal, who was his enemy, so like, that every body knew it at first sight: Whereupon the cardinal complaining to Pope Clement the VIIth of the affront, and desiring it might be defaced: *You know very well*, said the pope, *I have power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell.*

97. A gentleman being at dinner at a friend's house, the first thing that came upon the table was a dish of whittings, and one being upon his plate, he found it stink so much, that he could not eat a bit of it; but he laid his mouth down to the fish, as if he was whispering to it, and then took up the plate, and put it to his own ear. The gentleman, at whose table he was, enquiring into the meaning,

meaning, he told him. That he had a brother lost at sea about a *fortnight* ago, and he was asking that fish if he knew any thing of him: And what answer made he, said the gentleman? *He told me*, replied the other, *that he could give no account of him, for he had not been at sea these three weeks.*

I would not have any of my readers apply this story as an unfortunate gentleman did once, who the next day after he had first heard it, was whispering a stinking *rump of beef*, at a friend's house.

98. A certain author was telling George Sewel, that a passage he found fault with in his poem might be justified, and that he thought it a *metaphor*: *It is such a one then*, said the doctor, *as truly I never met a-fore.*

99. Two Oxford scholars meeting on the road with a Yorkshire ostler, they fell to bantering him, and told the fellow that they would prove him to be a *horse*, or an *ass*. Well, said the ostler, and I can prove your saddle to be a *mule*. A *mule*! cry'd one of them, how can that be? *Because*, said the ostler, *it is something between a horse and an ass.*

100. An English gentleman happening to be in Brecknockshire, used sometimes to divert himself with shooting; and being suspected not to be qualified by one of the little Welsh justices, his worship told him, That unless he could produce his qualification, he should not allow him to shoot there, and he had *two little manors*. Yes, Sir, said the Englishman, any body may perceive that. Perceive what? cried the Welchman: *That you have too little manners*, said the other.

101. The chaplain's boy of a man of war, being sent out of his own ship of an errand to another, the two boys were conferring notes about their manner of living: How often, said one, do you go to prayers now? Why, answered the other, in case of a *storm*, or the apprehension of any danger from the enemy: Ay, said the first, there's some sense in that; but my master makes us go to prayers when there is no more occasion for it, than for my leaping over-board.

102. Not much unlike this story is one a midshipman told one night, in company with my dear friend Joe Miller and myself: who said, That being once in great danger at sea, every body was observed to be upon their knees but *one man*, who being called upon to come with the rest to prayers:

prayers : *Not I*, said he, *it is your business to take care of the ship, I'm but a passenger.*

103. Three or four roguish scholars walking out one day from the University of Oxford, espy'd a poor fellow near Abingdon, asleep in a ditch, with an ass by him laden with earthen ware, holding the bridle in his hand ; says one of the scholars to the rest, If you will assist me, I'll help you to a little money, for you know we are bare at present . No doubt of it they were not long consenting : Why then, said he, we'll go and sell this old fellow's ass at Abingdon ; for you know the fair is to-morrow, and we shall meet with chapmen enough ; therefore, do you take the panniers off, and put them upon my back, and that bridle over my head, and then lead the ass to market, and let me alone with the old man. This being done accordingly, in a little time after the poor man waking, was strangely surprized to see his ass thus metamorphosed : Oh ! for God's sake, said the scholar, take this bridle out of my mouth, and this load from my back. Zoons, how came you here, replied the old man ? Why, said he, my father, who is a necromancer, upon an idle thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an ass ; but now his heart has relented, and I am come to my own shape again, I beg you will let me go home and thank him : By all means, said the crockery merchant, I do not desire to have any thing to do with conjuration ; and so set the scholar at liberty, who went directly to his comrades, that by this time were making merry with the money they had sold the ass for : But the old fellow was forced to go the next day to seek for a new one in the fair, and after having looked on several, his own was shewn him for a very good one : *Oh ! oh !* said he, *what ! have he and his father quarrelled again already ?* *No, no, I'll have nothing to say to him.*

104. A certain lady at Whitehall, of great quality, but very little modesty, having sent for a linen-draper to bring her some *Hollands* ; as soon as the young fellow entered the room, *Oh ! Sir*, said she, *I find you're a man fit for business, for you no sooner look a lady in the face, but you've the yard in one hand, and are lifting up the linen with the other.*

105. A country farmer going cross his grounds in the dusk of the evening, espy'd a young fellow and lass very busy near a five-bar gate, in one of the fields, and calling to them to know what they were about, said the
young

young man, *No harm, farmer, we are only going to prop-a-gate.*

106. King Charles II. being prevailed upon by one of his courtiers to knight a very worthless fellow, of a mean aspect; when he was going to lay the sword upon his shoulder, the new knight drew a little back, and hung down his head, as out of countenance? *Don't be asham'd,* said the king, *'tis I have most reason to be asham'd.*

107. King Henry VIII. designing to send a nobleman on an embassy to Francis I. at a very dangerous juncture, he begged to be excus'd, saying such a threatening message to so hot a prince as Francis I. might go near to cost him his life. Fear not, said old Harry, if the French king should offer to take away your life, I would revenge you by taking off the heads of many Frenchmen now in my power. *But of all these heads,* replied the nobleman, *there may not be one to fit my shoulders.*

108. A prince laughing at one of his courtiers, whom he had employ'd in several embassies, told him, He look'd like an owl. *I know not,* answer'd the courtier, *what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the honour several times to represent your majesty's person.*

109. A country fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last looked into a scrivener's, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there; but calling to the clerk, Pray, Sir, said he, what do you sell here? *Loggerheads,* cried the other. *Do you?* answer'd the countryman, *Egad then you've a special trade, for I see you have but one left.*

110. Manners, who was himself but lately made earl of Rutland, told Sir Thomas More, He was too much elated by his preferment; that he verify'd the old proverb,

Honores mutant Mores.

No, my lord, said Sir Thomas, the pun will do much better in English.

Honours change MANNERS.

111. A nobleman having chosen a very illiterate person for his library-keeper, one said *It was like a Seraglio, keep by an eunuch.*

112. When Sir Cloudefley Shovel set out on his last expedition, there was a form of prayer composed by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury, for the success of the fleet, in which his grace made use of this unlucky expression, *That he begged God would be a rock of defence to the fleet*; which occasioned the following lines to be made upon the monument set up for him in Westminster-Abbey, he being cast away in that expedition, on the rocks called, *Bishop and his Clerks*:

*As Lambeth pray'd, such was the dire event,
Else had we wanted now this monument;
That God unto our fleet would be a rock,
Nor did kind Heav'n the wise petition mock:
To what the Metropolitan said then,
The Bishop and his Clerks reply'd, Amen.*

113. A poor dirty shoe-boy going into a church, one Sunday evening, and seeing the parish boys standing in a row upon a bench to be catechized, he gets up himself, and stands in the very first place; so the parson of course beginning with him, asked him, *What is your name?* Rugged and Tough, answer'd he; *Who gave you that name?* says Domine: *Why the boys in our alley,* reply'd poor Ruggard and Tough, *the Lord d—mn'em.*

114. A mayor of Yarmouth, in ancient times, being by his office a justice of the peace, and one who was willing to dispense the laws wisely, tho' he could hardly read, got him the statute-book, where finding a law against *firing a beacon*, or causing any *beacon* to be fir'd, after nine of the clock at night; the poor man read it, *frying bacon*, or *causing any bacon to be fry'd*; and accordingly went out the next night upon the *scent*, and being directed by his nose to the carrier's house, he found the man and his wife both *frying bacon*, the husband holding the pan while the wife turn'd it: Being thus caught in the fact, and having nothing to say for themselves, his worship committed them both to jail, without bail or mainprize.

115. The late facetious Mr. Spiller, being at the rehearsal, on a Saturday morning, the time when the actors are usually paid, was asking another, Whether Mr. Wood the treasurer of the house, had any thing to say to them that morning: No, faith, Jemmy, replied the other, I'm

afrail

afraid there's no *cole*, which is a cant word for money. By G—d, said Spiller, *if there's no cole, we must burn Wood.*

116. A witty knave coming into a lace-shop upon Ludgate-Hill, said, He had occasion for a small quantity of very fine lace, and having pitched upon that he liked, ask'd the woman of the shop, how much she would have for as much as would reach from one of his ears to the other, and measure which way she pleased, either over his head, or under his chin: After some words they agreed, and he paid the money down, and began to measure, saying, *One of my ears is here, and the other is nailed to the pillory in Bristol, therefore I fear you have not enough to make good your bargain; however, I will take this piece in part, and desire you will provide the rest with all expedition.*

117. A prodigal gallant, whose penurious mother being lately dead, and had left him a plentiful estate, one day being upon his frolicks, quarrelled with his coachman, and said, *You damn'd son of a whore, I'll kick you into Hell.* Will you, reply'd the coachman, *then when I come there I'll tell your mother how extravagantly you are spending your estate upon earth.*

118. A Venetian ambassador going to the court of Rome, passed through Florence, where he went to pay his respects to the late duke of Tuscany. The duke complaining to him of the ambassador the state of Venice had sent him, as a man very unworthy of his public character, *Your highness*, said he, *must not wonder at it; for we have many idle pates at Venice.* So have we, reply'd the duke, *in Florence, but we don't send them to treat on public affairs.*

119. A beggar asking alms under the name of a poor scholar, a gentleman to whom he apply'd himself, asked him a question in Latin. The fellow shaking his head, said, He did not understand him: Why, said the gentleman, did not you say you were a poor scholar? Yes, reply'd the other, *a poor one indeed, Sir, for I do not understand one word of Latin.*

120. A parson preaching a tiresome sermon on happiness, or bliss; when he had done, a gentleman told him, he had forgot one sort of happiness: *Happy are they that did not hear your sermon.*

121. A lady's age happening to be question'd, she affirm'd she was but *forty*, and call'd upon a gentleman, who was in company, for his opinion: Cousin, said she, do you believe I am in the right, when I say I am but

forty? I am sure, madam, reply'd he, I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these ten years.

122. It being prov'd on a trial at Guild-Hall, that a man's name was really Inch, who pretended it was Linch, *I see*, said the judge, *the old proverb is verified in this man, who being a loved an Inch h. s taken an L.*

123. A certain person came to a cardinal in Rome, and told him, That he had brought his eminence a dainty white *falsry*, but he fell lame by the way: Why then, said the cardinal to him, I'll tell thee what thou shalt do; go to such a cardinal, and such a one, naming half a dozen, and tell them the same; and so as thy horse, if it had been *sound*, could have pleased but *one*, with this *lame horse* thou shalt please half a dozen.

124. The emperor Augustus being shewn a young Grecian, who very much resembled him, asked the young man, if his *mother* had not been at Rome? No, Sir, answered the Grecian, but my *father* has.

125. Cato the censor, being ask'd, How it came to pass, that he had no statue erected for him, who had so well deserved of the common-wealth? I had rather, said he, have this question ask'd, than *Why I had one?*

126. A lady coming into a room hastily, with her Mantua brush'd down a Cremona fiddle, that lay on a chair, and broke it; upon which, a gentleman that was present, burst into this exclamation from Virgil:

Mantua vae miseræ nimum vicina Cremona.

Ab! miserable Mantua, too near a neighbour to Cremona.

127. George Ch—n, who was always accounted a very blunt speaker, asking a young lady, one day, What it was o'clock? She told him her watch *stood*: *I don't wonder at that*, madam, said he, *when it is so near your* —

128. A modest gentlewoman being compelled by her mother to accuse her husband of insufficiency, and being in the court, she humbly desired of the judge, that she might write her mind, and not be obliged to speak it, for modesty's sake: The judge gave her that liberty, and the clerk was immediately ordered to give pen, ink, and paper; whereupon she took the pen without dipping it into the ink, and made as if she would write. Says the clerk

clerk to her, madam, there's no ink in your pen. *Truly Sir,* says she, *that's just my case, and therefore I need not explain myself any further.*

129. A lieutenant-colonel to one of the Irish regiments in the French service, being dispatched by the duke of Berwick, from Fort-Keil, to the king of France, with a complaint relating to some irregularities that had happen'd in the regiment; his majesty, with some emotion of mind, told him, that the Irish troops gave him more uneasiness than all his forces besides. *Sir,* says the officer, *all your majesty's enemies make the same complaint.*

130 Mr. G—n, the surgeon, being sent for to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound in a rencounter, gave orders to his servant to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaister; the patient turning a little pale, *Lord Sir,* said he, *I hope there is no danger?* *Yes, indeed is there,* answered the surgeon, *for if the fellow don't set up a good pair of heels, the wound will heal before he returns.*

131. Not many years ago, a certain temporal peer having, in a most pathetic and elegant speech, exposed the vices and irregularities of the clergy, and vindicated the gentlemen of the army from some imputations unjustly thrown upon them: A prelate, irritated at the nature, as well as at the length of the speech, desired to know when the noble lord would leave off preaching? The other answer'd, *The very day he was made a bishop.*

132. It chanced that a merchant ship was so violently tossed in a storm at sea, that all, despairing of safety, betook themselves to prayer, saving one mariner, who was ever wishing to see two stars: Oh! said he, that I could see two stars, or but one of the two; and of these words he made so frequent repetition, that disturbing the meditations of the rest, at length one asked him, what two stars, or what one star he meant? To whom he replied, *O! that I could see the Star in Cheapside, or the Star in Coleman-Street, I care not which.*

133. A country fellow subpoena'd for a witness upon a trial on an action for defamation; he being sworn, the judge bade him repeat the very same words he had heard spoken: The fellow was loth to speak, and humin'd and haw'd for a good space; but being urged by the judge, he at last spoke: *My lord,* said he, *you're a cuckold:* The judge.

seeing the people begin to laugh, call'd to him, and bad him speak to the jury, *there were twelve of them.*

134. A courtier, who was a confidant in the amours of Henry IV. of France, obtained a grant from the king, for the dispatch whereof he apply'd himself to the lord high chancellor; who finding some obstacle in it, the courtier still insisted upon it, and would not allow of any impediment. *Que chacun se mele de son metier*, said the chancellor to him; that is, *Let every one meddle with his own business.* The courtier imagining he reflected upon him for his pimping: My employment, said he, is such, that if the king was twenty years younger, I would not exchange it for three of your's.

135. A young fellow in the country, after having an affair with a girl in the neighbourhood, cried, What shall we do, Bess, if you prove with child? Oh! very well, said she, for I'm to be married tomorrow.

136. A gentleman saying one day at table, that he could not endure a breast of mutton: You said so the other day, cried another, of a breast of veal. Very true, answered the first, I do not love the breast of any thing but of a woman, and that goes against my *stomach.*

137. A gentleman in the country having the misfortune to have his wife hang herself on an apple-tree, a neighbour of his came to him, and begged he would give him a cyon of that tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own orchard; *For who knows*, said he, *but it may bear the same fruit?*

138. A gentlewoman who thought her servants always cheated her when they went to Billingsgate to buy fish, was resolved to go thither one day herself; and asking the price of some fish, which she thought too dear, she bid the fish-wife about half what she ask'd. Lord, madam, said the woman, I must have stole it to sell it at that price; but you shall have it, if you will tell me what you do to make your hands look so white. Nothing good woman, answered the gentlewoman, but wear *dog-skin gloves.* *D—n you for a lying b—b*, replied another, *my husband has worn dog-skin breaches these ten years, and his — is as brown as a nutmeg*

139. Dr. Heylin, a noted author, especially for his *Cosmography*, happening one day to lose his way going to Oxford, in the forest of Whichwood, being then attended by one of his brother's men, the man earnestly entreated him

him to lead the way; but the doctor telling him he did not know it: *How!* said the fellow, *that's very strange, that you who have made a book of the whole world, cannot find the way of this little wood.*

140. Monsieur Vaugelas having obtained a pension from the French king, by the interest of cardinal Richlieu, the cardinal told him, he hoped he would not forget the word *pension* in his dictionary. No, my lord, said Vaugelas, nor the word *gratitude*.

141. A melting sermon being preach'd in a country church, all fell a weeping but one man, who being ask'd, Why he did not weep with the rest? *Oh!* said he, *I belong to another parish.*

142. A gentlewoman growing big with child, who had two gallants, one of them with a wooden leg, the question was put, which of the two should father the child? He who had the wooden leg offer'd to decide it thus; *If the child, says he, comes into the world with a wooden leg, I will father it, if not, it must be yours.*

143. A gentleman who had been out a shooting, brought home a small bird with him, and having an Irish servant, he ask'd him if he had shot that little bird? Yes, he told him. *Arrah by my shoul, boney,* reply'd the Irishman, *it was not worth powder and shot; for this little thing wou'd have died in the fall.*

144. The same Irishman being at a tavern where the cook was dressing some carp, he observ'd that some of the fish mov'd after they were gutted and put in the pan, which very much surpris'd Teague; *Well now, faith,* said he, *of all the Christian creatures that ever I saw, this same carp will live the longest after it is dead.*

145. A gentleman happening to turn up against a house to make water, did not see two young ladies looking out of a window close by, till he heard them gigling; then looking towards them, he ask'd, What made them so merry? *Oh!* Lord, said one of them, *a very little thing will make us laugh.*

146. A gentleman hearing a parson preach upon the story of the children being devoured by the two *she bears* who revil'd the old man, and not much liking his sermon, some time after seeing the same parson come into the pulpit to preach at another church, *Oh, oh!* said he, *what are you here with your bears again?*

147. A young fellow riding down a steep hill, and doubt-

ing the foot of it was boggish, call'd out to to a clown that was ditching, and ask'd him if it was hard at the bottom. Ay, answer'd the countryman, it is hard enough at the bottom, I'll warrant you: But in half a dozen steps the horse sunk up to the saddle skirts, which made the young gallant whip, spur, curse, and swear. Why thy whoreson rascal, said he to the ditcher, didst thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom? Ay, replied the other, *but you are not half-way to the bottom yet.*

148. It was said of one that remember'd every thing that he lent, but nothing that he borrow'd, that *he had lost half his memory.*

149. One speaking of *Titus Oates*, said, he was a villain in grain, and deserv'd to be *well thresh'd.*

150. It was said of Henry Duke of Guise, that he was the greatest usurer in all France, for he turn'd all his estate into *obligations*; meaning he had sold and mortgag'd his patrimony, to make presents to other men.

151. An Englishman and a Welchman disputing in whose country was the best living; said the Welchman, There is such noble house-keeping in Wales, that I have known above a dozen cooks employ'd at one wedding dinner. Ay, answer'd the Englishman, *that was because every man tasted his own cheese.*

152. The late Sir Godfrey Kneller had always a great contempt, I will not pretend to say how justly, for Jervais the painter; and being one day about twenty miles from London, one of his servants told him at dinner, That there was Mr. Jervais come that day into the same town with a coach and four. Ay, said Sir Godfrey, *if his horses draw no better than himself, they'll never carry him to town again.*

153. Some women speaking of the pains of child-birth, For my part, said one of them, it is less trouble to me, than to swallow a poach'd egg; Then sure, madam, answer'd another, your *throat* is very narrow.

154. A gentleman ask'd Nanny Rochford, Why the *Whigs*, in their mourning for Queen Ann, all wore silk stockings? *Because*, said she, *the Tories wear worsted.*

155. A counsellor pleading at the bar with spectacles on who was blind with one eye, said he would produce nothing but what was *ad rem*. Then, said one of the adverse party, *you must take out one of the glasses of your spectacles, which I am sure is of no use.*

156. The famous Tom Thynne, who was very remarkable

able for his good housekeeping and hospitality, standing one day at his gate in the country, a beggar coming up to him, cry'd, he begg'd his worship would give him a mug of his small beer. *Why, how now, said he, what times are these, when beggars must be choosers! I say, bring this fellow a mug of strong beer.*

157. It was said of a person, who al' ways eat at other people's tables, and was a great raile. That he never open'd his mouth but to some body's cost.

158. Pope Sixtus Quintus, who was a poor man's son, and his father's house ill thatch'd, so that the sun came in at many places of it, would himself make a jest of his birth, and say, *That he was nato di casa illustre, son of an illustrious house.*

159. Diogenes begging, as was the custom among many philosophers, ask'd a prodigal man for more than any one else; whereupon one said to him, *I see your business, that when you find a liberal mind, you will make the most of him.* No, said Diogenes, *but I mean to beg of the rest again.*

160. A gentleman speaking of his servant, said, *I believe I command more than any man; for before my servant will obey me in any thing, I must command him ten times over.*

161. A poor fellow who was carrying to execution, had a reprieve just as he came to the gallows, and was carried back by a sheriff's officer, who told him he was a happy fellow, and ask'd him, if he knew nothing of the reprieve before-hand? No, reply'd the fellow, *nor thought any more of it, than I did of my dying-day.*

162. A Spanish lady reading in a French romance, a long conversation between two lovers; *What a deal of wit, said she, is here thrown away, when two lovers are got together by themselves, and nobody by.*

163. Two very honest gentlemen, who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the street, one ask'd the other, How the devil he could afford to under-sell him every where as he did, when he stole the stuff, and made the brooms himself? *Why, you silly dog, answered the other, I steal them ready made.*

164. An Irishman, admiring the stately fabrick of St. Paul's, ask'd, *whether it was made in England, or brought from beyond sea?*

165. Fabricius, the Roman consul, shew'd a great nobleness of mind, when the physician of king Pyrrhus made him a proposal to poison his master, by sending the physi-

cian back to Pyrrhus, with these memorable words; *Learn, O king, to make better choice both of thy friends and of thy foes.*

166. A lady who had generally a pretty many intrigues upon her hands, not liking her brother's extravagant passion for play, asked him, when he designed to leave off gaming? *When you cease loving,* said he; *Then,* replied the lady, *you are like to continue a gamester as long as you live.*

167. A soldier was bragging before Julius Cæsar, of the wounds he had received in his face. Cæsar, knowing him to be a coward, told him, *He had best take heed the next time he ran away, how he looked back.*

168. The Trojans sending ambassadors to condole with Tiberius, upon the death of his father-in-law Augustus, it was so long after, that the emperor hardly thought it a compliment; but told them he was likewise sorry, that they had lost so valiant a knight as Hector, who was slain above a thousand years before.

169. Cato Major used to say, *That wise men learnt more from fools, than fools from wise men.*

170. A braggadocia chancing, upon an occasion, to run away full speed, was asked by one, What was become of that courage he used so much to talk of? *It is got,* said he, *all into my heels.*

171. Somebody asked my Lord Bacon what he thought of poets? *Why,* said he, *I think them the very best writers next to those who write in prose.*

172. A profligate young nobleman, being in company with some sober people, desired leave to toast the devil. The gentleman, who sat next to him, said, *He had no objection to any of his Lordship's friends.*

173. A Scotsman was very angry with an English gentleman, who he said had abused him, and called him, *false Scot.* *Indeed,* said the Englishman, *I said no such thing, but that you were a true Scot.*

174. Curll, the bookseller, being under examination at the bar of the House of Lords, for publishing the Posthumous Works of the late duke of Buckingham, without leave of the family, told their Lordships in his defence, *That if the duke was living, he was sure he would readily pardon the offence.*

175. A gentleman said of a young wench, who constantly plied about the Temple, that if she had as much law in her head as she had in her tail, she would be one of the ablest counsel in England.

176. Mr.

176. Mr. E——ll——s, the painter, having finish'd a very good picture of Fig the prize-fighter, who had been famous in getting the better of several Irishmen of the same profession, the piece was shewn to old Johnson the player, who was told at the same time, that Mr. E——ll——s designed to have a metzotinto print taken from it, but wanted a motto to be put under it. Then, said old Johnson, I'll give you one; *A Fig for the Irish.*

177. Some gentlemen going into a bawdy-house tavern at Charing Cross, found great fault with the wine, and sending for the master of the house, told him it was sad stuff, and very weak. *It may be so,* said he, *for my trade don't depend upon the strength of my wine, but on that of my tables and chairs.*

178. A gentleman coming to an Inn in Smithfield, and seeing the ostler expert and tractable about the horses, ask'd how long he had liv'd there, and what countryman he was. *I'm of Yorkshire,* said the fellow, *an ha lived sixteen years here.* *I wonder,* replied the gentleman, *that in so long a time, so clever a fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be master of the inn yourself.* *Ay,* answered the ostler, *but maister's Yorkshire too.*

179. The late colonel Chartres reflecting on his ill life and character, told a certain nobleman, That if such a thing as a good name was to be purchased, he would freely give 10,000 pounds for one. The nobleman said, It would certainly be the worst money he ever laid out in his life. Why so, said the honest colonel? *Because,* answered the Lord, *you would forfeit it again in less than a week.*

180. A seedy, poor, half-pay captain, who was much given to blabbing every thing he heard, was told, There was but one secret in the world he could keep, and that was, *where he lodg'd.*

181. Jack M——n going one day into the apartments in St. James's, found a lady of his acquaintance sitting in one of the windows, who very courteously ask'd him to sit down by her, telling him there was a place. *No, madam,* said he, *I do not come to court for a place.*

If the gentle reader should have a desire to repeat this story, let him not make the same blunder that a certain English-Irish foolish Lord did, who made the lady ask Jack to sit down by her, telling him there was *Room.*

182. A certain lady of quality sending her Irish footman to fetch home a pair of new stays, strictly charging him to

take coach if it rained, for fear of wetting them: But a great shower of rain falling, the fellow returned with the stays dropping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, he said, he had obeyed his orders. How then, answered the lady, could the stays be wet, if you took them into the coach with you? *No*, replied honest Teague, *I know my place better, I did not go into the coach, but rode behind, as I always used to do.*

183. Tom Warner, the late publisher of newspapers and pamphlets, being very near his end, a gentlewoman in the neighbourhood sending her maid to enquire how he did, he bid the girl tell her mistress, That he hop'd he was going to the New Jerusalem. *Ay, dear Sir*, said she, *I dare say the air of Islington would do you more good.*

184. A person said, The Scotch were certainly the best trained up for soldiers of any people in the world; for they began to *handle their arms* almost as soon as they were born.

185. A woman once prosecuted a gentleman for a rape: Upon the trial, the judge asked her if she made any resistance. *I cry'd out, an please you, my lord.* *Ay*, said one of the witnesses, *but that was nine months after.*

186. A young lady, who had been married but a short time, seeing her husband going to rise pretty early in the morning, said, What, my dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer and rest yourself. *No, my dear*, replied the husband. *I'll get up and rest myself.*

187. The deputies of Rochelle attending to speak with Henry the Fourth of France, met with a physician who had renounced the Protestant religion, and embraced the Popish communion, whom they began to revile most grievously. The king hearing of it, told the deputies, he advised them to change their religion too; *For it is a dangerous symptom*, said he, *that your religion is not long liv'd, when a physician has given it over.*

188. A Westminster justice taking coach in the city, and being set down at Young Man's Coffee-house, Charing Cross, the driver demanded eighteen-pence as his fare. The justice ask'd him, if he would swear that the ground came to the money. The man said, He would take his oath on't. The justice replied, *Friend, I'm a magistrate*; and pulling the book out of his pocket, administered the oath, and then gave the fellow his six-pence, saying, *He must reserve the shilling to himself for the affidavit.*

189. A countryman passing along the Strand, saw a coach

coach over-turned, and asking what the matter was, he was told, That three or four members of parliament were overturned in that coach. Oh, says he, there let them be, my father always advised me not to meddle with state affairs.

190. One saying that Mr. Dennis was an excellent critic, was answered, That indeed his writings were much to be valued; for that by his criticism he taught men how to write well; and by his poetry shew'd them what it was to write ill; so that the world was sure to edify by him.

191. The late Earl of S—— kept an Irish footman, who, perhaps, was as expert in making bulls as the most learned of his countrymen. My Lord having sent him one day with a present to a certain judge, the judge in return sent my Lord half a dozen live partridges with a letter; the partridges fluttering in the basket upon Teague's back, as he was carrying them home, he set down the basket, and opened the lid of it to quiet them, whereupon they all flew away. Oh! the devil burn ye, said he, I am glad you are gone; but when he came home, and my Lord had read the letter, Why, Teague, said my Lord, *I find* there are half a dozen partridges in the letter; Now, arrah, dear honey, said Teague, I am glad you have found them in the *letter*, for they are all *lost* out of the basket.

192. The same nobleman going out one day, called Teague to the side of his chariot, and bade him tell Mr. Such-a-one, if he came, that he should be at home at dinner. But when my Lord was got across the square in which he lived, Teague came puffing after him, and calling to the coachman to stop; upon which my Lord, pulling the string, desired to know what Teague wanted; My Lord, said he, you bade me tell Mr. Such-a-one, if he came, that you would dine at home; *but what must I say if he don't come?*

123. A drunken fellow carrying his wife's Bible to pawn for a quartern of gin to the ale-house, the man of the house refused to take it. *What a pox*, said the fellow, *will neither my own word nor the word of God pass with you.*

194. A certain justice of the peace, that was not far from Clerkenwell, in the first year of king George I. when the fellow, whom he hired to officiate as his clerk, was reading a mittimus to him, coming to *Anno Domini 1714*, *How now*, said he with some warmth, *and why not Georgio Domini? sure you forget yourself strangely.*

195. A little dastardly half-witted squire being once

surprized by his rival in his mistress's chamber, of whom he was sorely afraid, desired, for God's sake, to be concealed; but there being no closet or bed in the room, nor, indeed, any place proper to hold him, but an Indian chest the lady put her cloaths in, they lock'd him in there. His man being in the same danger with himself, said, rather than fail, he would creep under the maid's petticoats. *Oh, you silly dog,* says his master, *that's the sanonest place in the house.*

196. The lord N—th and G—y, when Mrs. Rogers the actress was young and handsome, used to dangle after her; and one night being behind the scenes standing with his arms folded in the posture of a desponding lover, ask'd her with a sigh, *What was a cure for love? Your Lordship,* said she; *the best in the world.*

197. A young fellow praising his mistress before a very amorous acquaintance of his, after having run through most of her charms, he came at length to her majestic gait, fine air, and delicate slender waist: Hold, says his friend, go no lower, if you love me. *But by your leave,* says the other, *I hope to go lower if she loves.*

198. The old Lord Strangford taking a bottle with the parson of the parish, was commending his own wine: Here, Doctor, said he, I can send a couple of ho-ho-hounds to Fra-Fra-France (for his lordship had a great impediment in his speech) and have a ho-ho-hogs head of wine for them: What do you say to that, doctor? Why, replied he, I say, that your lordship has your wine *dog cheap.*

199. In eighty-eight, when queen Elizabeth went from Temple-Bar along Fleet-street on some procession, the lawyers were ranged on one side of the way, and the citizens on the other; says the Lord Bacon, then a student, to a lawyer that stood next to him, *Do but observe the courtiers; if they bow first to the citizens, they are in debt: If to us, they are in law.*

200. Some gentlemen having a hare for supper at a tavern, the cook, instead of a pudding, had crammed the belly full of thyme, but had not above half roasted the hare, the legs being almost raw; which one of the company observing, said, There was too much thyme (time) in the belly, and too little in the legs.

201. Two countrymen who had never seen a Play in their lives, nor had any notion of it, went to the theatre in Drury Lane, when they placed themselves snug in the corner of the middle gallery; the first music played, which

which they liked well enough ; then the second and third, to their great satisfaction : At length the curtain drew up, and three or four actors entered to begin the Play ; upon which one of the countrymen cried to the other, *Come, Hodge, let's be going, may hap the gentlemen are talking about business.*

202. Two inseparable comrades in the guards in Flanders, had every thing in common between them. One of them being an extravagant fellow, and unfit to be trusted with money, the other was always purse bearer, which yet he gained little by, for the former would at night frequently pick his pocket to the last stiver ; to prevent which, he bethought himself of a stratagem ; and coming among his companions the next day, he told them he had bit his comrade. *Ay, how ? Why,* replied he, *I hid my money in his own pocket last night, and I am sure he would never look for it there.*

203. The famous Sir George Rooke, when he was a captain of marines, was quartered at a village where he buried a pretty many of his men ; at length the parson refused to perform the ceremony of their interment any more, unless he was paid for it ; which being told captain Rooke, he ordered six men of his company to carry the corpse of the soldier then dead, and lay him upon the parson's hall-table. This so embarrassed the priest, that he sent the captain word, *If he would fetch the man away, he would bury him and all his company for nothing.*

204. A reverend and charitable divine, for the benefit of the country where he resided, caused a large causeway to be begun : And as he was one day overlooking the work, a certain nobleman came by ; *Well Doctor,* said he, *for all your great pains and charity, I don't take this to be the highway to Heaven.* *Very true, my Lord,* replied the Doctor, *for if it had, I should have wondered to have met your Lordship here.*

205. Two Jesuits having packed together an innumerable parcel of miraculous lies, a person who heard them, without taking upon him to contradict them, told them one of his own. That at St. Alban's there was a stone cistern, in which water was always preserved for the use of that saint ; and that ever since, if a swine should eat out of it, he would instantly die. The Jesuits hugging themselves at the story, set out the next day to St. Alban's, where they found themselves miserably deceived. On
their

their return, they upbraided the person with telling them so monstrous a story. *Look ye there now, said he, you told me a hundred lies t'other night, and I had more breeding than to contradict you; I told you but one, and you have rid twenty miles to confute me, which is very uncivil.*

206. A Welshman and an Englishman vapouring one day at the fruitfulness of their countries, the Englishman said, There was a close near the town where he was born, which was so very fertile, that if a Kiboo was thrown in over night, it would be so covered with grass, that it should be difficult to find it the next day. *Splut, says the Welshman, what's that? There's a close where bur was born, where you may put your horse in over night, and not be able to find him next morning.*

207. A country fellow in Charles the Second's time, felling his load of hay in the Haymarket, two gentlemen, who came out of the Blue Posts, were talking of affairs; one said, that things did not go right, the king had been at the house, and *prorogued* the parliament. The countryman coming home, was asked, What news in London? *Odd's-heart, said he, there's something to do there; the king has, it seems, berogued the parliament sadly.*

208. A wild young gentleman having married a very discreet, virtuous, young lady, the better to reclaim him, she caused it to be given out, at his return from his travels, that she was dead, and had been buried; in the mean time, she had so placed herself in disguise, as to be able to observe how he took the news; and finding him still the same gay, inconstant man, he always had been, she appeared to him as the ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismayed; at length, disclosing herself to him, he then appeared pretty much surprized; a person by said, *Why, Sir, you seem more afraid now than before. Ay, replied he, most men are more afraid of a living wife than of a dead one.*

209. An under Officer of the customs at the port of Liverpool, running heedlessly along the ship's gunnel, happened to tip over board, and was drown'd; being soon after taken up, the Coroner's jury was summoned to sit upon the body. One of the jurymen returning home, was called to by an alderman of the town, and asked, what verdict they brought in, and whether they found it *Felo de se*? *Ay, ay, says the jurymen, shaking his noddle, he fell into the sea, sure enough.*

210. One loosing a bag of money of about 50l. between the

the Temple-Gate and Temple-Bar, fixed a paper up, offering 10l. reward to those who took it up, and should return it; upon which the person that had it, came and writ underneath to the following effect; *Sir, I thank you, but you really bid me to my loss*

211. Two brothers coming once to be executed for some enormous crime, the eldest was turned off first, without speaking one word; the other mounting the ladder, began to harangue the crowd, whose ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some confession from him. *Good people, says he, my brother hangs before my face, and you see what a lamentable spectacle he makes; in a few moments I shall be turned off too, and then you will see a pair of spectacles.*

212. It was an usual saying of king Charles II. that sailors got their money like hories, and spent it like asses. The following story is somewhat an instance of it; one sailor coming to see another on pay-day, desired to borrow twenty shillings of him. The monied man fell to telling out the sum in shillings, but a half crown thrusting its head in, put him out, and he began to tell again; but then an impertinent crown-piece was as officious as his half brother had been, and again interrupted the tale; so that taking up a handful of silver, he cried, Here, Jack, give me a handful when your ship's paid; *what a pox signifies counting it?*

213. A person enquiring what became of such-a one? Oh, dear, says one of the company, poor fellow, he died insolvent, and was buried by the parish. Died insolvent, cries another, that's a lie, for he died in *England*. *I am sure I was at his burying.*

214. A humorous countryman having bought a barn in partnership with a neighbour of his, neglected to make the least use of it, whilst the other had plentifully stor'd his part with corn and hay. In a little time the latter came to him, and conscientiously expostulated with him about laying out his money so fruitlessly. *Pray neighbour says he, ne'er trouble your head, you may do what you will with your part of the barn, but I will set mine on fire.*

215. An Irishman whom king Charles II. had some respect for, being only an inferior servant of the household, one day coming into the king's presence, his majesty ask'd him, how his wife did? who had just before been cut for a *fistula* on her backside. I humbly thank your majesty, replied

plied Teague, she's like to do well, but the surgeon says, *It will be an eye-sore as long as she lives.*

216. A young gentlewoman, who had married a very wild spark, that had run through a plentiful fortune, and was reduced to some straits, was innocently saying to him one day, *My dear, I want some shifts sadly.* D——me, madam, replied he, *how can that be, when we make so many every day?*

217. A fellow once standing in the pillory at Temple-Bar, it occasion'd a stop, so that a carman with a load of cheeses had much ado to pass; and driving just up to the pillory, he ask'd, What that was that was wrote over the person's head? They told him, it was a paper to signify his crime, that he stood there for *forgery*. Ay, said he, What is *forgery*? They answer'd him, That *forgery* was counterfeiting another's hand, with intent to cheat people. To which the carman replied, looking up at the offender, *Oh, pox, this comes of your writing and reading, you silly dog.**

218. Master Johnny, sitting one summer's evening on the green with his mother's chambermaid, among other little familiarities, as kissing, pressing her bobbies, and the like, took the liberty, unawares, to satisfy himself whereabouts she tied her garters, and by an unlucky slip, went farther than he should have done: At which, the poor creature blushing, cried, *Be quiet, Mr. John, I'll throw a stone at your head else.* Ay, child, said he, *I'll sling two at your tail if you do.*

219. When the Prince of Orange came over at the time of the Revolution, five of the seven bishops that were sent to the Tower declar'd for his highness, and the two others would not come into measures; upon which Mr. Dryden said, *That the seven golden candlesticks were sent to be assayed in the Tower, and five of them prov'd to be Prince's metal.*

220. A dog coming open-mouth'd at a serjeant upon a march, he ran the spear of his halbert into his throat and kill'd him. The owner coming out, rav'd extremely that

* This joke, as well as several others, in this our inimitable, and we may say, justly admired collection, Dr. Grey has done us the honour to quote in his notes on his late edition of *Hudibras*, which certainly shews that gentleman to be a man of great reading, and to know perfectly well how to make choice of well cultivated authors.

his dog was kill'd, and ask'd the serjeant, *Why he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt end of his halbert? So I would,* said he, *if he had run at me with his tail.*

221. King Charles II. being in company with the Lord Rochester, and others of the nobility, who had been drinking the best part of the night, Killigrew came in. Now, says the king, we shall hear of our faults; *No, faith,* says Killigrew, *I don't care to trouble my head with that which all the town talks of.*

222. A rich old miser finding himself very ill, sent for a parson to administer the last consolation of the church to him. Whilst the ceremony was performing, old Gripe-well falls into a fit; on his recovery, the doctor offer'd the chalice to him. *Indeed,* cries he, *I can't afford to lend you above twenty shillings upon't; I can't upon my word.*

223. A person who had a chargeable stomach, used often to assuage his hunger at a lady's table, having promis'd, one time or other, to help her to a husband. At length he came to her, Now, madam, says he, I have brought you a knight, a man of worship and dignity, one that will furnish out a table well. Phoo, says the lady, your mind's ever running on your belly; *No,* says he, *'tis sometimes running o'your's, you see.*

224. One, who had been a very termagant wife, lying on her death bed, desired her husband, That as she had brought him a fortune, she might have liberty to make her will, for bestowing a few legacies to her relations. *No, by G—d, madam,* says he, *you have had your will all your lifetime, and now I will have mine.*

225. When the Lord Jefferies, before he was a judge, was pleading at the bar once, a country fellow giving evidence against his client, push'd the matter very home on the side he swore of. Jefferies, after his usual way, called out to the fellow, Hark you, you fellow, in the leather doublet, what have you for swearing? To which the countryman smartly reply'd, *Faith Sir, if you had no more for lying than I have for swearing, you might e'en wear a leather doublet too.*

226. The same Jefferies afterwards on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard, that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. *Does your Lordship,* replied the old man, *measure consciences by beards? If so, your Lordship has no beard at all.*

227. Apelles, the famous painter, having drawn the picture

picture of Alexander the Great on horseback, brought it and presented it to the prince; but he not bestowing that praise on it which so excellent a piece deserv'd, Apelles desir'd a living horse might be brought; who, mov'd by nature, fell a prancing and neighing, as though it had been actually a living creature of the same species; whereupon Apelles told Alexander, That his horse understood painting better than himself.

228. An old gentleman who had married a fine young lady, being terribly afraid of cuckoldom, took her to task one day, and ask'd her if she had considered what a crying sin it was in a woman to cuckold her husband? Lord, my dear, said she, what do you mean? I never had such a thing in my head, nor never will. *No, no,* replied he, *I shall have it in my head, you will have it somewhere else.*

229. The Lord Dorset, in a former reign, was asking a certain bishop, Why he conferr'd orders on so many blockheads? *Oh, my lord,* said he, *it is better the ground should be ploughed by asses, than lie quite untill'd.*

230. A certain lady, to excuse herself for a frailty she had lately fallen into, said to an intimate friend of her's, *Lord! how is it possible for a woman to keep her cabinet unpick'd, when every fellow has got a key to it.*

231. Mr. Dryden once at dinner, being offer'd by a lady the rump of a fowl, and refusing it, the lady said, Pray, Mr. Dryden, take it, the rump is the best part of the fowl. *Yes, madam,* said he, *and so I think it is of the fair.*

232. A company of gamesters falling out at a tavern, gave one another very scurvy language: At length those dreadful messengers of anger, the bottles and glasses, flew about like hail shot; one of which mistaking its errand, and hitting the wainscot, instead of the person's head it was thrown at, brought the drawer rushing in; who cry'd, *D'ye call, gentlemen? Call Gentlemen!* says one of the standers by, *no, they don't call gentlemen, but they call one another rogue and rascal as fast as they can.*

233. An amorous young fellow making very warm addresses to a married woman. Pray, Sir, be quiet, said she I have a husband that won't thank you for making him a cuckold, *No, madam,* reply'd he, *but you will I hope.*

234. One observing a crooked fellow in close argument with another, who would have dissuaded him from some
inconfi-

inconsiderable resolution, said to his friend, *Prithee let him alone, and say no more to him, you see he's bent upon it.*

235. Bully Dawson was over-turn'd in a hackney coach once, pretty near his lodgings, and being got on his legs again, he said, 'Twas the greatest piece of Providence, that ever befell him, for it had sav'd him the trouble of bilking the coachman.

236. A vigorous young officer, who made love to a widow, coming a little unawares upon her once, caught her fast in his arms. Hey-dey, said she, what; do you fight after the French way, take towns before you declare war? No, faith, widow, said he, but I should be glad to imitate them so far as to be in the middle of the country before you could resist me.

237. Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter, and the late Dr. Ratcliffe, had a garden in common, but with one gate: Sir Godfrey, upon some occasion, order'd the gate to be nail'd, When the doctor heard of it, he said, he did not care what Sir Godfrey did to the gate, so he did not paint it. This being told Sir Godfrey, *Well,* reply'd he, *I can take that, or any thing else but physick, from my good friend Dr. Ratcliffe.*

238. The same physician, who was not the *humblest* man in the world, being sent for by Sir Edward Seymour, who was said to be one of the *proudest*; the knight receiv'd him while he was dressing his feet and picking his toes, being at that time troubled with a *diabetes*, and upon the doctor's entering the room, accosted him in this manner; *So, quack,* said he, *I'm a dead man, for I piss sweet.* *Do you!* reply'd the doctor, *then prithee piss upon your toes, for they stink damnably;* and so turning round on his heel, went out of the room.

239. A certain worthy gentleman having among his friends the nick name of *Bos*, which was a kind of contraction of his real name, when his late majesty conferr'd the honour of peerage upon him, a pamphlet was soon after published, with many sarcastical jokes upon him, and had this part of a line from Horace as a motto, *viz.*

—*Optat ep' pipa Bos.*—

My Lord ask'd a friend who could read Latin, What that meant? It is as much as to say, my Lord, said he, that you become *honours as a sow does a saddle.* Oh! very fine!

said:

said my Lord,. Soon after, another friend coming to see him, the pamphlet was again spoken of. I would, says my Lord, give five hundred pounds to know the author of it. I don't know the author of the pamphlet, said his friend, but I know who wrote the *motto*. Ay, cry'd my Lord, prithee who was it? Horace, answered the other. *How*, reply'd his Lordship, *a dirty r——l, is that the return he makes for all the services I have done him and his brother.*

240. A wild gentleman having pick'd up his own wife, in disguise, for a mistress, the man, to keep his master in countenance, got to bed to the maid too. In the morning, when the affair was discover'd, the fellow was oblig'd, in atonement for his offence, to make the girl amends by marrying her. *Well*, says he, *little did my master and I think, last night, that we were robbing our own Orchards.*

241. One seeing a kept whore, who made a very great figure, ask'd what estate she had? *Oh!* says another, *a very good estate in tail.*

242. In the great dispute between South and Sherlock, the latter, who was a great courtier, said, His adversary reason'd well, but he bark'd like a cur. To which the other reply'd, *That fawning was the property of a cur as well as barking.*

243. Second thoughts, we commonly say, are best, and young women, who pretend to be averse to marriage, desire not to be taken at their words. One asking a girl, if she would have him? *Faith, no John*, says she, *but you may have me if you will.*

244. A gentleman lying on his death-bed, call'd to his coachman, who had been an old servant, and said, *Ah, Tom, I am going a long and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me.* *Oh, dear Sir*, reply'd the fellow, (he having been but an indifferent master to him) *ne'er let that discourage you, for it is all down hill.*

245. An honest bluff country farmer, meeting the parson of the parish in a bye lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson, with an erected crest, told him he was better fed than taught, *Very; true indeed Sir*, reply'd the farmer, *for you teach me, and I feed myself.*

246. A famous teacher of *arithmetic*, who had long been married, without being able to get his wife with child, one
said

said to her, Madam, your husband is an excellent *arithmetician*. *Yes*, replied she, *only he, cannot multiply*.

247. An arch boy being at a table where there was a piping hot apple-pye, putting a bit into his mouth, burnt it so that the tears ran down his cheeks. A gentleman that sat by, ask'd him, Why he wept? Only, said he, because it is just come into my remembrance, that my poor grandmother died this day twelvemonth. Phoo, said the other, is that all? So whipping a large piece into his mouth, he quickly sympathiz'd with the boy; who seeing his eyes brim full, with a malicious sneer, ask'd him, Why he wept? *A pox on you*, said he, *because you were not bang'd you young dog, the same day your grandmother died*.

248. A lady who had married a gentleman, that was a tolerable poet, one day sitting alone with him, she said, Come, my dear, you write upon other people, prithee write something for me; let me see what epitaph you'll bestow upon me when I die. Oh, my dear, reply'd he, that's a melancholy subject, prithee don't think of it. Nay, upon my life you shall, adds she; come, I'll begin

Here lies Bid:

To which he answer'd,

Ah! I wish she did.

249. A cowardly servant having been hunting with his lord, they had kill'd a wild-boar; the fellow seeing the boar stir, betook himself to a tree; upon which his master call'd to him, and ask'd him what he was afraid of, the boar's guts were out; *No matter for that*, said he, *his teeth are in*.

250. One telling another that he had once so excellent a gun that it went off immediately upon a thief's coming into the house, altho' it was not charg'd. How the devil can that be? said the other. *Because* said the first, *the thief, carried it off; and what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it*.

251. Some gentlemen coming out of a tavern pretty merry, a link-boy cry'd, Have a light gentlemen? Light yourself to the devil, you dog, said one of the company. *Bless you master*, reply'd the boy, *we can find the way in the dark: Shall we light your worship thither?*

252. A person was once tried at Kingston before the late Lord Chief Justice Holt, for having two wives, where one *Unit* was to have been the chief evidence against him. After much calling for him, word was brought that they could

could hear nothing of him. *No!* says his Lordship, *why then all I can say is, Mr. Unit stands for a cypher.*

253. It is certainly the most transcendent pleasure to be agreeably surpriz'd with the confession of love, from an ador'd mistress. A young gentleman, after a very great misfortune, came to his mistress, and told her, he was reduc'd even to the want of five guineas. To which she reply'd, I am glad of it, with all my heart. Are you so, madam? adds he, suspecting her constancy: Pray, why so? *Because,* said she, *I can furnish you with five thousand.*

254. A young fellow who had made an end of all he had, even to his last suit of cloaths; one said to him, Now, I hope, you'll own yourself a happy man, for you have made an end of all your cares. How so? said the gentleman. *Because,* said the other, *you have nothing left to take care of.*

255. Some years ago, when his Majesty us'd to hunt frequently in Richmond Park, it brought such crowds of people thither, that orders were given to admit none, when the king was there himself, but the servants of his household. A fat country parson having on one of those days a great inclination to make one of the company, capt. B—d—ns promis'd to introduce him; but coming to the gate, the keepers would have stopp'd him, by telling him that none but the household were admitted. Why, d—mn you, said the captain, don't you know the gentleman? *He's his Majesty's hunting chaplain.* Upon which the keepers asked pardon, and suffered the reverend gentleman to follow his sport.

256. The learned Mr. Charles Barnard, serjeant surgeon to Queen Anne, being very severe upon parsons having pluralities, a reverend and worthy divine heard him a good while with patience, but at length took him up with this question; *Why do you, Mr. Serjeant Barnard, rail thus at pluralities, who have always so many fine cures upon your hands.*

257. Dr. Lloyd, bishop of Worcester, so eminent for his prophecies, when by his solicitations and compliance at court he got remov'd from a poor Welsh bishopric to a rich English one, a reverend dean of the church said, *That he found his brother Lloyd spelt prophet with an F*.*

* Most of the clergy follow this spelling.

258. A worthy old gentleman in the country having employ'd an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, he was greatly surpriz'd on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected; the *honest* attorney assur'd him, that there was no article in his bill but what was *fair and reasonable*: Nay, said the country gentleman, there's one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and four-pence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way; pray what is the meaning of that, Sir? *Oh, Sir*, said he, *that was for fetching the chine and turkey from the carrier's that you sent me for a present out of the country.*

259. A gentleman going into a meeting-house, and stumbling over one of the forms that were set there, cry'd out in a passion, *Who the devil expected set forms in a meeting-house.*

260. My Lord chief justice Jefferies had a cause before him between a *Jew* that was plaintiff, and a *Christian* defendant. The latter pleaded though the debt was very just, that the *Jew* had no right, by the laws of England, to bring an action. Well, says my Lord, have you no other plea? No, my Lord, says he, I insist on this plea. *Do you?* says my Lord, *then let me tell you, you are the greater Jew of the two.*

261. A butcher in Smithfield, that lay on his death-bed, said to his wife, My dear, I am not a man for this world, therefore I advise you to marry our man John, he is a lusty strong fellow, fit for your business. *Oh, dear husband*, said she, *if that's all, never let it trouble you, for John and I have agreed that matter already.*

262. A gentleman having bespoke a supper at an inn, desir'd his landlord to sup with him. The host came up, and thinking to pay a greater compliment than ordinary to his guest, pretended to find fault with the laying the cloth, and took the plates and knives, and threw them down stairs. The gentleman resolving not to balk his humour, threw the bottles and glasses down also; at which the host being surpriz'd, enquired the reason of his so doing. *Nay, nothing*, reply'd the gentleman; *but when I saw you throw the plates and knives down stairs, I thought you had a mind to sup below.*

263. A philosopher carrying something hid under his
cloak

cloak, an impertinent person ask'd him what he had under his cloak? To which the philosopher answer'd, *I carry it there that you might not know.*

264. When his late majesty, in coming from Holland, happen'd to meet with a violent storm at sea, the captain of the yacht cried to the chaplain, In five minutes more, doctor, we shall be with the Lord. *The Lord forbid*, answer'd the doctor.

265. A gentleman, who had been a great traveller, would oftentimes talk so extravagantly of the wonderful things he had seen abroad, that a friend of his took notice to him of his exposing himself as he did to all companies, and ask'd him the meaning of it? Why, says the traveller, I have got such a habit of lying since I have been abroad, that I really hardly know when I lye, and when I speak truth; and should be very much oblig'd to you, if you would tread upon my toe at any time, when I am likely to give myself too much liberty that way. His friend promis'd he would; and accordingly not long after, being at a tavern with him and other company, when the traveller was, amongst the other strange things, given an account of a church he had seen in Italy, that was above two miles long, he trod on his toe, just as one of the company had ask'd, How broad that same church might be? Oh, said he, not above two feet. Upon which, the company bursting into a loud laugh; *Zounds*, said he, *if you had not trod upon my toe, I should have made it as broad as it was long.*

266. A justice of peace seeing a parson on a very stately horse, riding between London and Hampstead, said to some gentlemen who were with him, Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud parson has got? I'll banter him a little. *Doctor*, said he, *you don't follow the example of your great master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass.* Why really, Sir, reply'd the parson, *the king has made so many asses justices, that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride, if he had a mind to it.*

267. A great deal of company being at dinner at a gentleman's house, where a silver spoon was laid at the side of every plate, one of the company watching for a convenient opportunity, as he thought, slid one of them into his pocket; but being observ'd more narrowly than he was aware of, the gentleman who sat opposite to him, took up another, and stuck it in the button-hole of his bosom;

which the master of the house perceiving, ask'd him in good humour, What was his fancy for that? *Why*, said he, *I thought every man was to have one, because I saw that gentleman, over against me, put one into his pocket.*

268. The duchess of Newcastle, who wrote plays and romances, in king Charles the Second's time, ask'd bishop Wilkins, How she could get up to the world in the moon, which he had discover'd; for as the journey must needs be very long, there would be no possibility of going through it, without resting on the way? *Oh, madam*, said the bishop, *your grace has built so many castles in the air, that you cannot want a place to bait at.*

269. An old man who had marry'd a young wife, complain'd to a friend, how unhappy he had always been: *When I was young*, said he, *I went abroad for want of a wife; and now I am old, my wife goes abroad for want of a husband.*

270. A rich farmer's son, who had been bred at the University, coming home to visit his father and mother, they being one night at supper on a couple of fowls, he told them, that by Logic and Arithmetic, he could prove those two fowls to be three. Well, let us hear, said the old man. Why this, cry'd the scholar, *is one*, and this, continu'd he, *is two*, two and one, you know make three. *Since you have made it out so well*, answer'd the old man, *your mother shall have the first fowl, I will have the second, and the third you may keep to yourself for your great learning.*

271. A young spark dining at a friend's house, and having promis'd a lady to meet her in the afternoon, but being oblig'd to stay and play at cards, he sent his man with an excuse to the lady, and whisper'd him that when he came back, he might deliver his answer before the company aloud, as if he came from a gentleman: accordingly away went his servant, and being call'd in on his return, Well, said his master, was the gentleman at home? Yes Sir, answer'd the man. And what said he? reply'd the master. That it was very well; for he was engag'd this evening. And what was he doing? *Putting on his hood and mantle to go to the play*, Sir, said the footman.

272. A gentleman who had a suit in Chancery, was call'd upon by his counsel to put in his answer, for fear of incurring contempt. And why, said the gentleman, is not my answer put in? How should I draw your answer, cry'd the lawyer, 'till I know what you can swear? *Pox*

on your scruples, reply'd the client, prithee, do your part as a lawyer, and draw a sufficient answer, and let me alone to do the part of a gentleman, and swear to it.

273. A country lass with a pail of milk on her head going to market, was reckoning all the way, what she might make of it. This milk, said she, will bring me so much money, that money will buy so many eggs, those eggs so many chickens, and with the Fox's leave, those chickens will make me mistress of a pig, and that pig may grow a fat hog, and when I have sold that, I may buy a cow and calf: And then, says she, comes a sweetheart, perhaps a farmer; him I marry, and my neighbours will say, *How do you do, goody Such-a-one?* and I'll answer, *Thank your neighbour, how do you?* But may be my sweetheart may be a yeoman, and then it will be, *How do you do, Mrs. Such-a-one?* I'll say, *Thank you.* Oh? but suppose I should marry a gentleman; then they'll say, *Your servant, madam,* but then I'll toss up my head, and say nothing. Upon the sudden transport of this thought, and with the motion of her head, down came the milk, which put an end at once to her fine scheme of her eggs, her chickens, her pig, her hog, and her husband.

274. Daniel Purcell, who was a Nonjuror, was telling a friend of his, when king George the first landed at Greenwich, that he had a full view of him. Then, said his friend, you know him by sight? *Yes,* reply'd Daniel, *I think I know him, but I can't swear to him.*

275. An Englishman going into one of the French ordinaries in Soho, and finding a large dish of soup with about half a pound of mutton in the middle of it, began to pull off his wig, his stock, and then his coat; at which one of the monsieurs, being much surpriz'd, ask'd him what he was going to do? *Why, monsieur,* said he, *I mean to strip, that I may swim thro' this ocean of porrage, to you little island of mutton.*

276. A countryman driving an ass by St. James's gate one day, which being dull and restif, he was forced to beat it very much; a gentleman coming out of the gate, chid the fellow for using his beast so cruelly; *Oh, dear, Sir,* said the countryman, *I am glad to find my ass has a friend at court.*

277. A lady perceiving her maid to be with child, ask'd her, Who was the father of it? Indeed, madam, said she, my master. And where did he get it? said the lady. In
your

your chamber, madam, answer'd the other, after you were gone to bed. And why did not you cry out? said the lady. *Indeed, madam, reply'd the other, I made no noise for fear of awaking you.*

278. One Irishman meeting another, ask'd, What was become of their old acquaintance Patrick Murphy? *Arrah, now, dear honey,* answer'd the other, *poor Patty was condemn'd to be hang'd; but he sav'd his life by dying in prison.*

279. Another Irishman, getting on a high mettled horse, it ran away with him; upon which, one of his companions called to him to stop him: *Arrah, honey,* cried he, *how can I do that, when I have got no spurs.*

280. An honest Welch carpenter, coming out of Cardiganshire, got work in Bristol, where in a few months, he had saved, besides his expences, about Twelve Shillings, and with this prodigious sum of money, returning into his own country, when he came upon Mile Hill, he look'd back on the town: *Ah, poor Pristow,* said he, *if one or two more of our countrymen were to give her such another shake as her has done, it would be poor Pristow indeed.*

281. It being ask'd in company with my lord C—d, whether the piers of Westminster-Bridge would be of stone or wood, *Oh,* said my lord, *of stone to be sure, for we have too many wooden piers (peers) already at Westminster.*

282. When the late lords L—ch—re and Ca—d—n had a rencounter in the Upper-Park, the first coming home to his lady, told her what had happened, and said, He was sure he was touch'd by my lord C——n's sword; and stripping himself, desired her to look if he had no wound or prick about him; upon which, the good lady, searching very diligently, told him, *She saw but one, and that was a very small one, at the bottom of his belly.*

283. One telling Charles XII. of Sweden, just before the battle of Narva, that the enemy was three to one; *I am glad to hear it,* answered the king, *for then there will be enough to kill, enough to take prisoners, and enough to run away.*

284. A poor ingenious lad, who was a survitor at Oxford, not having wherewithal to buy a new pair of shoes, when his old ones were very bad, got them capp'd at the toes, upon which being banter'd by some of his companions. *Why should they not be capp'd,* said he, *I am sure they are FELLOWS.*

285. The standers-by, to comfort a poor man, who

lay on his death-bed, told him, He should be carried to church by four very proper fellows; *I thank ye*, said he, *but I had much rather go by myself.*

286. When poor Daniel Button died, one of his punning customers being at his burial, and looking on the grave, cried out, *This is a more lasting Button-hole, than any made by a taylor.*

287. One asking a painter how he could paint such pretty faces in his pictures, and yet get such homely children? *Because*, said he, *I make the first by day light, and the other in the dark.*

288. A toping fellow was one night making his will over his bottle; I will give, said he, fifty pounds to five taveners, to drink to my memory when I am dead: ten pounds to the Salutation for courtiers; ten pounds to the Castle for soldiers; ten pounds to the Mitre for parsons; ten pounds to the Horn for citizens; and ten pounds to the Devil for the lawyers.

289. A gentleman calling for small beer at another gentleman's table, finding it very hard, gave it the servant again without drinking. What, said the master of the house, Don't you like the beer? *It is not to be found fault with*, answered the other, *for one should never speak ill of the dead.*

290. Some men and their wives, who all liv'd in the same street, and on the same side of the way being merry-making at a neighbour's house, said one of the husbands, It is reported, that all the men in our row are cuckolds but one: His wife soon after being a little thoughtful, What makes you so sad, my dear? said her husband, I hope you are not offended at what I said? *No*, replied she, *I am only considering who that one can be in our row that is not a cuckold.*

291. A certain lord who had a termagant wife, and at the same time a chaplain who was a tolerable poet, my lord desired him to write him a copy of verses on a shrew. *I cannot imagine*, said the parson, *why your lordship should want a copy, who have so good an original.*

292. A parson in his sermon having vehemently inveighed against usury, and said, That lending money upon use was as great a sin as wilful murder; having some time after an occasion to borrow twenty pounds himself, and coming to one of his parishioners with that intent; the other asked him, If he would have him guilty
of

of a crime he had spoke so much against, and lend out money upon use. No, said the parson, I would have you lend it *Gratis*. Ay, replied the other, *but in my opinion, if lending money upon use be as bad as wilful murder, lending it gratis can be little better than Felo-de-se.*

293. A gentleman talking of his travels, a lady in company said She had been a great deal farther, and seen more countries than he. Nay, then, madam, replied the gentleman, *as travellers, we may lie together by authority.*

294. One ask'd his friend, Why he, being so proper a man himself, had married so small a wife. Why, friend, said he, *I thought you had known, that of all evils we should chuse the least.*

295. A lady seeing a gentleman dance, found fault with him, and said, He straddled too much. Ob, madam, replied the gallant, *if you had that between your legs that I have you would straddle a great deal more, I dare say.*

296. A gentleman speaking of Peggy Yates, the famous courtesan, who had always an abundance of fine cloaths, said, *She was like a squirrel, for she always covered her back with her tail.*

297. A gentleman threatening to go to law, was dissuaded from it by his friends, who desired him to *consider*, for the law was chargeable: I don't care, replied the other, I will not consider, I will go to law. Right, said his friend, *for if you go to law, I am sure you don't consider.*

298. A man and his wife being in bed together, towards morning, madam pretending to be much out of order, desired to lie on her husband's side; the good man, to humour her, came over, but made some short stay in the middle; about half an hour after, she wanted to come on her own side of the bed again; the good old man obliged the second time! but, not content with this, a little while after she would needs change places again: How can it be, said the husband? Why, can't you come the same way you did before? answered the wife. No, by my troth, replied he, *I would rather go five miles about.*

299. One good housewife, who was a notable woman at turning and torturing her old rags, was recommending her dyer to another, as an excellent fellow in his way: That's impossible, said the other, for I hear he is a great

drunkard, and beats his wife, and runs in every body's debt. What then, said the first, he may never be the worse dyer for all these things. *No*, answer'd the other, *can you imagine so bad a liver can die well.*

300. A wench swearing a bastard child to a gentleman in the country, the justice having a respect for the gentleman's lady, took upon him to joke the gentleman, and ask'd him, *Why* he would defile his marriage bed? *There was no bed in the case*, answered the gentleman, *good Mr. Justice, for it was done in a field.*

301. One wished a young married man joy, for she heard his wife was *quick* already, she told him. *Ay*, said he, *quick indeed, for I have been married but six months and she was brought to-bed yesterday.*

302. A certain lieutenant of a man of war, under the command of the late lord Torrington, having in the engagement with the Spaniards in the Mediterranean, one of his arms shot off within a few inches of his shoulder, while the surgeon was dressing it, could not forbear laughing; one standing by, asked him the reason, *Why*, said he, *I cannot help thinking of a wish that I have often made, a certain part about me was as long as my arm, and now I believe it is three or four inches longer.*

303. A poor fellow, who growing rich on a sudden, from a very mean and beggarly condition, and taking great state upon him, was met one day by one of his poor acquaintance, who accosted him in a very humble manner, but having no notice taken of him, cried out, *Nay, it is no great wonder that you should not know me, when you have forgot yourself.*

304. A country fellow getting into a gentleman's orchard one night, with the design of robbing a mulberry-tree, had not been long in it, before one of the men and one of the maids came just under the place where he was, which made him lay as snug as he could, till the business they came about was over; when the chambermaid began to give vent to those fears which the fury of her appetite would not admit into her thoughts before. Lord, John, said she, now you have had your filthy will, what if I should prove with child, who will take care of it? There is one above, replied John, I hope will provide for it. *Is there so*, said the countryman, *but I'd have you to know,*

know, that if I provide for any body's bastards, it shall be for one of my own begetting.

305. Marcus Livius, who was governor of Tarentum when Hannibal took it, being envious to see so much honour done to Fabius Maximus, said one day in open senate, That it was himself, not Fabius Maximus, that was the cause of re-taking the city of Tarentum. Fabius said smilingly, *Indeed thou speakest truth, for had'st thou not lost it, I should never have retaken it.*

306. One asking another which way a man might use tobacco to have any benefit from it: *By setting up a shop to sell it*, said he, *for certainly there is no profit to be had from it any other way.*

307. The same wag, an arch one to be sure, said taylorors were like woodcocks, for they got their sustenance by their *long bills*.

308. Ben Johnson being one night at the Devil tavern, there was a country gentleman in the company, who interrupted all other discourse, with an account of his land and tenements; at last Ben, unable to bear it longer, said to him, What signifies your dirt and your clods to us? where you have one acre of land I have ten acres of wit. *Have you so*, said the countryman, *good Mr. Wise-acre?* This unexpected repartee from the clown, struck Ben quite mute for a time: Why, how now, Ben, said one of the company, you seem to be quite flung? *I never was so prick'd by a hobanil before*, replied he.

309. A taylor sent his bill to a lawyer for money: the lawyer bid the boy tell his master, that he was not running away, but very busy at that time. The boy comes again, and tells him he must needs have the money. Did'st tell thy master, said the lawyer, that I was not running away? Yes, sir, answer'd the boy, but he bad me tell you *that he was*.

310. A certain ancient dutchess having had a present made to her of a fine stallion, going the next day into her stable-yard, ordered him to be brought out for her to see, and then would needs have a mare brought to him: the groom asking her which? Old Bess, said she. Lord, madam, answer'd the groom, that will be to little purpose; Old Bess is too old to be with foal. No matter for that, cry'd she, it will *refresh* the poor old creature.

By this you may guess what her grace thought a *refreshment* for a poor old creature.

311. A smart fellow thinking to shew his wit one night at the tavern, called to the drawer, Here, Mercury, said he, take away this bottle full of emptyness. Said one of the company, *Do you speak that, Jack, of your own head.*

312. An extravagant young fellow, rallying a frugal country 'squire, who had a good estate, and spent but little of it, said, among other things, I'll warrant you that plate button'd suit was your great grand-father's. *Yes,* said the other, *and I have my great grand-father's lands too.*

313. A gentleman having sent for his carpenter's servant to knock a nail or two in his study, the fellow, after he had done, scratched his ears, and said, He hoped the gentleman would give him something to make him drink. *Make you drink?* says the gentleman, *there's a pickle herring for you, and if that won't make you drink I'll give you another.*

314. A young gentleman having got his neighbour's maid with child, the master, a grave man, came to expostulate with him about it, Lord, Sir, said he, I wonder how you could do so: *Priehee, where is the wonder,* said the other, *if she had got me with child, you might have wonder'd indeed.*

315. Alphonso, King of Naples, sent a Moor, who had been his captive a long time, to Barbary, with a considerable sum of money to purchase horses, and to return by such a time. There was about the king, a buffoon, or jester, who had a table book, wherein he used to register any remarkable absurdity that happened at court. The day the Moor was dispatch'd to Barbary, the said jester waiting on the king at supper, the king called for his table-book; in which the jester kept a regular journal of absurdities. The king took the book, and read, How Alphonso, king of Naples, had sent Beltram the Moor, who had been a long time his prisoner, to Morocco, his own county, with so many thousand crowns to buy horses. The king turn'd to the jester, and ask'd, Why he insert'd that? Because, said he, I think he will never come back to be a prisoner again; and so you have lost both man and money: But, if he does come, says the king, then your jest is marr'd: No, Sir, replies the Buffoon,

Buffoon, *for if he should return, I will blot out your name, and put in his for a fool.*

316. A sharper of the town seeing a country gentleman sit alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made of him, he went and sat near him, and took the liberty to drink to him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a paper of tobacco, and said do you smoke, Sir? *Yes*, says the gentleman, very gravely, *any one that has a design upon me.*

317. A certain country farmer was observed never to be in a good humour when he was hungry: for this reason, his wife was fain carefully to watch the time of his coming home, and always have dinner ready on the table; one day he surpriz'd her, and she had only time to set a mess of broth ready for him; who soon, according to custom, began to open his pipes, and maundering over his broth, forgetting what he was about, burnt his mouth to some purpose. The good wife seeing him in that sputtering condition, comforted him as follows: *See what it is now, had you kept your breath to cool your pottage, you had not burnt your mouth, John.*

318. The same woman taking up dinner once upon a Sunday, it happened that the liquorish plough-boy, who lay under a strong and violent temptation, pinch'd off the corner of a plumb dumpling; which his dame espying, in a great rage, laid the wooden ladle over his pate, saying, *Can't you stay, sirrah, till your betters are serv'd before you?* The boy clapping his hand to his head, and seeing the blood come, *'tis very hard*, said he. *So it is, sirrah*, said she, *or it had not broke my ladle.*

319. Three gentlemen being at a tavern, whose names were *Moore*, *Strange*, and *Wright*: Said the last, there is but one cuckold in company, and that is *Strange*: Yes, answered *Strange*, there is one *Moore*: Ay, said *Moore*, that's *Wright*.

320. A Scotch bag-piper travelling to Ireland, open'd his wallet by a wood side, and sat down to dinner; no sooner had he said grace, but three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provender was all gone—At length he took up his bag-pipes, and began to play, at which the wolves ran away. *The devil saw me*, said Sawney, *and I had keen'd you lea'd music so weel, you should have haen it before dinner.*

321. Metullus Nepos, asking Cicero, the Roman orator,

tor, in a scoffing manner, Who was his father? Cicero replied, *Thy mother has made that question harder for thee to answer.*

322. The arch duke of Austria having been forced to raise the siege of a town called Grave, in Holland, and to retreat privately in the night; Queen Elizabeth said to his secretary here, — *What, your master is risen from the grave without sound of trumpet.*

323. Soon after the death of a great officer, who was judged to have been no great advancer of the king's affairs; the king said to his solicitor Bacon, who was kinsman to that lord: Now, Bacon, tell me truly, what say you of your cousin? Mr. Bacon answer'd, since your majesty charges me to speak, I will deal plainly with you, and give you such a character of him, as though I was to write his story. I do think he was no fit councillor to have made your affairs better, yet he was fit to have kept them from growing worse. *O' my soul, quoth the king, in the first thou speak'st like a true man; and in the latter like a kinsman.*

324. The same king, in one of his progresses ask'd, How far it was to such a town? They told him six miles and a half. He alighted out of his coach, and went under the shoulder of one of the led horses. When some ask'd his majesty what he meant? *I must stalk, says he, for yonder town is shy, and flies me.*

325. Lawyers and chambermaids, said a wicked young fellow, are like Balaam's ass, *they never speak, unless they see an angel.*

326. One being at his wife's funeral, and the bearers going pretty quick along, he cry'd out to them, *Don't go so fast, what need we make a toil of a pleasure?*

327. A country squire being in company with his mistress, and wanting his servant, cry'd out, Where is this blockhead? *Upon your shoulders,* said the lady.

328. A philosopher being ask'd, Why learned men frequented rich men's houses, but rich men seldom visited the learned, answered, *That the first know what they want, but the latter do not.*

329. Among the articles exhibited to king Henry by the Irish, against the earl of Kildare, the last concluded thus: — *And finally, all Ireland cannot rule the earl.* Then, said the king, *The earl shall rule all Ireland;* And so made him deputy.

330. Some divines make use of their father's and councils, as beaus do of their canes, not for support or defence, but mere show and ornament. Is not one good argument worth a thousand citations? To quote St. Gregory, St. Austin, or any rubic Saint, to prove any such important truth as this; *That virtue is commendable, and all excess to be avoided*, is like sending for the sherif to come with his *posse committatus*, to disperse a few boys that are robbing an orchard.

331. Plutarch used to say of men of small capacities put into great places, like statues set upon great pillars, are made to appear the less by their advancement.

332. A young fellow being told that his mistress was married; to convince him of it, the young gentleman who told him, said, he had seen the bride and bridegroom. Prithee, said the forsaken swain, do not call them by those names; I cannot bear to hear them.—Shall I call them dog and cat? answer'd the other. *Oh, no, for heaven's sake*, replied the first, *that sounds ten times more like man and wife than t'other*.

333. A sea officer, who, for his courage in a former engagement, where he had lost his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ship; in the heat of the next engagement, a cannon-ball took of his wooden deputy, so that he fell upon the deck; A seaman thinking he had been fresh wounded, called out for a surgeon. *No, no*, said the captain, *the carpenter will do*.

334. A gentleman saying he had bought the stockings he had on, in Wales. *Really Sir*, answer'd another, *I thought so, for they seem to be Well-chose, i. e. Welch-hose*.

335. A nobleman, in a certain king's reign, being appointed groom of the stole, his majesty took notice to him of the odd sort of perukes he used to wear, and desir'd that he would now get something that was graver, and more suitable to his age, and the high office he had conferred on him. The next Sunday his lordship appeared at court in a very descent peruke, which being observed by another nobleman, famous for the art of punning, he came up to him, and told him, *That he was obliged to alter his locks now he had got the key*. *

* *The Groom of the Stole wears a golden key, tied with a blue ribbon, at his left pocket.*

336. The late Sir Robert Henley, having received a commission, constituting him captain of the Eleanor fire-ship, was the same evening passing home to his lodgings, when a fine madam meeting him in the street, earnestly intreated the favour of a glass of wine; the baronet cursing her for a silly whore, said, *He was well content with one fire-ship in one day.*

337. A gentleman named Ball being about to purchase a cornetcy in a regiment of horse, was presented to the colonel for approbation, who being a nobleman, declared he did not like the name, and would have no *Balls* in his regiment: *Nor powder neither*, said the gentleman, *if your lordship cou'd help it.*

338. Two Irishmen having travelled on foot from Chester to Barnet, were confoundedly tired and fatigued with their journey; and the more so, when they were told they had still about ten miles to London. *By my soul and St. Patrick*, cries one of them, *it is but five miles a piece, let's e'en walk on.*

339. Young fellows, said a mettled girl, are generally in the wrong, so very impudent that they are nauseous, or so modest that they are useless.

340. Married women, said one, usually shew all their modesty the first-day, as married men shew all their love the first night.

341. For a king to engage his people in a war, to carry off every little humour in the state, is like a physician's ordering his patient to be flux'd for a pimple.

342. A country fellow being sent to a notorious bawdy-house, formerly in Salisbury-court, and having remembered to forget his errand, when he came into the neighbourhood, he said, He wanted a Bedfordshire woman, but had forgot her name.—Forgot her name? said one, then who the devil should tell you any thing of her? Now you name the *devil*, said the fellow, you have brought it into my head: it is the sign of the *angel*. *Nay*, answered, another, *if you had named the devil at first we had sent you thither.*

343. A certain Lord would fain have persuaded a dependant on his lordship to marry his cast-off mistress, For though, says he, she has been a little used, when she has got a good husband she may turn. *Ay, but, my Lord*, replied the other, *she has been so much used, that I fear she is not worth turning.*

344. An amorous young fellow, who design'd a favour to his neighbour's wife, the chambermaid came running in, and told them her master was at the door. 'Sdeath, said the lover, can't I get through the parlour window? *No, no*, replied the girl, *there are some iron bars; but if you will run up three pair of stairs, you may jump out of the garret window easy enough.*

345. Mr. Pope, being at dinner with a noble duke, had his own servant in livery waiting on him: The duke ask'd him, Why he, that eat mostly at other people's tables, should be such a fool as to keep a fellow in livery only to laugh at him? 'Tis true, answer'd the poet, *he kept but one to laugh at him; but his grace had the honour to keep a dozen.*

346. An Irish fellow, vaunting of his birth and family, affirmed, That when he came first to England, he made such a figure, that the bells rang through all the towns he passed to London: *Ay*, said a gentleman in company, *I suppose that was because you came up in a waggon with a bell team.*

347. One meeting an old acquaintance, whom the world had frown'd upon a little, ask'd him, Where he lived? *Where I live*, said he, *I don't know, but I starve down towards Wapping and that way.*

348. Two country attornies overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to break a joke upon him, ask'd him, Why his fore horse was so fat and the rest so lean? The waggoner knowing them to be limbs of the law, answer'd them, *That his fore horse was his lawyer, and the rest were his clients.*

349. An old bawd being carried before justice M—s, for keeping a disorderly house, strongly denied all that was charged upon her: *Housewife! housewife!* said the justice, how have you the assurance to deny it; you do keep a bawdy house, and I will maintain it. *Will you?* replied the old lady, *the Lord bless you! I always heard you were a kind hearted gentleman.*

350. At a cause tried at the King's Bench bar, a witness was produced who had a very red nose, and one of the counsel, a good impudent fellow, being desirous to put him out of countenance, called out to him, after he was sworn, Well, let's hear what you have to say with your copper nose; *Why Sir*, said he, *by the Oath I have taken, I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face.*

351. A gentleman in the country who had three daughters,

ters, discoursing one evening on rural affairs, and the nature of vegetation, ask'd one of his daughters what plant or herb she thought grew the fastest? The young lady replied, *asparagus*. Then he ask'd the second, she answer'd, a *pompion* or *gourd*: And when the same question was put to the youngest, she replied, *The pommel of a saddle*; which very much surprizing the old gentleman, he desired to know what she meant, and how she could make it out? Why, said she, when I was one day riding behind our John, and the ways being so rough that I was afraid I should fall off, he cry'd,, *Miss put your hand round my waist and lay hold of the pommel of the saddle*; and I am sure, papa, when I first took hold of it, it was not much bigger than my finger, and in less than a minute, it was thicker than my wrist.

352. A gentleman having received some abuse, in passing through one of the Inns of Chancery, from some of the impudent clerks, he was advised to complain to the *Principal*, which he did accordingly; and coming before him, accosted him in the following manner; *I have been grossly abused here by some of the rascals of this house, and understanding you are the principal, I am come to acquaint you with it.*

353. An old roundhead in Oliver's time, complaining of some heavy rain that fell, said a cavalier, standing by, *What unreasonable fellows you roundheads are, who will neither be pleased when God rains, nor when the king reigns.*

354. An old cavalier told a great rumper, that he saw his master Oliver hanged, and he stunk damnably. *Ay*, said the last, *no doubt but he stunk after he had been dead so long, but he would have made you stink if he had been alive.*

355. A young curate, with more pertness than wit, or learning, being ask'd in company, How he came to take it into his head to enter into the ministry of the church? Because, said he, the Lord had need of me. *That may be* reply'd a gentleman present, *for I have often read that the Lord had need of an ass.*

356. A very ignorant, but very foppish young fellow going into a bookseller's shop with a relation, who went thither to buy something he wanted, seeing his cousin look into a particular book, and smile, ask'd him, What there was in that book that made him smile? Why, answer'd the other, this book is dedicated to you, cousin Jack: Is it so? said he, pray let me see it, for I never knew before
that

that I had such an honour done to me: Upon which, taking it into his hands, he found it to be Perkin's Catechism, dedicated *to all ignorant persons*.

357. There was a short time when Mr. Handel, notwithstanding his merit, was deserted, and his opera at the Hay-Market neglected almost by every body but his m—y, for that of Porpora at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; at this time another nobleman asking the earl of C——d if he would go one night to the opera? My lord ask'd, Which? Oh, to that in the Hay-Market, answer'd the other. *No, my lord, said the earl, I have no occasion for a private audience of his m——y to-night.*

358. Some scholars, on a time, going to steal conies, by the way they warn'd a novice amongst them to make no noise, for fear of spoiling their game: But he no sooner espy'd some, but he cry'd out aloud, *Ecce conniculi multi*. Whereupon the conies ran with all speed into their burrows; upon which his fellows chiding him; *Who the devil, says he, would have thought that the conies understood Latin?*

359. A fellow and a wench being taken in comical circumstances in a pound, and brought before a justice of peace; but both avering their innocence, the justice call'd the wench aside, and promis'd her, if she would confess, she should go free for that fact; upon which she own'd the truth, and the fellow was sent to prison: But upon taking her leave, the justice call'd the wench back again, and ask'd her, What the fellow gave her? If it please your worship, said she, *Half a crown*. Truly woman, answer'd he, *that does not please me; and though for the fact you have confess'd, I have acquitted you, as I promis'd; yet I must commit you for such extortion, as taking half a crown in the pound.*

360. One was joking with a lawyer for tarrying so long from his wife upon the circuit, saying, in his absence she might want due benevolence: I shall give her use for that, answer'd the lawyer, at my return; and put the case any one ow'd you fifty pounds, wou'd you not rather have it in a lump, than shilling by shilling? *It is true, reply'd the other, most people would; but it would vex you if your wife should want a shilling in your absence, and be forced to borrow it.*

361. A drunken fellow having sold all his goods to maintain himself at his pot, except his feather bed, at last made away with that too; when being reprov'd for it by some

some of his friends; *Why, said he, I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my bed.*

362. An old lady meeting a Cambridge man, ask'd him, How her nephew behav'd himself? Truly, madam, says he, he's a brave fellow, and sticks close to *Catharine Hall**. *I wow, said she, I fear'd as much, he was always banking after the wencles from a boy.*

363. A gentleman being arrested for a pretty large sum of money, sent to an acquaintance, who had often profess'd a great friendship for him, to beg he would bail him; the other told him, That he had promis'd never to be bail for any-body; but with much kindness said, *I'll tell you what you may do, you may get somebody else if you can.*

364. In a town where there had been a remarkable slaughter of maidenheads, and as great a propagation of horns, by a small body of *red coa's*, which had been quarter'd there; one was saying. That he wonder'd why the women were so fond of soldiers! Phoo, says another, I don't wonder at it; the gentlemen in *red*, and their bretheren in *black*, have, for many ages been in possession of the sex; the latter, upon the account of their secrecy, and the other from the heroic performances they may expect from them *In fine*, adds he, *women are like mackarel, bait but a hook with a piece of scarlet cloth†, and you infallibly take them.*

365. When king Charles the first was in great anxiety about signing the warrant for the earl of Strafford's execution, saying, It was next to death to part with so able a minister, and so loyal a subject; a certain favourite of the king's standing by, soon resolv'd his majesty, by telling him, *That in such an exigence, a man had better part with his crutch than his leg.*

366. Some rattling young fellows from London putting into a country inn, seeing a plain rough hewn farmer there; says one of them, You shall see me dumb-found that countryman:—So coming up to him, he gives his hat a twirl round, saying, *there's half a crown for you, countryman.* The former, after recovering a little from his surprize, reared his oaken towel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome drubs on the shoulder, saying, *I thank you for your kindness, friend, there's two shillings of your money again.*

367.

* *The name of a college in that university.*

† *A piece of red cloth, is the common bait for Mackrarel.*

367. One of the aforefaid rattling blades having been once a little kick'd for his impertinence, demanded of his benefactor, with a bluff face, whether he was in earnest, or not? Yes, faith, said the other, in very good earnest, laying his hand on his sword.—*Say you so*, reply'd he, *I'm glad of that with all my heart*, for I don't like such jests.

368. A poet going over Lincoln's Inn-Fields, one, who pretended to be a poor main'd soldier begg'd his charity. The poet ask'd him by what authority he went a begging? I have a licence for it, answer'd the soldier. *Licence*, said the poet; *lice thou may'st have, but sense thou can'st have none, to beg of a poet*.

369. At the masquerade in the Hay-Market, one appearing in the habit of a bishop, another, for the jests sake, bow'd his knee to ask a blessing. The former laying his hand on his head, very demurely said, *Prithee rise there's nothing in't indeed, friend*.

370. A certain humorous old knight nam'd Sir Sampson, thinking to recommend himself to the favour of a fine lady, in the way of marriage, said in the conclusion of his compliments, Oh! madam, we *Sampsons* were strong dogs from the beginning. Take care Sir Sampson, reply'd the young lady, *remember the strongest of your name pulled an old house over his head*.

371. A parson thinking to banter an honest Quaker, ask'd him, Where his religion was before George Fox's time? Where thine was, says the Quaker, before Harry Tudor's time. Now thou hast been free with me, added the Quaker, prithee let me ask thee a question.—Where was Jacob going when he was turn'd of ten years of age? canst thou tell that? No, said the parson, nor you neither, I believe. *Yes, I can*, reply'd the Quaker, *he was going into his eleventh year; was he not?*

372. A merchant in London, having bought a pretty estate in Surry and afterwards two or three more fields adjoining to it, a person speaking of his purchase to a friend, said, he did not think Mr. Such-a-one had been in circumstances to make so large a purchase. O! dear, said the other, you don't know how considerable a man he is; why since he bought that estate in Surry, he has bought *Moor fields*. *That must be a great purchase, indeed*, reply'd the other.

373. The old earl of B——d, one of the most facetious men of his time, being once in waiting at court, made an excuse one morning to leave the king, assuring
his

his majesty he would be back to wait on him before 12 o'clock, there being great occasion for his attendance. The king had enquir'd for him several times, his Lordship having exceeded his time: at length he came, and going to the clock in the drawing-room, heard it strike one; at which, being a little enrag'd, he up with his cane, and broke the glass of the clock. The king ask'd him afterwards, What made him break the clock? I am sure, says my Lord, your majesty won't be angry when you hear: Prithee, said the king, what was it? *Why, blood my liege, the clock struck first.*

374. Emilia, says one, give her her due, has the best reputation of any one young women in town, who has beauty enough to provoke detraction; I grant you, replies another, her virtue and discretion are sufficient to keep her from being corrupted by any thing but a husband. How! a husband, says the former. Yes, a husband, answer'd the other.——*I have known many a woman make a difficulty of losing a maidenhead, who have made none afterwards of making a cuckold.*

375. A person having been put to great shifts to get money to support his credit; some of his creditors at length sent him word, that they would give him trouble. *Pox*, says he, *I have had trouble enough to borrow the money, and had not need to be troubled to pay it again.*

376. A country woman being sick, bequeath'd her sow with pig to the parson, who thinking she would hardly recover, came soon after, and took the sow away. The good wife recovering, ask'd for her sow, and being told the parson she had left it to, came when she was very bad, and had taken her away. *Bless us*, says she, *the parson is worse than the devil, for one may call upon him twenty times to take one before he'll do it; but I did but once bid the parson take my sow, and he fetch'd her immediately.*

377. Queen Elizabeth seeing a gentleman in her garden, who had not felt the effect of her favours so soon as he expected, looking out of her window, said to him in Italian, *What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?* After a little pause, he answer'd, *He thinks, madam, of a woman's promise.* The queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, *Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you: Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.*

378. A lady whose beauty was very much upon the decline,

decline, having sent her picture to a gentleman that was to come a wooing to her, bid her chambermaid, when she was coming to dress her, take care in repairing her decays a little, or she should not look like her picture. *I warrant you, madam, says she, laying on the Bavarian red, a little art once made your picture like you, now a little of the same art shall make you like your picture; your picture must fit to you.*

379. A beautiful young lady, but extremely fanciful and humorous, being on the point of resigning herself into the arms of her lover, began to enter on the conditions that she expected should be observ'd after the articles were sign'd and executed. Among the rest, says she, positively, I will lie in bed as long as I please in the morning: *With all my heart, madam, says he, provided I may get up when I please.*

380. A termagant sempstress coming to dun a young fellow at his lodgings, where he was terribly afraid to have his landlady hear; she began to open her quail pipes at a great rate, but was presently seized with a fit of coughing. Lord, says she, I have got such a cold I can hardly speak. Nay, as to that, says he, I don't care how softly you speak. Don't tell me of speaking softly, says she, let me have my money, or I'll take the law of you.—*Do, says he, then you'll be forc'd to hold your tongue, for the law allows no body to scold in their own cause.*

381. One who had marry'd a light-heel'd wife, instead of an innocent country girl, which he took her for, was severely rally'd, upon the discovery, by his acquaintance. Among the rest, a young lady having been very severe with him, he call'd to her lover, who was present, saying, Sir, take off your wasp, I'll have a fly-flap else.—*You'll have occasion for it, says she, your wife has been blown upon.*

382. Some persons talking of a fine lady that had many suitors: Well, says one of them, you may talk of this great man, and that great man, of this Lord, and t'other knight; but I know a fellow without a foot of estate, that will carry her before them all. *Pho, damme, that's impossible, says another, unless you mean her coachman.*

383. A woman may learn one useful hint from the game of *back gammon*, which is, not to take up her man till she is sure of binding him——Had poor M——d thought of this, when she had once gain'd her point, she, would never afterwards have made such a blot in her tables.

384. Count Gondemar, the Spanish ambassador here, in Queen Elizabeth's time, sent a compliment to the Lord St. Alban's, whom he liv'd in no good terms with, wishing him a merry Easter. My Lord thank'd the messenger, and said, he could not requite the count better *than by wishing him a good pass-over.*

385. A certain Philosopher, when he saw men in a hurry to finish any matter, used to say, *Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner.*

386. Sir Francis Bacon was wont to say of a passionate man, who suppress'd his anger, *that he thought worse than he spoke*; and of an angry man, that would vent his passion in words, *That he spoke worse than he thought.*

387. The same gentleman us'd to say, that power in an ill man, was like the power of a witch, he could do harm, but no good; as the magicians, says he, could turn water into blood, but could not turn blood into water again.

388. He was likewise wont to commend much the advice of a plain old man at Buxton, who sold brooms. A proud lazy young fellow came to him for a beesom upon trust, to whom the old man said, *Friend, hast thou no money? Borrow of thy back and of thy belly, they'll never ask thee for't, I shall be dunning thee every day.*

389. When recruits were raising for the late wars, a serjeant told his captain, that he had got him a very extraordinary man: Ay, says the captain, prithee what's he? *A butcher, Sir,* replies the serjeant, *and your honour will have double service of him, for we had two sheep-stealers in the company before.*

390. A harmless country fellow having commenced a suit against a gentleman that had beat down his fences, and spoil'd his corn; when the assizes grew near, his adversary brib'd his only evidence to keep out of the way: Well, says the fellow, I'm resolv'd I'll up to town, and the king shall know it. The king know it, says his landlord, who was an attorney, prithee what good will that do you, if the man keeps out of the way? *Why, Sir,* says the poor fellow, *I have heard you say, the king could make a man A P E E R, at any time.*

391. One speaking of an agreeable young fellow, said, He had wit enough to call his good nature in question, and yet good nature enough to make his wit suspected.

392. To what an ebb of taste are woman fallen, that it should be in the power of a lac'd coat and a feather to recommended

recommend a gallant to them : Taylors and perriwig-makers are become the bawds of the nation : That fop that has not wherewithal by nature to move a cook-maid, shall by a little of their assistance, be able to subdue a countess.

393. A lady seeing a tolerable pretty fellow, who by the help of a taylor and sempstress had transform'd himself into a beau, said, What pity 'tis to see one, whom nature has made no fool, so industrious to pass for an ass : Rather, says another, one should pity those whom nature abuses, than those who abuse nature ; *besides the town would be robbed of one half if its diversion, if it should become a crime to laugh at a fool.*

394. Of all coxcombs, the most intolerable in conversation is your fighting fool, and your opiniated wit ; the one is always talking to shew his parts, and the other always quarrelling to shew his valour.

395. In Oliver's time, when people were marry'd by a justice of peace, one giving a reason for it, said, *That none was so fit to marry others, as he that, by virtue of his office, was empower'd to lay people by the heels.*

396. When the late dauphin of France said to the facetious duke of Roquelaure, Stand farther off, Roquelaure, for you stink. The duke reply'd, *I ask your pardon, Sir, 'tis you that smell, not I.*

397. One said of a fantastical fellow, that he was the folio of himself, bound up in his own calf's leather, and gilt about the edges.

398. A decay'd gentleman coming to one who had been a servant, to borrow money of him, receiv'd a very scurvy answer, concluding in the following words ; *Lord, Sir, what do you trouble me for ? I've no money to lend. I'm sure you lye, say the gentleman, for if you was not rich you durst not be so saucy.*

399. The Roman Catholicks make a sacrament of matrimony, and in consequence of that notion, pretend that it confers grace : The Protestant divines do not carry matters so high, but say, This ought to be understood in a qualify'd sense ; and that marriage so far confers grace, as that, generally speaking, *it brings repentance, which every body knows is one step towards grace*

400. A lady, who had a mind, she told another, to quarrel with an impertinent teasing young fellow she did not like, said, she could not tell how to provoke him, he was so very assiduous and submissive. 'Slife, said her friend,
I'd

I'd spit in his face. *Alas, reply'd she, that won't do, when men are fawning like lap-dogs, they'll take that for a favour.*

401. An extravagant young gentleman, to whom the title of Lord, and a good estate, was just fallen, being a little harrafs'd by duns, bid his steward tell them, *That whilst he was a private gentleman he had leisure to run in debt, but being now advanced to a higher rank, he was too busy to pay them.*

402. An wild young fellow, that had spent his fortune, being ask'd, What he intended to do with himself? said he design'd to go into the army. How can that be? says one, you are a *Jacobite*, and can't take the oaths. You may as well tell me, says he, that I can't take orders, because I am an *atheist*. I ask your pardon, reply'd the other, *I did not know the strength of your conscience so well as I did the weakness of your purse.*

403. An old fellow having a great itch after his neighbour's wife, employed her chambermaid in the business. At the next meeting he enquir'd, what answer the lady had sent him? Answer! said the girl, why she has sent you this for a token; (giving him a smart slap in the face.) *Ay, cry'd the old fellow, rubbing his chaps, and you have lost none of it by the way: I thank you.*

404. A gentleman complaining of a misfortune, said it was along with that drunken sot his man, who could not keep himself sober. *With respect to your worship,* said the fellow, *I know very few drunken sots that do keep themselves sober.*

405. One said of a young woman, whose chastity was violently assaulted by a handsome young fellow, *That she was in as fair a way to be ruined, as a boy was to be a rogue, when he was first put clerk to an attorney.*

406. A certain Irishman making strong love to a great fortune, told her, *He could not sleep for dreaming of her.*

407. A plain country yeoman bringing his daughter to town, said, for all she was brought up altogether in the country, she was a girl of sense. Yes, says a perty young female in the company, *Country sense.* *Why faith, madam,* says the fellow, *country sense is better sometimes than London impudence.*

408. A thousand actions pass in the world for virtuous, tho' they proceed from a quite different principle. My Lord releas'd Arsennus out of prison, and paid his debts; this every one applauded as an act of the highest and most disinterested

disinterested generosity. They little knew that his Lordship lay every night with Arsennus's sister.

409. Give me a man without a fortune, said a sensible young lady, rather than a fortune without a man.

410. I'll swear, says a gentleman to his mistress, you are very handsome. Phoo, says she, so you'd say, tho' you did not think so. *And so you'd think*, answer'd he, *though I should not say so.*

411. A gentleman in king Charles the II'd's time, who had paid a tedious attendance at court for a place, and had a thousand promises, at length resolv'd to see the king himself; so getting himself introduced, he told his majesty what pretensions he had to his favour, and boldly ask'd him for the place just then vacant. The king hearing his story, told him he had just given the place away. Upon which the gentleman made a very low obeisance to the king, and thank'd him extremely; which he repeated often. The king observing how over thankful he was, call'd him again, and ask'd the reason, why he gave him such extraordinary thanks, when he had deny'd his suit: The rather, an't please your majesty, reply'd the gentleman; your courtiers have kept me waiting here these two years, and gave me a thousand put-offs; but your majesty has sav'd me all that trouble, and generously given me my answer at once. *Cods fish, man*, says the king, *thou shalt have the place for thy downright honesty.*

412. A merry drolling fellow, who liv'd with a lady that was just on the point of matrimony, being sent with a how d'ye to an acquaintance of her's, who liv'd a few miles off, was ask'd how his lady did? *Ab, dear madam*, reply'd the fellow *she can never live long in this condition.*

413. 'Twas a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being ask'd, Where her husband, was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concern'd in a conspiracy? resolutely answer'd, *She had hid him.* This confession drew her before the king, who told her, Nothing but her discovering where her Lord was conceal'd, could save her from the torture. And will that do, says the lady? Yes, says the king, I give you my word for it. *Then*, says she, *I have hid him in my heart, there you'll find him.* Which surprizing answer charm'd her enemies.

14. A person advising a lady in town to marry a country gentleman; to recommend the match in the stronger terms, told her it would be more convenient for her, because

cause his *concerns* in the country join'd to her's. *My* says the lady, *but his CONCERNS shall never join to mine in the city.*

415. An English gentleman travelling to France, 'had made choice of an abbot as wicked as himself, for the companion of his pleasure: One of his countrymen told him, *That tho' the abbot and he differ'd about the way to heaven, they were in a fair way of going to the devil together.*

416. Two persons quarrelling at a tavern; after the heat was a little over, one of them being strain'd for a conveniency to make water, but being hemm'd in said, to his antagonist.—*How shall I get by you? Get by me,* says the other, *Why, what a pox did I ever get by you?*

417. A very grave person being carry'd before a magistrate, for having a little thing as big as a bastard laid to him; one that was passing by, ask'd what was the matter? Only, says another, an old gentleman is apprehended upon suspicion of *manhood*. *Manhood!* says the former, *What! has he committed murder?* *Quite the contrary,* reply'd the other; *he has committed fornication, and got a subject, not killed one.*

418. A petulant self-will'd coxcomb was threatening, if his humour was not gratified, to leave his relations and family, and go away to France. *Let him alone,* says one, *he will come back from France, before he gets half way to Dover.*

419. A countryman in the street enquiring the way to Newgate, an arch fellow that heard him, said, he'd shew him presently. *Do but go cross the way,* said he, *to you Goldsmith's-shop, and move off with one of those silver tankards, and it will bring you thither presently.*

420. Men sometimes blurt out very unlucky truths. A town beggar was very importunate with a rich miser, whom he accosted in the following phrase: *Pray, Sir, bestow your charity; good, dear Sir, bestow your charity. Prithee, friend, be quiet,* replied out Gripus, *I have it not.*

421. A certain priest in a rich abbey in Florence, being a fisherman's son, caus'd a net to be spread every day, on a table in his apartment, to put him in mind of his original; the abbot dying, this dissembled humility procur'd him to be chosen abbot; after which, the net was us'd no more. Being ask'd the reason, he answer'd, *there is no occasion for the net now the fish is caught.*

422. A farmer who had a very great name in the country for his dexterity in manly exercises, such as wrestling, throwing

throwing the bar, and the like, drew upon himself many occasions to try his skill, with such as came far and near to challenge him: among the rest, a conceited fellow rode a great way to visit this champion: and being told that he was in his ground behind the house, he alighted, and walked with his horse in his hand, till he came where he found him at work; so hanging his horse upon the pails, he accosted him thus: that having heard much of his fame, he was come forty miles to try a fall with him. The champion, without more words, came up to him, and closing with him, took him on such an advantageous lock, that he pitch'd him clear over the pails; so with a great deal of unconcern, took up his spade, and fell to work again: the fellow getting upon his legs again, as nimble as he could, call'd to speak to him. Well, says the champion, have you any more to say to me? *No, no,* reply'd the fellow, *only to desire you would be so kind as to throw my horse after me.*

423. A busy impertinent fellow entertaining Aristotle, the philosopher, one day with a tedious discourse, and observing that he did not much regard him, made an apology, That he was afraid he had interrupted him. *No, really,* reply'd the philosopher, *you han't interrupted me at all, for I have not minded one word you said.*

424. If your wife has cuckoled you, 'tis in vain to grieve; e'en shake hands with your neighbours. One telling his friend he was a cuckold,—*If I had not known it,* replies he, *I should have been angry with you for telling me on't.*

425. Two conceited coxcombs wrangling and exposing one another before company, one told them, That they had both done like wits: *For your wits,* says he, *never give over, till you prove one another fools.*

426. One seeing an affected coxcomb buying books, told him, His bookseller was properly his upholsterer, for he furnish'd his room rather than his head.

427. A young lady, with a good fortune, having bestow'd herself on a wild young fellow, *Well,* says the old lady her aunt, *for all you were so eager to have him, you'll have your belly full of him, in a little time, I'll warrant you.*

428. A lawyer and a physician having a dispute about precedence, referr'd it to Diogenes, who gave it in favour of the lawyer, in these terms: *Let the thief go before, and the executioner follow.*

429. A person having two very ungracious sons, the
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one robb'd him of his money, and t'other of his goods: His neighbour coming to condole with him, told him, *He might sue the county, for he was robb'd between son and son.*

430. Du Val, who was a very famous highwayman, and at length suffered for his robberies, was likewise as famous for gaining the hearts of the women, being a smart dapper fellow: After his death, he had this epitaph bestow'd on him:

*Here lies Du Val—Reader, if male thou art,
Look to thy purse; —if female, to thy heart:
Much harvock he has made in both;—for all
The men he made to stand,—the women fall.*

431. A person speaking to the earl of C——d of the false taste of several people of quality, and their ignorance in many things that they pretend to understand; *Why, said my Lord, most of our people of quality judge of every thing by their ears but the opera, and that they go to see.*

432. Tom P——, a good honest fellow, but with very little manners, being one day at dinner at Lord L—'s, several ladies being at table, my Lord told him, that Mr. Such-a-one, naming a gentleman in the neighbourhood, had taken something very ill of him, and wou'd take an occasion, he heard, to resent it. Mr. Such-a-one, reply'd Tom, may kiss my a—. Upon such a coarse expression, the ladies all started, and my Lord cry'd, Fie, Tom, I thought you would not have used such a word before ladies. Why, my Lord, said Tom, a— an't bawdy, is it? No, said my Lord, *but it is within half an inch of it.*

433. A citizen dying greatly in debt; it coming to his creditors ears, Farewell, said one, there is so much of mine gone with him: And he carried so much of mine, said another: One hearing them make their several complaints, said, *Well, I see now, that though a man can carry nothing of his own out of the world, yet he may carry a great deal of other mens.*

434. A mad crew went to a tavern with a (devilish) resolution to be damnable drunk; one being more over-power'd than the rest, spew'd perpetually; and seeing that he could no longer bear them company, call'd for the reckoning: Why, said one, cannot you tell that, that
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have so often cast up what you drank? *No marry, I cannot, said he, for I was so busy in casting up the account, that I did not mind the reckoning.*

435. Three young conceited wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the road near Oxford, met a grave old gentleman, with whom they had a mind to be rudely merry: Good-morrow, father Abraham, said one: Good-morrow, father Isaac, said the next: Good-morrow, father Jacob, cry'd the last. *I am neither Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob,* reply'd the old gentleman, *but Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo! here I have found them.*

436. A young maid coming fresh out of the country, was courted by a person of quality, who she understood was infected by the foul disease: My Lord paid his constant devoirs to her, and promised her marriage; which she refusing, some of her friends ask'd her, Why she, who was meanly born, would not marry one that would not only enrich her, but enoble her blood: *I will not,* says she, *corrupt my flesh, to better my blood, for any Lord in Christendom.*

437. An ingenious young gentleman, at the University of Oxford, being appointed to preach before the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of the colleges, at St. Mary's, and having formerly observed the drowsiness of the Vice-Chancellor, took this place of scripture for his text. *What! cannot ye watch one hour?* at every division he concluded with his text; which by reason of the Vice-Chancellor sitting so near the pulpit, often awak'd him: This was so noted among the wits, that it was the talk of the whole University, and withal it did so nettle the Vice-Chancellor, that he complain'd to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who willing to redress him, sent for this scholar up to London, to defend himself against the crime laid to his charge; where coming, he gave so many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King James. After some excuses, he at length condescended; and coming into the pulpit, begins, *James the first, and the sixth, waver not;* meaning the first king of England, and the sixth of Scotland; at first the king was somewhat amazed at the text, but in the end was so well pleased with his sermon, that he made him one of his chaplains in ordinary: After this advancement, the Archbishop sent him down to Oxford to make

his recantation to the Vice Chancellor, and to take leave of the University, which he accordingly did, and took the latter part of the verse of the former text, *Sleep on now and take your rest*: Concluding his sermon, he made his apology to the Vice-Chancellor, saying, *Whereas I said before*, which gave offence, *What, cannot ye watch one hour?* I say now, *Sleep on and take your rest*; and so left the University.

438. A plain country fellow, born in Essex, coming to London, which place he had never seen before, as he walk'd in a certain street, not a great way from Mark-lane, espy'd a rope hanging at a merchant's door, with a handle to it; and wondering what it meant, he takes it in his hand, he play'd with it to and fro; at length, pulling it hard, he heard a bell ring; it so happen'd, that the merchant being near the door, went himself, and demanded what the fellow wou'd have. Nothing, Sir, said he, I did but play with this pretty thing which hangs at your door. What countryman are you? said the merchant. An Essex man, an't please you, replied the other. I thought so, replied the merchant, for I have often heard say, that if a man beat a bush in Essex, there presently comes forth a calf. *It may be so*, replied the countryman, *and I think a man can no sooner ring a bell in London, but out pops a cuckold.*

439. A young man married to an ill-temper'd woman, who not contented, though he was very kind to her, made continual complaints to her father, to the great grief of both families; the husband being no longer able to endure this scurvy humour, bang'd her soundly. Hereupon she complain'd to her father, who understanding well the perverseness of her humour, took her to task, and lac'd her sides soundly too; saying, *Go, and commend me to your husband, and tell him, I am now even with him, for I have cudgell'd his wife, as he hath beaten my daughter.*

440. A fellow hearing one say, according to the Italian proverb, *That three women make a market with their chatting*; Nay then, said he, *add my wife to them, and they will make a fair.*

441. A gentlewoman delighting in a plurality of lovers, chanced to admit to her embraces two gentlemen who loved one another entirely, but were unacquainted with each other's intrigue. One of them having lain with this gentlewoman one night lost his ring in the bed, which the other found in it the morning after; the day follow-
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the first sees it on his friend's finger; after a great many arguings about it, they came to understand one another's intrigue: The man who lost it demands his ring, the other refuses; at last, it was agreed, that it should be left to the next comer-by, who should have the ring; it chanced to be the husband of the woman, who hearing the whole matter, adjudg'd the ring should belong to him who own'd the sheets; *Marry then, said they for your excellent judgement, you shall have the ring.*

442. A man and his dog, named Cuckold, going out together in the evening, in returning home, the dog ran in a doors first; Oh, mother, says the boy, Cuckold's come; *Nay than says the mother, your father's not far off, I am sure.*

443. A scholar, in College-hall, declaiming, having a bad memory, was at a stand; whereupon in a low voice, he desired one that stood close by, to help him out: No, says the other, *methinks you are out enough already.*

444. A country gentleman riding down Cornhill, his horse stumbled, and threw him at a shop door, the mistress whereof being a pleasant woman, and seeing there was no hurt done, ask'd him, Whether his horse used to serve him so? Yes, said he, whenever he comes to the door. of a cuckold: *Lord, Sir, said she, I would advise you to go back again, for you will have a hundred falls else before you come to the top of Cheapside.*

445. A gentleman riding near the forest of Whichwood, in Oxfordshire, ask'd a fellow, What that wood was call'd; he said, Which-wood, Sir: Why that wood, said the gentleman. Which-wood, Sir: Why that wood, I tell thee; he still said Which-Wood. I think, said the gentleman, thou art as senseless as the wood that grows there; *It may be so, replied the other, but you know not Which-wood.*

446. A young buxom baggage, with a candle in her hand, was set upon by a Hotspur, who by all means must have a bout with her; but she vow'd, if he meddled with her, she would burn him: Will you so? says he, *I'll try that; and thereupon blows out the candle, thinking himself safe from the threat; however, not long after, he found she was as good as her word.*

447. A physician was wont to say, when he met a friend, *I am glad to see you well. In troth, Sir, said one, I think you do but dissemble, for the world always goes ill with you, when it goes well with your friends.*

448. A gentleman falling to decay, shifted where he could; among the rest, he visited an old acquaintance, and stay'd with him seven or eight days, in which time the man began to be weary of his guest, and to be rid of him, feign'd a falling out with his wife, by which means their fare was very slender: The gentleman perceiving their drift, but not knowing whether to go to better himself, told them, *He had been there seven days, and had not seen any falling out betwixt them before; and that he was resolv'd to stay seven weeks longer, but he would see them friends again.*

449. A gentleman who loved every thing that was foreign, and was extremely fond of hard names, dining at a friend's house, ask'd him, What the name of the wine was, of which he had just drank a glass at table; his friend knowing that it was but indifferent, and recollecting that he had bought it at Stocks Market, told him, it was the true Stoko Marketto; upon which he found the wine excellent, and gave it great encomiums.

450. A Romish priest, on a fast-day, going to officiate at a convent of nuns, received by the way a present of a live carp, which he fixed as well as he could, under his cassock. The women perceiving an unusual motion about his middle, expressed great signs of surprize; but the holy priest, desirous to remove all occasions of scandal, addressing himself to them, and holding aside his garment, said *Good sisters, I pray you be not offended, behold, it is nothing but FISH.*

451. A young woman in France, whose brother had embraced the Protestant religion, was convicted of having a bastard child, and obliged to do public penance. The priest, after a severe reprimand, warned her, that as she had made a reparation for her own crime, she should never fall into her brother's. *Oh, Sir,* said she, *I would rather commit my fault a thousand times, than be once guilty of my brother's.*

452. Fond wives, said one, do by their husbands as barren wives do by their lap-dogs, cram them with sweetmeats, 'till they cloy their stomachs.

453. A knavish attorney asking a very worthy gentleman, what was honesty? *What is that to you,* said he, *meddle with those things that concern you.*

454. A simple bumpkin, coming to London, was very much taken by the sight of a chair, or sedan, and bargained with the chairmen to carry him to a place he named. The chairmen, observing the curiosity of the clown

clown to be suitable to the meanness of his habit, privately took out the bottom of the chair, and then put him into it, which when they took up, the countryman's feet were upon the ground, and as the chairmen advanced, so did he; and to make the better sport, if any place was dirtier in the way than the rest, that they chose to go through; the countryman not knowing but others used to be carried, or rather driven in the same manner, coming to his lodgings, gave them their demand. Returning in the country, he related what rare things he had seen in London, and withal, that he had been carried in a sedan: Sedan, quoth one, what is that? *Why*, said he, *like our watch-house, only it is covered with leather; but where it not for the name of a sedan, a man might as well walk on foot.*

455. A conceited person, after he had written several verses in praise of his mistress, beginning first with her head, and so proceeding upon every member down to her feet, missing no part but the neck: *Oh*, said one, *there is good reason for that, he reserves the neck verse for himself, knowing he shall have occasion for it hereafter.*

456. An ignorant clown, who had the reputation of being a great scholar in the country, because he could write and read, coming to London, and enquiring into all the strange things he saw, at last read on a sign post, *Here are Horses to be lett, 1748.* *Jesu*, said he, *if there are so many horses in one inn, how many are there in the whole city?*

457. One reading a witty preface before a dull book, said, he wondered how such a preface came to be match'd so preposterously to such a book. *In truth*, Sir, said another, *I see no reason why they may not be match'd, for I am sure they are not at all a-kin.*

458. A very honest and prudent gentleman, had the ill fortune to marry a wife a grain too light; one day returning home, he went up stairs, and found his chamber door open; entering, he caught his wife and the adulterer, who were so intent upon their sport, that they minded nothing else, in the very act; the gentleman, seemingly unmov'd, said, *Wife, wife, indeed you don't do well to expose your own and my reputation thus to the hazard of being lost by carelessness; sure, in a business that so nearly concerns us both, you might have shut the door; I pray consider what if any one else had come and caught you in this posture?* and so went and left them: The mildness of his reproof so effectually wrought upon this woman, that she ever after abhorred

the thought of enjoying any other man but her husband.

459. A person not belonging to Merton College, put his horse into a field thereunto appertaining; being warn'd of so doing, and he taking no notice thereof, the master of that College sent his man to him, bidding him say, if he continued his horse there, he would cut off his tail. Say you so? said the person: Go tell your master, if he cuts off my horse's tail, I will cut off his ears. The servant returning, told his master what he said: Whereupon he was sent back to bring the person to him; who appearing, said the master, How now, Sir, what mean you by that menace you sent me? Sir, said the other, *I threatened you not, for I only said, if you cut off my horse's tail, I could cut off his ears.*

460. One seeing a scholar that look'd very much aquint, Sure, says he, *this man must be more learned than his fellows, for with one cast of his eyes he can read both sides of the book at once.*

461. A youth standing by whilst his father was at play, observing him to loose a great deal of money, burst into tears; his father ask'd him the reason why he wept? *Oh, Sir, I have heard that Alexander the Great wept when he heard his father Philip had conquered a great many towns, cities, and countries, fearing that he would leave him nothing to win; but I weep the contrary way, fearing you will leave me nothing to lose.*

462. A rich citizen of London, in his will, left something considerable to Christ's Hospital, but little or nothing to one of his extravagant sons; at the funeral the Blue-coat boys were ordered, in acknowledgment of so great a gift, to sing before the corpse to the grave: As they march'd through Cheapside, this extravagant son led his mother, who observing the boys made a rest, he opened his pipes in such a manner, that he was heard almost from one end of the street to the other; and still leading his mother, he continued thus singing, 'till a kinsman came to him, and stopping his mouth, ask'd him his reason for his irreverent and indecent carriage. *Why cousin, quoth this Ne'er-be-good, the boys there at my father's death sing for something, and wo't you let me sing for nothing.*

463. The famous Mr. Amner, going through a street in Windsor, two boys looked out of a one pair of stairs window, and cry'd, There goes Mr. Amner that makes so many bulls. He hearing them, looked up, saying,

You rascals, I know you well enough, and if I had you here, I'd kick you down stairs.

464. The same gentleman crossing the water in a ferry-boat at Datchet, the good man of the ferry being from home, his wife did his office; and not putting in the boat just at the landing place, Mr. Amner at his landing sunk into the mud over his shoes; and going a little farther he met with a friend, who ask'd, *How he came so dirty?* *'Fore Gad,* reply'd Mr. Amner, *no man was ever so abused as I have been; for, coming over Datchet ferry, a scurvy woman waterman put over his boat, and landed me clean in the mire.*

465. A gentleman having invited several friends to supper, a couple of rabbits in a dish being under his hand, as he was carving, his wife called to him, *Husband, prithee give me a flap of the coney:* the good man, seeming abashed at her words, answer'd her, *How now, wife? not before all this company.*

466. A poor woman in the country sent her son to a gentleman's house, upon some errand or other: The loitering lad staid somewhat too long, looking upon a dog in the wheel that turned the spit; so that when he came home, his mother beat him soundly: Execution ended, the boy told her, if she had been there, she would have staid as long as he; and she demanding the reason, he said, *Oh, mother, it would have done you good to have seen how daintily a dog in a wheel spun roast meat.*

467. In Flanders, by accident, a Flemish tyler falling from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, killed him, though he escaped himself. The next of the blood prosecuted his death with great violence against the tyler; and when he was offered pecuniary recompence, nothing would serve him but *lex taliones*. Whereupon the judge said unto him. That if he did urge that kind of sentence, it must be, *that he should go up to the top of the same house, and from thence fall down upon the tyler.*

468. A bridegroom, the first night he was in bed with his bride, said unto her; When I solicited thy chastity, had'st thou condescended, I would never have made thee my wife, for I did it only to try thee. *Faith,* said she, *I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened so three or four times before, and I was resolved to be fooled no more.*

469. A Lord intended to take in a great part of the common belonging to the town, and he agreed with a carpenter

ter to have it railed in: My Lord, says he, it shall be done, and I think I can save you some charges in the business; *For*, says he, *do you but get posts, and I doubt not but all the neighbours round about will find you railing enough.*

470. A young Italian gentleman being led by curiosity into Holland, where having lived some time conversing with the most ingenious, was one day set upon by a Protestant minister, who would needs engage him in a controversy about religion. The young gentleman knowing himself too weak for the encounter, begg'd his diversion, and endeavoured to wave the discourse; but the more he avoided it, the more hotly was he press'd by the minister; whereupon the young Italian, in a very great passion, conjur'd him by all that is good, to let him alone in peace with his religion. *For*, said he, *I cannot ambrace your's, and if you make me lose my own, I will never make choice of any other.*

471. A brave Dutch captain being commanded by his colonel to go on a dangerous exploit against the French, with forces that were unlikely to atchieve the enterprize, the captain advis'd the colonel to send but half so many men? Why so, said the colonel, to send but half so many men? *Because*, replied the captain, *they are enough to be knock'd on the head.*

472. A fellow hearing the drums beat up for volunteers for France, in the expedition against the Dutch, imagin'd himself valiant enough, and thereupon listed himself; returning again, he was ask'd by his friends, What exploits he had done there? He said, *That he had cut off one of the enemy's legs*; and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head: *Oh*, said he, *you must know his head was cut off before.*

473. A person of quality coming into a church to the place where several of his ancestors were buried, after he had said much in their commendation, and prais'd them for worthy men; *Well*, said he, *I am resolved if I live, to be buried as near them as possible.*

474. An Irishman having been obliged to live with his master some time in Scotland; when he came home again, some of his companions ask'd him, How he lik'd Scotland? *I will tell you now*, said he, *by Chrest I was sick all the while I was dere, and if I had lived dere till this time, I had been dead a year ago.*

475. A certain ducheß, in a late reign, hearing that a man in a high office, which gave him an opportunity of handling

handling much cash, had married his kept mistress; *Good Lord*, said she, *that old fellow is always robbing the public.*

476. A book being publish'd in queen Elizabeth's time, that gave her much offence, she ask'd Bacon if he could find no treason in it? *No madam*, said he, *but abundance of felony, for the author hath stole half his conceits out of Tacitus.*

477. A young lady being sick, a physician was sent for to feel her pulse; she being very coy, and loth he should touch her naked skin, pull'd her smock sleeve over her hand; the doctor observing it, took a corner of his coat, and laid it upon her smock sleeve; at which a lady that stood by wondered; *O, madam* said he, *a linnen pulse must always have a woollen physician.*

478. Tom Clarke, of St. John's, desired a fellow of the same college to lend him Bishop Burnet's *History of the Reformation*; the other told him, he could not spare it out of his chamber, but, if he pleased, he might come there and read in it all day long: Some time after the same gentleman sends to Tom to borrow his bellows: Tom sent him word, That he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and use them all day long if he would.

479. The bishop of D——m had a slovenly custom of keeping one hand always in his breeches, and being one day to bring a bill into the House of Peers relating to a provision for officer's widows, he came with the papers in one hand, and the other as usual, in his breeches; and beginning to speak, I have something in my hand, my Lords, said he, for the benefit of the officer's widows.—Upon which the duke of Wharton, immediately interrupting him, ask'd, *In which hand, my Lord?*

480. King Charles II. on a certain time paying a visit to Dr. Busby, the Doctor is said to have strutted thro' his school with his hat upon his head, while his majesty walk'd complaisantly behind him, with his hat under his arm; but, when he was taking his leave at the door, the Doctor, with great humility, thus address'd himself: *Sir, I hope your majesty will excuse my want of respect hitherto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them.*

481. Dr. Hickringal, who was one of king Charles the second's chaplains, whenever he preached before his majesty, was sure to tell him of his faults, and to scold him

from the pulpit very severely. One day his majesty, walking in the Mall, observed the Doctor before him, and sent to speak to him: When he came, Doctor, says the king, what have I done to you that you are always quarrelling with me? I hope your majesty is not angry with me, quoth the doctor, for telling the truth. No, no, says the king, but I would have us for the future be friends. Well, well, quoth the Doctor, I'll make it up with your majesty on these terms, *as you'll mend I'll mend.*

482. In a little country town, it happened that the squire of the parish's lady came to church after her lying-in, to return thanks to God, or as it is commonly called, to be church'd: The parson aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain woman a little too familiar, instead of saying, *O Lord save this woman*, said, *O Lord save this lady.* The clerk resolving not to be behind hand with him, answer'd, *Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee.*

483. One of king James the first's chaplains preaching before the court at Whitehall, made use of the following quibbles in his discourse. Speaking of the depravity of the age, almost *all houses*, he said were made *ale houses*; that men made *matrimony* a *matter of money*; and placed their *Paradise* in a *pair of dice*; Was it so in the days of *Noah*? *ah no!*

484. The Rev. Mr. Henley waiting one day at Sir Robert's Walpole's levee, was ask'd by the knight what brought him there? The orator reply'd, *I hear you want a good pen.* No, said Sir Robert, *I don't.* Then, said the orator, *I have a bad one, which perhaps you may'nt like.* Well, said the knight, *if it is very bad, I must get one of the secretaries of state to mend it.*

485. Two ladies just returning from Bath, were telling a gentleman how they liked the place, and how it agreed with them; the first had been ill, and found great benefit from the waters: But pray what did you go for? said he to the second. *Mere wantonness*, replied she. And pray, madam, said he, *did it cure you?*

486. A very fine lady, who had the gout, ask'd Dr. M—— what was the occasion of the gout? *Whoring and drinking madam*, said he.

487. Several press-gangs infesting the streets of the city and suburbs, one of which giving umbrage to a merry punster, who had just staggered from a tavern into the middle

middle of them : He said pleasantly enough, *God bleſs his majeſty's arms ! But, as to the ſupporters, they are beaſts.*

488. It was well answer'd by archbiſhop Tillotſon to king William, when he complained of the ſhortneſs of his ſermon. *Sir, ſaid the biſhop. could I have beſtowed more time on it, it would not have been ſo long.*

489. Mr. Prior, when ambaffador, being at one of the French opera's at Paris, and ſeated in a box with a nobleman he was free with, who, a uſual in France, ſung louder than the performer, burſt into bitter invectives againſt the laſt ; upon which his lordſhip gave over to enquire the reaſon, adding, that the perſon he exclaimed againſt ſo fiercely, was one of the fineſt voices they had. *Yes, replies his excellency, but he makes ſuch a horrid noiſe, that I can't have the pleaſure to hear your lordſhip.*

490. A living of 500*l. per annum*, falling in the gift of the late lord chancellor T—b—t, Sir R—W— recommended one of his friends as very deſerving of the benefice, whom his lordſhip approved of. In the interim, the curate, who had ſerved the laſt incumbent many years for poor 30*l. per annum*, came up with a petition, ſigned by many of the inhabitants, teſtifying his good behaviour, ſetting forth that he had a wife and ſeven children to maintain, and begging his lordſhip would ſtand his friend, that he might be continued in his curacy ; and, in conſideration of his large family, if he could prevail with the next incumbent to add 10*l.* a year, he ſhould for ever pray. His lordſhip, according to his uſual goodneſs, promiſed to uſe his utmoſt endeavours to ſerve him ; and the reverend gentleman, for whom the living was deſigned, coming ſoon after to pay his reſpects, my Lord told him the affair of the curate, with this difference only, that he ſhould allow him 60*l.* a year inſtead of 30*l.* The parſon, in ſome confuſion, replied, He was ſorry that he could not grant his requeſt, for that he had promiſed the curacy to another, and could not go back from his word. *How ! ſays my Lord, have you promiſed the curacy before you was poſſeſſed of the living ? Well, to keep your word with your friend, if you pleaſe, I'll give him the curacy, but the living, I aſſure you, I'll give to another :* And ſaying this he left him. The next day the poor curate coming to know his deſtiny, my Lord told him, That he had uſed his endeavours to ſerve him as to the curacy, but with no ſucceſs, the reverend gentleman having diſpoſed of it before.

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The curate, with a deep sigh, returned his lordship thanks for his goodness, and was going to withdraw, when my lord calling him back, said, with a smile, *Well, my friend, 'tis true, I have it not in my power to give you the curacy; but if you will accept of the living, 'tis at your service.* The curate, almost surprized to death with joy, in the most moving expressions of gratitude, return'd his lordship thanks, whose goodness had in a moment raised him and his family from a necessitous condition, to a comfortable state of life.

491. The said noble lord, when he was under the tuition of the Reverend —, who used to call him his little chancellor, one day reply'd, that when he was so he would give him a good living. One happening to fall soon after he was chancellor, he recollected his promise, and ordered the presentation to be fill'd up for his old master, who soon after came to his lordship to remind him of his promise, and to ask him for this living. *Why really,* said my lord, *I wish you had come a day sooner, but I have given it away already, and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame;* so putting the presentation into his hands, convinced him that he had not forgot his promise.

492. A country curate being one Friday in Lent to examine his young Catechumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave a game of All Fours unfinished, in which he had the advantage; but told his antagonist he would soon dispatch his audience, and see him out. Now for fear any tricks should be played with the cards in his absence, he put them in his cassock; and asking one of the children how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily answering, by accident one of the cards dropp'd out of his sleeve; he had the presence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was; which he readily did: When turning to the parents of the child, *Are you not ashamed,* said he, *to pay such little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments? I suspected your neglect, and brought this card with me, to detect your immorality, in teaching your children to know their cards before their commandments.*

493. Dr. South being one morning visiting a gentleman, he was ask'd to stay dinner; which he accepting of, the gentleman slept in the next room, and told his wife he had

had invited the doctor to dinner, and desired her to provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and make a thousand words, 'till at last her husband, being very much provoked at her behaviour, protested, that if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors. Upon which the doctor, who had heard all that had passed, immediately stepped out, crying, *I beg, Sir, you'll make no stranger of me.*

494. A notorious baw'd of Clerkenwell, having left in her will a handsome sum of money to be given to the Rev. Doctor Lee, to preach her funeral sermon, but on condition that he should say nothing but what was *well* of her. Her executors accordingly waited on the doctor, and acquainted him with the conditions of the will; who being very much surprized at such a request, desired them to call again, and he would consider of it; soon after they came again, when he agreed that on the money's being paid directly, he would preach it the following Sunday. The doctor kept his word, and taking his text, *Blessed are they*, &c. made an excellent sermon on a well spent life, and the reward they would have in the next world; concluding, Dear friends, said he, as for the deceased, of whom I am now going to speak (which caused great attention from the congregation (all I shall say of her is, *that she was born at Camberwell, lived great part of her time in Bridewell, and died at Clerkenwell, and at last has done well: then let us pray that she may fare well, &c. &c.*

495. The Rev. Mr. B. ———n coming from Holland with the K——g, a terrible hurricane arising, the sloop was in great danger of being lost: The facetious Mr. B——d, of Albemarle-street, being in the cabbin with him, and very willing to prepare himself for another world, desired him to take notice, that if they were cast away, the shirt he had on belonged to Mr. G——, and that he might have it again; then falling on his knees, attempted to rehearse the *Lord's Prayer*, but with such a tone as affrighted the ship's crew; on which the captain running down, desired him to pray to himself: and to his great surprize found the doctor stripping himself. *Pray doctor*, said he, *what do you design to do?* Oh, said he, *let him pray, I design to swim for my life.*

496. The Lord Chief Justice Wh——d, of the King's Bench in Ireland, being esteemed a very able lawyer, and Judge C——d and B——t but very indifferent ones; Well, said an attorney of that court, no bench was ever supplied

supplied like ours, for we have got an *hundred judges* upon it. An *hundred!* said another, how can that be? *Why*, replied the first, *there is a figure of one, and two cyphers.*

497. King Charles the second coming from New-market through Shoreditch to London, observing a wall or bank, lately made there of horns, as is common in that road, bid Rochester, who was in the coach with him, take notice of it: *Ay, Sir*, said he, *the Citizens seem to have been laying their heads together to mend the way against your Majesty came by.*

498. One Mr *Ash*, who was himself a famous punster in Ireland, coming into an inn, desired the landlord to lend him a hand to pull off his great coat: Indeed, Sir, said he, I dare not. Dare not, replied the other, what do you mean by that? *You know, Sir*, answer'd he, *there is an act of Parliament against stripping of Ash.*

499. A Cordelier waiting to close the eyes of an archbishop, as soon as he was dead, having fixed his eyes upon a rich Crucifix, slipped it into one of his wide sleeves, saying, *He was crucified for us.*

500. King Charles the second, after the Restoration, told Waller the poet, that he had made better verses and said finer things of Cromwell than of him. *That may very well be*, replied Waller, *for Poets generally succeed better in imaginary things, than in real ones.*

501. An honest French Dragoon in the service of Lewis the fourteenth, having caught a fellow in bed with his wife, after some words, told him, he would let him escape that time; but by *G—*, if ever he found him there again, he'd throw his hat out of the window. Notwithstanding this terrible threat, in a very few days he caught the spark in the same place, and was as good as his word. Knowing what he had done, he posted away to a place, where he knew the King was to be, and throwing himself at his Majesty's feet implored his pardon. The King asked him what his offence was? he told him how he had been abused, and that he had thrown the man's *hat out of the window.* Well, well, said the king, laughing, I very readily forgive you, considering your provocation, I think you were much in the right to throw his *hat out of the window.* Yes, and it please you, my Liege, said the Dragoon, but *his head was in it.* Was it so? replied the King. Well, my word is past.

502. A young and learned gentleman, who was to preach a probation sermon for a very good lectureship in the city, and had but a bad voice, though otherwise an excellent preacher; a friend, when he came out of the pulpit, wished him joy; and said he would certainly carry the election, for he had no-body's *voice* against him but his own.

503. Some repartees, if, strictly speaking, not to be brought under the head of jests, yet, for the readiness of the thought, and the politeness of the expression, are somewhat better. Of this sort was the answer made by Sir Robert Sutton to the late King of Prussia, on his asking him at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he would say an equal number of Englishmen could beat them? No, Sir, answer'd Sir Robert, I won't pretend to say that, but I believe *half the number would try*.

504. Sir John H. C. being in the Court of Requests one morning, soon after Sir Rob. W——— had married Miss S———, and overhearing him tell a gentleman, who congratulated him upon that occasion, that he was glad his *friends* were pleased with what he had done. *Ay, by G—, and so are your enemies too*, said he.

505. The Earl of C———d, notwithstanding his great good nature, upon some provocation was, at a certain time, forced to lay his cane cross the shoulders of Sir Harry ——, who took it very patiently. Some time after Sir Harry himself can'd a fellow, who was a great coward: Upon which my Lord meeting him the next day, told him, he was glad to hear he behaved so gallantly yesterday. *Ay, my Lord*, said he. *You and I know who we beat*.

506. The Cardinal de Retz being out of favour at court, and at last recalled to kiss the King's hand, the King said to him, your Eminence's hair is grown quite white. To which he replied, *It would make a younger man than I am look grey, to be so long in disgrace with your Majesty as I have been*.

507. Upon the death of the famous Moliere, a poet waiting with his epitaph upon the Prince of Conde, the Prince told him, *he should have been much better pleas'd, if Moliere had brought him his*.

508. The famous Buchanan being at dinner where the soup was exceeding hot, burnt his mouth, and at the same

same time breaking wind backwards: *It is well for you,* said he, *that you made your escape, for I should have burnt you alive if you had staid.*

509. A bishop going in great haste to Rome to be cardinalized, missed his promotion, and returned; but got a violent cold by the way: *It is no wonder,* said one that was told of it, *since he came so far without his hat.*

510. Mr. Smith, the ordinary of Newgate, in the reign of King William, one of the famous scruple-drawers of his time, had an impenitent clipper once to deal with. Why, says the fellow, what harm have I done? A parcel of overgrown shillings fell into my hands, and I only par'd off their superfluities. They would have bought but twelve pennyworth of beef and turnips at first, and they will buy twelve pennyworth of beef and turnips still. Ay, but hark you, my friend, cries the ordinary, what is it to clip a thing, but to pare it round? And what is paring round called in scripture, but circumcision? And who, under the evangelical dispensation, dares practise circumcision, but one that has actually renounced the Christian religion, and is a Jew, a most obstinate and perverse Jew in his heart? Upon this the poor clipper threw himself at his feet, owned the heinousness of his sin, confessed that sabbath-breaking had brought him to it, and wept like a church-spout.

511. A gentleman being very drunk, came to a friend's house, and told him, he came three miles on purpose to sup with him: to whom the other answer'd. *He was greatly obliged to him, since he came so far to see him before he came to himself.*

512. A Scotch parson in the Rump-time, in his babbling prayer, said *Laird bless the grand council, the parliament, and grant they may all hang together.* A country fellow standing by, said, *Yes, yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure it is the prayers of all good people.* But friends, said Sawney, I don't mean as that fellow means, but pray they may all hang together in accord and concord. *No matter what cord,* replied the other, *so it is but a strong cord.*

513. An honest Highlander, walking along Holbourn, heard a voice cry, *Rogue, Scot; Rogue, Scot;* his Northern blood fir'd at the insult, he drew his broad sword, and looking round him on every side, to discover the object of his indignation, at last he found that it came from a parrot,

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parrot, perched in a balcony within his reach; but the generous Scot, disdaining to stain his trusty blade with such ignoble blood, put up his sword again, with a four smile, saying, *Gin ye you were a mon, as ye're a green goose, I would split your weem.*

514. One of the Scotch teachers preaching upon drunkenness, told his hearers, there were four sorts of drunkenness: 1. To be drunk like a sow, tumbling in the mire, like many of this parish. 2. There is to be drunk like a dog; the dog fills the stomach of him, and spews all out again; and thou John Jamison was this way drunk the other day. 3. There is to be drunk like a goose. Of all drunkenness, Sirs, beware of the drunkenness of the goose, for it never rests, but constantly dips the gob of it into the water. You are all drunk this way, Sirs, I need name none of you. 4. There is to be drunk like a sheep. The sheep seldom or never drinks, but sometimes wets the mouth of it in the water, and rises up as well as ever; and I myself used to be drunk thus, Sirs. But, now, said he, I see two gentlemen in the kirk; and gentlemen, you are both strangers to me, but I must vindicate myself at your hands. I have the cursedst parish that ever God put breath in; for all my preaching against drunkenness, they will gang into an alehouse after sermon, and get a mickle cupful of hot ale, and they will say, *Would we had the minister in the midst of it.* Now gentlemen, judge ye how I am rewarded for my good preaching!

515. Mr. James Kirkton preaching upon Jezebel, said, That well-favoured whore, what became of her, Sirs? She fell from a window a—over head, and her black bottom was discovered: You may all guess what the beholder's saw, beloved, *a black sight to be sure.*

516. The same teacher, preaching on the poverty of the people of God, gave this remarkable instance; Brethren, says he, Critics, with their frim-frams, and white-whaties, may imagine an hundred reasons for Abraham's going out of the land of Chaldea; but I will tell you what was always my opinion; I believe Abraham a poor man, was forced to run out of the land of Chaldea for debt.

517. Another Scotch parson preaching upon these words, *Resist the devil and he will fly away from you*, began thus; My Beloved, you are all here to day, but wot ye who is among ye? Even the mickle horned devil. Ye cannot see him,

him, but by the eye of Faith I see him. But some of you say, What shall we do with him, now we have him here? How shall we destroy him? We will hang him. Alas! my Beloved, there are not so many tows in the parish as will hang him, he is as light as a feather. Then some of you will say, We will drown him. Humph, my Beloved, there is too much cork in his a—, he is as souple as an eel, he will not sink. Others of you will say, We will burn him. Na, na, Sirs, you may scald your Sals, but ye canna burn him, for all the fire in hell could never yet singe a hair of his tail. Now, Sirs, ye canna find a way among you all to kill him, but I will find it. What way will this be, Sirs? We shall even shoot him. Wherewith shall we shoot him? We shall shoot him with the Bible, Now, Sirs, I shall shoot him presently. So, presenting the Bible, as soldiers do their muskets, he cries out, *Toot, toot, toot*: Now he is shot: there lies the foul thief as dead as a herring.

518. The reverend Mr. Brodie preaching one day at the Kirk in Edinburgh on Hell torments, represented them to be intolerable, by the extreme cold they suffered there. And it being that time very cold weather, one of his congregation, after sermon, took upon him to ask him the reason of his so doing, when all the eminent divines had preached it up to be the reverse. *O Sir*, said he, *I had good reasons; for if I had told them it was hot, I should have had them all run away to Hell to warm themselves.*

519. An Irishman having a looking-glass in his hand, shut his eyes, and placed it before his face; another asking him, Why he did so? *Upon my shoul*, says Teague, *it is to see how I look when I am asleep.*

520. Two gentlemen standing together, as a young lady passed by them, said one, *There goes the handsomest woman I ever saw.* She hearing him, turned back, and seeing him very ugly, said, *I wish I could, in return, say as much of you.* So you may, by G—, Madam, said he, *and lie as I did.*

521. An impudent ridiculous fellow, being laughed at by all who came in his company, told some of his acquaintance, that he had a happy quality of laughing at all who laughed at him. *Then*, said one of them, *you lead the merriest life of any man in Christendom.*

522. Alexander the Great ask'd Dionesdes, a famous pirate, who was brought prisoner to him, why he was so bold

bold as to rob and plunder in his seas; he answered, that he did it for his profit, as Alexander himself was used to do it. *But because I do it with one single galley, I am called a pirate; but you, Sir, who do it with a great army, are called a king.* This bold answer so pleased Alexander, that he set him at liberty.

523. A ploughman seeing the archbishop of Cologne go by, attended by a great many foldiers, laugh'd; the archbishop pressed him to know the reason: It is because I wonder, said the ploughman, to see an archbishop armed and followed, not by churchmen, but by foldiers, like a general of an army. Friend, replied the archbishop, in my church I perform the part of an archbishop with my clergy; but in the field I march like a duke, accompanied by my foldiers. *I understand you, my Lord,* answered the peasant; *but pray tell me when my Lord Duke goes to the devil, what will then become of my Lord the Archbishop?*

524. The duke of Guise, after a battle fought between Francis I. and Charles V. reproach'd one Villandry, that tho' he was in compleat armour, yet he had not been seen in the fight. I'll make it out, answered Villandry, boldly, that I was there, and in a place where you durst not be seen. The duke, nettled at this reproach, threatened to punish him severely; but he appeased him with these words: *I was, my Lord, with the baggage, where your courage would not suffer you to go.*

525. Hermon was covetous, according to the testimony of Lucilius, and dreaming one night that he had spent some money, hang'd himself in the morning; but Dinarchee Philo quitted the design he had once taken to hang himself, because he grudged the expence of a rope.

526. A French courtier, who was a little suspected of imbecility, one day meeting the poet Benferand, who had often jeer'd him: Sir, said he, for all your silly jests, my wife was brought to bed of a boy two days ago. Faith, replied Benferand, I never questioned your wife.

527. A beautiful young creature of thirteen years of age, being to be married to a strapping fellow of about thirty, the young lady's mother was severely rallied at a tea-table conversation, for consenting to such an unequal match: The old gentlewoman said, in her defence, *that she had much rather her daughter should smart than itch.*

528. Dr. M——d coming out of Tom's coffee-house, an impudent broken apothecary met him at the door, and accosted

accosted him with a request to lend him five guineas: *Sir*, said the doctor, *I am surpris'd that you should apply to me for such a favour, who do not know you!* *Oh, dear Sir*, replied, the apothecary, *it is for that very reason; for those who do, won't lend me a farthing.*

529. A gentlewoman cheapening a close stool, bid too little for it: the cabinet-maker, to persuade her to give more, desired her to look on the goodness of the *lock and key*. *As for that*, answered the gentlewoman, *I value it not, for I design to put nothing into it but what I care not who steals out.*

530. An old superstitious Roman, who had his buskins rat-eaten, consulted Cato, in a grave manner, what such an accident might pretend. Cato bid him set his mind at rest, for there would come no mischief on't. *But*, says the philosopher, *if your buskins had eaten the rats it might have been dangerous.*

531. Philip, king of Macedon, after the battle of Cheronea, having generously set all the Athenian prisoners free, upon their unconscionably demanding their baggage; *Sure*, says he, *the men fancy they had but a mock fight.*

532. An archbishop finding fault with some actions of Queen Elizabeth, brought her good arguments out of the scripture to prove, that they favoured more of the politician than the christian. *I see* said she, *my Lord, you have read the scriptures, but not the Book of Kings.*

533. In a visit Queen Elizabeth made to the famous Lord Chancellor Bacon, at a small country-seat, which he had built for himself before his preferment; she ask'd him, *how it came that he had made himself so small a house?* *It is not I, madam*, answered he, *who have made my house too small for myself, but your majesty, who have made me too big for my house.*

534. Some person praising a generous prince for virtues he had not; *Well*, said he, *I'll do my utmost to hinder your telling an untruth.*

535. King William III. being upon a march for some secret expedition, was intreated by a general to tell him what his design was: The King, instead of answering him, ask'd him, whether, in case he should tell him, he could keep it a secret, and would let it go no farther; the general promised it should not. *Well*, answered his majesty, *I know how to keep a secret as well as you.*

536. Mr. M——s C——r, the comedian, coming one day

day to his father, begg'd him to let him have an hundred pounds, which would make him perfectly easy in his affairs. Why, Then, said the father, it is very strange you can't live upon your salary, your benefit, and other advantages; when I was of your age, I never spent any of my father's money. *I do not know that*, answer'd the son, *but I am sure you have spent a great many hundred pounds of my father's money.*

537. An ordinary country fellow being called as an evidence in a court of judicature, in a cause where the terms of *mortgager* and *mortgagee* were frequently used, the judge asked the countryman if he knew the difference between the *mortgager* and the *mortgagee*: Yes, said he, it is the same as between the *nodder* and *noddee*. How is that? replied the judge. Why, you sit there, my Lord, said the clown, and I nod at you; then I am the *nodder*, and your lordship is the *noddee*.

538. Two fellows meeting, one ask'd the other, why he look'd so sad? I have very good reason for it, answer'd the other; poor Jack Such-a-one, the greatest choney and best friend I had in the world, was hang'd but two days ago. What had he done? said the first. Alas, replied the other, he did no more than you or I should have done on the like occasion; he found a bridle in the road, and took it up. What, answer'd the other, hang a man for taking a bridle? That's hard indeed. *To tell the truth of the matter*, said the other, *there was a horse tied to the other end of it.*

539. It was a fine saying of my Lord Russel, who was beheaded in the reign of King Charles II. when on the scaffold, he delivered his watch to Dr Gilbert Burnet, afterwards bishop of Salisbury; *Here, Sir*, said he, *take this, it shews time: I am going into eternity, and shall have no longer any need of it.*

540. In the days of yore, said Winifred, an English bishop, the priests were golden priests, and the chalices were wooden ones: But now, *O tempora! O mores!* how are things overturned? we have golden chalices, and wooden priests.

541. Queen Elizabeth having taken notice of the duke de Villa Medina's gallant behaviour at a tournament, told him one day, that she would absolutely know who his mistress was: Villa Medina excused himself a-while, but at last yielding to her curiosity, he promised to send her
her

her picture. The next morning he sent her majesty a packet; wherein the Queen finding nothing but a small looking-glass, presently understood the Spaniard's meaning.

It must needs be confessed, that this was a very ingenious contrivance; and there's no question, but this great and witty princess, who was so well pleased to be counted beautiful, was well enough satisfied with the dumb declaration of love.

542. A dyer, in a court of justice, being ordered to hold up his hand, that was all black; *Take off your glove, friend*, said the judge to him. *Put on your spectacles, my Lord*, answered the dyer.

543. A sober good woman, who was treating with a maid-servant about work and wages, ask'd her, among other questions, *what religion she was of?* A-lack-a-day, madam, said the poor innocent girl, I never trouble my head about that; for religion, I thought only was for gentlefolks.

544. A very forward spark being somewhat importunate with a married lady, who was resolved no longer to suffer his addresses, dismiss'd him with this modest answer: *Sir, whilst I was a child I obeyed my mother; when I was grown up I obey'd my father; and now that I married, I obey my husband: so that if you desire any thing from me, you must get his consent.*

545. Admiral Chatillon being on a holiday gone to hear mass in the Dominican friars chapel, a poor fellow begg'd his charity, just as he was most intent on his devotions. He felt in his pocket, and gave him several pieces of gold, without counting them, or minding what they were. The considerable alms so dazzled the beggar's eyes, that he was amazed at it. As M. Chatillon was going out of the church-door, where the poor man waited for him; *Sir*, said he, shewing him what he had given him, I cannot tell whether you intended to give me so large a sum; if not, I am very ready to return it. The admiral wondering at the honesty of the man, said, *I did not, indeed, honest man, intend to have given you so much; but, since you have the generosity to offer to return it, I will have the generosity to desire you to keep it, and there are five pieces more for you.*

546. A certain captain, who had made a greater figure than his fortune could well bear, and the regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off a great part of his equipage; a few days after, as he was walking

ing by the road side, he saw one of his soldiers sitting lousing himself under a hedge: *What are you doing there,* Tom? said the officer. *Why faith, Sir,* answer'd the soldier, *I am following your example, getting rid of part of my retinue.*

547. One who had formerly been rich, but had squandered away his estate, and left himself no furniture in the house but a sorry bed, a little table, a few broken chairs, and some other odd things, seeing a parcel of thieves, who knew not his condition, breaking into his house in the night, he cried out to them, *Are not you a damn'd pack of fools, to think to find any thing here in the dark, when I can find nothing by day light?*

548. A man of quality in the country, whose wife had not the best reputation in the world, and whose children had been very short-liv'd, looking earnestly one day upon a peasant sitting at his own door, with five or six lusty boys about him, *Prithee honest fellow,* said my lord, *how do you poor folks do to get so many brave and healthy children, when I, who am rich, and able to maintain them handsomely, can get none that will live? why an't please your lordship,* answer'd the bumpkin, *we poor folks e'en take pains to get them ourselves.*

549. A certain great lord having, by his extravagancies, run himself over head and ears in debt, and seeming very little concerned about it, one of his friends told him one day. That he wondered how he could sleep quietly in his bed, whilst he was so much in debt. *For my part,* said my lord, *I sleep very well; but I wonder how my creditors can.*

550. A bishop of Cervia in Italy came in great haste to the Pope, and told him, that it was generally reported his holiness had done him the honour to make him governor of Rome. How, said the Pope, *don't you know that Fame spreads a great many false reports, and I dare say you'll find this one of them.*

551. A Gascon, one day reading in company a letter he had just receiv'd from his father, who therein acquainted him, that he was threaten'd with an assessment, which would be very hard upon him, whose whole estate was not above two hundred livers *per annum*. This sum was written in figures, thus (200). But the Gascon reading two thousand instead of two hundred, a lady that stood behind him, and read the letter without uttering a word, so that he could not perceive her, hearing him say two thousand; *Hold, hold, Sir,* said she, *there are but two hundred.*

Let me be hanged, said he, turning about to her, *if the coxcomb*, meaning his father, *has not forgot a cyp'ler*.

552. Another Gascon officer, who had serv'd under Henry IV. King of France, and not having receiv'd any pay for a considerable time, came to the king, and confidently said to him, *Sir, three words with your Majesty's Money or discharge. Four with you*, answer'd his majesty. *Neither one, nor t'other*.

553. A certain Italian having wrote a book upon the *art of making gold*, dedicated it to Pope Leo X. in hopes of a good reward. His holiness finding the man constantly following him, at length gave him a large empty purse, saying, *Sir, since you know how to make gold, you can have no need of any thing but a purse to put it in*.

554. A Scotch pedlar, being very much distress'd for a lodging, came at last to a hut, where with some difficulty he prevail'd on his host to put him to bed to a couple of countrymen, that were just got in before. They were fast asleep, and Swaney thrust in between them, in hopes of warming himself; his bedfellows being jolly fellows, the bed none of the largest, and the night very cold, they endeavour'd to keep as much in the middle of it as possible, which made them squeeze the poor Scot extremely, who was very uneasy in his post, and wanting to do what no body could do for him, and being unwilling to get up, lest they should refuse his entrance again, play'd his water-engine on him that was in the front; at which the fellow awaken'd and ask'd the pedlar what he was about? *Hush* says Sawney, *you are well off, for I am doing t'other thing upon t'other*.

555. A countryman seeing a lady in the street in a very odd dress as he thought, begg'd her to be pleas'd to tell him what she call'd it. The lady, a little surpriz'd at the question, call'd him impertinent fellow. Nay, I hope no offence, madam, cry'd Hodge, I am a poor countryman, just going out of town, and my wife always expects I should bring her an account of the newest fashion, which occasion'd my enquiring what you call this that you wear. It is a sack, said she, in a great pet. *I have heard*, reply'd the countryman, (heartily nettled at her behaviour) *of a pig in a poke, but never saw a sow in a sack before*.

556. Of all the disinterested professor's I have ever heard of, I take the boatswain of Dampiet's ship to be the most impudent, but the most excusable. You are to know, that
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in the wild searches that navigator was making, they happen'd to be out at sea, far distant from any shore, in want of all the necessaries of life; insomuch, that they began to look, not without hunger, on each other. The boatswain was a fat, healthy, fresh fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew. In such an extreme necessity, all form of superiority were laid aside. The captain and lieutenant were safe only by being carron; and the unhappy boatswain in danger only by being worth eating. To be short, the company were unanimous, and the boatswain must be cut up. He saw their intention, and desir'd he might speak a few words before they proceeded: which being permitted, he deliver'd himself as follows:

Gentlemen Sailors,

Far be it that I should speak for any private interest of my own, but I take it, that I should not die with a good conscience, if I did not confess to you that I am not sound. I say, gentlemen, justice, and the testimony of a good conscience, as well as love of my country. to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own, that black Kate of Deptford has made me very unfit to eat; and I speak it with shame, I am afraid gentlemen, I shall poison you.

The speech had a good effect in the boatswain's favour; but the surgeon of the ship protested he had cur'd him very well, and offer'd to eat the first steak himself:

The boatswain reply'd (like an orator, with a true notion of the people, and in hopes to gain time) that he was heartily glad if he could be for their service, and thank'd the surgeon for his information. However, said he, I must inform you for your own good, that I have ever since my cure, been very thirsty and dropical; therefore I presume it will be much better to tap me, and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no man in the ship fit to be eat afterwards. As he was going on with his harrangue, a fresh gale arose, and gave the crew hopes of a better repast at the nearest shore, to which they arriv'd next morning.

557. A proud parson, and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson ask'd him in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? The same, said the shepherd,

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that cloath'd you, the *parish*. The parson, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd if he'd come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man going accordingly to the shepherd, deliver'd his master's message, and concluded as he was order'd, that his master wanted a *fool*. *Why, are you going away then?* said the shepherd. *No,* answer'd the other. *Then you may tel your master,* reply'd the shepherd, *his living can't maintain three of us.*

558. An old woman, who had a very handsome daughter, had a great jealousy and fear, that one Mr. John Turner, a young fellow in the neighbourhood, had a great mind to be too busy with her; and as she apprehended, watching them pretty narrowly, she caught them in the very fact upon the bed in the garret; upon which she halloo'd out, with a dismal groan. *O! John Turner! John Turner!* *No,* I think, mother, said he, *she lies very well already.*

559. An idle young lad being lounging about in the kitchen, in a gentleman's house, one Sunday morning; when all the family were at church, but the cook maid and a groom, who had a mind to be about a little business by themselves; the wench ask'd him why he did not go to church, as the rest of the family did? The boy said, he never was at church in his life, and did not know what to do when he came there, and knew no one that was there, *O,* said she, you are to do nothing yourself, but mind what other people do and say; and as for acquaintance there you'll find enough, and those that have the most business there. You know Mr. Johnson, said she, the parson? Yes, very well, answer'd the boy: And Mr. Adams the clerk? said she: Ay, to be sure, reply'd the boy; what, will they be there? Well, they're very civil people, I shall come to no harm in their company; and so away he march'd. But in less than half an hour, the boy came running home again in a terrible fright: Why, what's the matter Tom, cry'd the cook-maid, is church done already? Nay, said the boy, I know not whether or no the church be done, but I am sure there's a great deal of mischief done by this time. How so? said the maid. It's all owing to that rogue Adams, said the boy; I shall never have a good opinion of him again, as long as I live. Mr. Johnson and he have had a lamentable battle. Mr. Johnson got up into a place and spoke very mildly and very civilly, I thought, to Mr. Adams, and to be sure he gave him two words for one, and I don't know



know how many people join'd with him; then Mr. Johnson spoke again to pacify them, but Adams and all his gang were immediately at him again, and so they went on for a long time, no body taking poor Mr. Johnson's part; however, he talk'd so, that he made them quiet for a good while; but, upon one word, I suppose that was taken amiss, up started Adams, and call'd for two slaves at once, and then all the people fell into such a ha-lo-bo-loo, that I ran out of the church, and I wish they have not kill'd poor Mr. Johnson by this time.

560. As the last mention'd lad seem'd to know very little of what belong'd to the care of his soul, so that lad had as little regard to his body, who running along the gunnel of a ship, with a can of slip in his hand, of which he was to have part himself, when a cannon ball came suddenly, and took off one of his legs, *Look ye there now, damn it*, said he, *all the slip's spilt*.

561. Lord Faulkner, the author of the play, call'd *The Marriage Night*, was chose very young to sit in parliament; and when he was first elected, some of the members oppos'd his admission, urging, *That he had sown all his wild oats*; Then, reply'd he, *it will be the best way to sow them in the house, where there are so many geese to pick them up*.

562. The duke of——ask'd a friend, Who he thought had undertaken the most difficult task, Mr. Whiston, in his attempts to discover the longitude, or Mr. Lisle to find the philosopher's stone? The friend answer'd that he could not tell which was the most arduous task of the two, which those gentlemen had undertaken, but he was sure that he had himself engag'd in a much more difficult work than either of them. What is that? said his grace. *I have been these six years endeavouring to prevail on you to pay your debts*, reply'd the friend.

563. When Mrs. W——n first acted Sir Harry Wildair at Drury-lane play-house, coming off the stage into the green-room, I believe said she, that one half of the house take me really for a man: To which said Mrs. Clive, *But the other half, Madam, know to the contrary*.

564. A school-master asking one of his boys, in a sharp wintry morning, what was Latin for cold, he boy hesitated a little: What, firrah, said he, can't you tell? Yes, yes, reply'd the boy, *I have it at my fingers ends*.

565. When the gate, which join'd to Whitehall, was order'd by the House of Commons to be pulled down, to

make the coach-way more open and commodious, a member made a motion, that the other which was contiguous to it, might be taken down at the same time; which was oppos'd by a gentleman, who told the house, that he had a very high veneration for that ancient fabrick, that he look'd upon it as a noble piece of antiquity, that he had *the honour to have liv'd by it* many years; and therefore humbly begg'd the house would continue the honour to him, which would really make him unhappy to be depriv'd of it now. Councillor Hungerford seconded the gentleman, and said, *'T would be a thousand pities, but he should be indulg'd to live still by his gate, for he was sure he could never live by his style.*

566. Two persons, male and female, having at once met with three irresistible temptations, time, place, and consent, made use of the occasion, and were very wickedly busy, but the wench being more troubled about her credit than her conscience, cries to him, *if this should come out I am utterly undone*; to which the young fellow answer'd, *And if it does not, I am sure I shall be utterly undone.*

567. A nobleman having presented King Charles II. with a fine horse, his majesty bade Killigrew, who was present, tell him his age; whereupon Killigrew goes and examines the tail; What are you doing? said the king, this is not the place to find out his age. O! Sir said Killigrew, *Your majesty knows one should never look a gift horse in the mouth.*

568. A certain poetaster, whose head was full of a play of his own writing, was explaining the plot and design of it to a courtier. *The scene of it*, said he, *is in Cappadocia; and to judge rightly of the play, a man must transport himself into the country, and get acquainted with the genius of the people.* You say right, answer'd the courtier, *and I think it would be best to have it acted there.*

569. A young man, who was a very great talker, making a bargain with Isocrates to be taught by him, Isocrates ask'd double the price that his other scholars gave him; and *the reason*, said he, *is, that I must teach thee two sciences, one to speak, and the other to hold thy tongue.*

570. A captain, not far from St. James's, having an amorous design upon his landlady, a comely young milliner, to give her a hint of what he'd be at, clapp'd a guinea on one of his eyes, and star'd her in the face with the other. The doxy, presently taking the meaning, Sir, said she,

she, *love, I have been told, is not blind of one only, but both eyes.*

571. A certain couple going to Dunmow in Essex, to claim the flitch of bacon, which is to be given to every marry'd pair, who can swear they have had no dispute, nor once repent'd their bargain in a year and a day, the steward ready to deliver it, ask'd were they would put it; the husband produced a bag, and told him, *in that. That,* answer'd the steward, *is not big enough to hold it: So I told my wife,* reply'd the good man; *and I believe we have had an hundred words about it.* Ay, said the steward, *but they were not such as will butter any cabbage to eat with this bacon;* and so hangs the flitch up again.

572. Two gentlemen, one named *Chambers*, the other *Garret*, riding by Tyburn, says the first, *This is a very pretty tenement, if it had but a Garret.* You fool, says *Garret*, *don't you know there must be Chambers first?*

573. Two gentlemen, one named *Woodcock*, the other *Fuller*, walking together, happened to see an owl; says the last, *That bird is very much like a Woodcock.* You are very wrong, says the first, *for it's Fuller in the head, Fuller in the eyes, and Fuller all over.*

574. An arch boy having taken notice of his school-master's often reading a chapter in Corinthians, wherein is this sentence, *We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye*, privately erased the letter *c* in the word *chang'd*. The next time his master read it, *We shall all be hang'd in the twinkling of an eye.*

575. A gentleman having an occasion for a smock for his mistress, and but little money to buy one withal, apply'd to a pawnbroker, and ask'd him if he had ever a *smock* to sell? Who told him he had no *smocks*, but several *shifts*; and being ask'd the difference, the pawnbroker told him, *That they were smocks before they came to him, but when brought to him they were shifts:* Which the gentleman admitted, but said, *They were damnable bad shifts.*

576. A certain great man, who had been a furious party-man, and most surprisngly changing sides, by which he obtain'd a coronet, was soon after at cards at a place where lady T——nd was, and complaining in the midst of the game, that he had a great pain in his *side*, I thought your lordship had no *side*, said she. Yes, but I have, answer'd my Lord, and a *back-side* too. *Have you so?* reply'd my lady, *every body knows your wife has one.*

577. A gentleman living in Jamaica not long ago, had a wife not of the most agreeable humour in the world; however, as an indulgent husband, he had bought her a fine pad, which soon after gave her a fall that broke her neck. Another gentleman in the same neighbourhood, bless'd likewise with a termagant spouse, ask'd the widower, if he would sell his wife's pad, for he had a great fancy for it, and he would give him what he would for it. No, said the other, *I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure that I shan't marry again.*

578. A gentleman sitting by Mrs. W——ff——n at Lord Lovat's trial, took notice to her of FANNY M——'s being at a little distance from them. O! said she, I suppose FANNY has an eye upon the whole House of Commons. And I dare answer for her, Madam, reply'd the gentleman, *if she has, her eye's no bigger than her belly.*

579. A poor woman, with half a dozen children at her heels, ask'd alms of a gentlewoman in the street: I think, said the gentlewoman, that being so poor, you might find something else to do, and I wonder you are not aham'd to get so many children. Alas! Madam, reply'd the good woman, you don't consider, that we poor folks have very often *nothing else for our breakfast, dinner, and supper.*

580. A scholar of Dr. Busby's coming into a parlour where the doctor had laid a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and says aloud, *I publish the banns between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be join'd together, let them declare it.*

The doctor being in the next room, overheard all that was said, and coming into the school, he order'd the boy who had eaten his grapes to be taken up, or, as they call'd it, hors'd on another boy's back; but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cry'd out aloud, as the delinquent had done; *I publish the banns between my rod and this boy's breech, if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be join'd together, let them declare it.* I forbid the banns, cry'd the boy, Why so; said the doctor. Because the parties are not agreed, reply'd the boy. Which answer so pleas'd the doctor, who lov'd to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he order'd the boy to be set down.

581. A certain person often bidding his people kiss his a—, and using the same word very frequently, was told
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by a wit, that he put him in mind of a picture of the snake in the almanack, that always carry'd his *tail in his mouth*.

582. The late Sir Robert Henley, who was commonly pretty much in debt, walking one day with two or three other gentlemen in the Park, was accosted by a tradesman, who took him aside for a minute or two, and when the baronet rejoin'd his company, he seem'd to be in a great passion, which his friends taking notice of, ask'd him what was the matter? Why the rascal, said he, has been dunning me for money I have ow'd him these seven years, with as much impudence as if it was a debt of yesterday.

583. The late Mr. D——t, the player, a man of great humanity, as will appear by the story, having had an intrigue with his landlady's maid, who being us'd ill, or, in plain terms got with child by him, took an opportunity to go into his chamber one afternoon, and cut her throat with one of his razors, of which an account being brought to him, behind the scenes during the time of the play, the same night: D——t with great concern and emotion, cry'd out, *Zoons, I hope it was not with my best razor!*

584. Joe Haines, the player, being ask'd, what could transport Mr. Collier into so blind a zeal, for the general suppression of the *stage*, when only some particular authors had abus'd it; whereas the *stage*, he could not but know, was generally allow'd when rightly conducted, to be a delightful method of mending the morals? *for that reason*, reply'd Haines; *Collier is, by profession, a moral mender himself, and two of a trade, you know can never agree.*

585. The same player one morning meeting Tom Dursley, the poet, in the street, Tom, who had a very stinking breath, - run his head into Joe's face, as most people who have that imperfection are apt to do; whereupon Joe begged him to keep at a little more distance, but Dursley would still be mighty close in his confabulation, upon which cry'd Joe, Nay, then I must stand upon my defence; so drawing out his sword, and seeing a fur-reverence lying under a wall, he stuck it upon the point of it. Now, Sir, said he, keeping it at arm's length, I can talk to you, and we are pretty much upon a par.

586. Some gentlemen being at a tavern together, for want of better diversion, one propos'd play, but, said another of the company, I have fourteen good reasons against gaming. What are those? said another. In the first place,

answer'd he, *I have no money*: Oh! said the first, if you had four hundred reasons, you need not name another.

587. A parson in the country, taking his text in St. Matthew, chap. viii. ver. 14. *And Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever*, preach'd for three Sundays together on the same subject: Soon after two country fellows going across the church-yard, and hearing the bell toll, one ask'd the other, who it was for? *Nay, I can't tell, perhaps*, reply'd he, *it is for Peter's wife's mother, for she has been sick of a fever these three weeks*.

588. The Hon. Mr. L—— one morning, at the late Sir Robert Walpole's levee, as I sat by them, ask'd John Lawton for a pinch of snuff, who told him he had none in his box, for he seldom took any, but now and then to keep him awake at church. *That*, said the other, *is the most improper thing you can do there; for it quite destroys the natural operation of the sermon*.

589. I remember in the reign of the late queen Anne, when disputes ran high between Whig and Tory, some persons suffer'd party to mix in their minutest actions. A Tory would not cock his hat in the same manner that a Whig did, nor a Whig lady patch her face on the same side that the Tory ladies patch'd theirs. A pleasant instance of this strict adherence to party in trivial affairs, was Dick W—l, who, being chose into parliament on the Tory interest, was resolv'd to do nothing, but what was on that side. The house a few days after he took his seat in it, happening to sit late, a motion was made for candles to be brought in, which being put to the vote, Dick pull'd a high-flying member, who sat near him, by the sleeve, and ask'd him if *candles were for the church!* And being answer'd in the affirmative, very readily gave his voice for them, which otherwise he would not have done.

590. A young fellow not quite so wise as Solomon, eating some Cheshire cheese full of mites, one night at the tavern; Now, said he, have I done as much as Sampson, for I have slain my thousands and my ten thousands. Yes, by G—d, answer'd one of the company, and *with the same weapon too, the jaw bone of an ass*.

591. Poor Joe Miller going one day along the Strand, an impudent Derby captain came swaggering up to him, and thrust between him and the wall. *I don't use to give the wall*, said he, *to every jackanapes*. *But I do*, said Joe; and so made way for him.

592. The late lady F—w—r, meeting Con. P——s one day, How goes trade, Con? said she. Faith, very bad, madam, answer'd the other, *it is almost spoil'd for every one follows it now.*

593. When the late duke of—— went over lord lieutenant of Ireland, he took an excellent man cook over with him, but they had not been there above a month, when finding his grace kept a very scurvy house, he gave him warning. What's the reason, said the duke, that you have a mind to leave me? Why, if I continue with your excellency much longer, answer'd the cook, I shall quite forget my trade.

594. A gentleman, whose wife complain'd a little of his manhood, consented that she should make choice of any one, so that it was but one, to do family duty in his stead: She chose the coachman, a sturdy fellow; but by some accident the reverend chaplain came to suspect the intrigue that was carrying on by his patron's lady, and was resolv'd to watch her waters; it was not long before he had an opportunity, by peeping through a key-hole, of being entirely confirm'd in his suspicion, and being a very conscientious man, he thought it his duty to acquaint her husband with it: He told him he could not see him abus'd in so vile, so abominable a manner, without letting him know it. *Husb, husb, doctor,* said the gentleman, *the thing is a secret; I give my coachman twenty pounds a year extraordinary for that very service.* *Gad take me,* cry'd the conscientious parson, *why would you not speak to me? I would have done it for half the money, and have thank'd you too,*

595. A certain officer in the guards telling one night, in company with Joe Miller, of several wonderful things he had seen abroad, among the rest he told the company, he had seen a pike caught that was six feet long. *That's a trifle,* says Joe, *I have seen a half pike, in England longer by a foot, and yet not worth two pence.*

596. Jemmy Spiller, another of the jocular comedians, going one day through Rag-Fair, a place where they sell second-hand goods, cheapen'd a leg of mutton, he saw hang up there, at a butcher's stall. The butcher told him it was a groat a pound. *Are you not an unconscionable fellow,* said Spiller, *to ask such a price, when one may have a new one for that in Clare-Market.*

597. A gentleman having a servant with a very thick skull, us'd often to call him the *king of fools.* I wish, said

the fellow one day, you could make your words good, I should then be the greatest monarch in the world.

598. A lawyer being sick made his last will, and gave all his estate to fools and madmen: being ask'd the reason for so doing: *From such*, said he, *I had it, and to such I give it again.*

599. A thief being brought to Tyburn to be executed, the ordinary of Newgate, in taking his last confession, ask'd him if he was not sorry for having committed the robbery for which he was going to suffer? The criminal answer'd, *Yes, but that he was more sorry for not having stole enough to bribe the jury.*

600. A certain poor unfortunate gentleman was so often pull'd by the sleeve by the bailiffs, that he was in continual apprehension of them; and going one day through Tavistock Street, his coat sleeve, as he was swinging it along in a hurry, happen'd to hitch upon the iron spike of one of the rails; whereupon he immediately turn'd about, in a great surprize, and cry'd out, *At whose suit, Sir? at whose suit!*

601. Colonel Pride, the brewer, a precise fanatic, in the time of the usurpation, sitting at the quarter sessions as a justice of the peace, a reverend old gentlewoman was indicted for a bawd, but she standing strongly upon her defence, and protesting she never had kept any such house, *Huswife! huswife!* said he; you have kept a bawdy-house these twenty years to my knowledge. To your knowledge, brother? said another of the worshipful justices; *may then we need no other evidence.*

602. During the time of the same usurpation, the persons who were appointed of the *committee of sequestration*, tho' commonly very mean fellows, were usually complimented with the titles of *your honours*, by the unfortunate delinquents who were brought before them. A poor countryman being sentenced to pay a composition of an hundred pounds, seeing one Dobbin, *his neighbour*, a shoemaker, among the committee-men, he told the court that there was goodman Dobbin's honour knew, that he was not worth so much.

603. A worthy citizen, not far from Cheapside, who was himself a little stricken in years, having marry'd a very pretty young wife, the journeyman, a brisk blade, fancying himself better able to please her than his master, had often solicited for the last favour, but she refusing,
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tho', as he thought, but faintly, his master having occasion to go into the country for a few days, he thought that might be a proper opportunity to accomplish his design; so taking the time when his mistress was in the kitchen by herself, the maid being gone out of the way on some errand, he told that night he would steal softly into her chamber, when she was in bed. If you do, said she, beware of yourself, for I will take this great kitchen knife up with me into my bed-chamber.

At night the spark open'd the door very gently, but, remembering the knife, was afraid to go forward. She hearing him, ask'd who was there? 'Tis I, answer'd the journeyman, and was resolv'd to come to bed to you, but that I remember'd the great knife. *O! what a silly jade was I,* said she, *to leave the knife in the kitchen.*

604. A soldier in the late wars, a little before an engagement, found a horse-shoe, and stuck it into his girdle; shortly after in the heat of the action, a bullet came and hit him upon that part. *Well,* said he, *I find a little armour will serve a turn, if it be put in the right place.*

605. The late famous *Authur Moor*, who was much in favour with the Tory ministry, in the latter part of queen Anne's reign, had a lady who was reckon'd a woman of great wit and humour, but political principals quite opposite to those of her husband. After the death of the queen, when it was talk'd of as if the late ministers would have been called to account, my Lord B——ke meeting Mrs. Moor one day, in a visit, *Well, madam,* said he, *you hear how terribly we are threatened, you'll come, I hope and see me, when I go to Tower-Hill?* *Upon my word, my Lord,* said she, *I should be extremely glad to do it; but I believe I shall be engaged another way, for I am told my Snub (the name by which she always called her husband) will be obliged to go the same day to Tyburn.*

606. The same lady coming home one evening, told her husband she wish'd him joy, for she heard he was to be made a lord. (*This was before the death of queen Anne.*) And pray, said he, what did they say was to be my title? My Lord *Tariff*, reply'd she, which was a sneer upon him, for having been engaged in settling a *tarif* of trade which he was thought well skilled in. And why don't you, when you hear any one abuse your husband, spit in their face, said he. No, I thank you, answered the lady, *I don't intend to spit myself into a consumption.*

607. The son of the aforesaid gentleman and lady, the late Mr. James Moor Smyth, inheriting some portion of his mother's humour, undertook to write a comedy, which was called the Rival Modes, against the third night of which, he was very solicitous in disposing of his benefit tickets, though he had just before a very handsome fortune left him by a grandfather, but had been pretty free with it: and coming one day, dressed in black velvet, to a lady of his acquaintance, he was very earnest with her to take some, even though she had partly refused him before; Lord, Mr. Moor, said she, this suit of cloaths you have on looks very well, and who would have thought *it is only beggar's velvet.*

608. The late Sir John Tash was a famous wine merchant, and sold great quantities of that liquor; but was supposed to make it chiefly without much of the juice of the grape; therefore alderman Parsons meeting him one day, saluted him by the name of brother brewer. I deal in wine, said Sir John, Mr. Alderman, and am no brewer. Yes, by G—d, replied the other, but I know you are, and can brew more by an inch of candle, than I can with a chaldron of coals.

609. A late archbishop having promised one of his chaplains, who was a favourite, the first good living in his gift, that he should like, and think worthy his acceptance: Soon after hearing of the death of an old rector, whose parsonage was worth about 200 pounds a year, sent his chaplain to the place to see how he liked it; the doctor, when he came back again, thank'd his grace for the offer he had made him; but said, he had met with such an account of the country, and the neighbourhood, as was not at all agreeable to him, and therefore should be glad, if his grace pleased, to wait till something else fell: Another vacancy not long after happening, the archbishop sent him also to view that; but he returned as before, not satisfy'd with it, which did not much please his grace: A third living much better than either of the other becoming vacant, as he was told, the chaplain was again sent to take a view of that; and when he came back, Well, now, said my Lord, how do you like this living? What objection can you have to this? I like the country very well, my Lord, answered he, and the house, the income and the neighbourhood but, ——— *But!* replied the archbishop, what *but* can there be then? *But,* my Lord, said he, the old

old incumbent is not dead, I found him smoking his pipe at the gate of his house.

610. Two city ladies meeting on a visit, one a grocer's wife, and the other a cheefemonger's (who perhaps stood more upon their punctilio of precedence than some of their betters would have done at the court end of the town) when they had risen up and took their leaves, the cheefemonger's wife was going out of the room first, upon which the grocer's lady, pulling her back by the tail of her gown, and stepping before her, *No madam, said she, nothing comes after cheese.*

611. An old lady being at table, and mumbling a piece of brawn that was very horney, for a long time, at length by its elasticity, it jumped out of her mouth upon the plate of a young gentleman, who sat on the opposite side of the table; but he not seeing from whence it came, quickly eat it up. Good lord said the old lady, what a fine thing it is to be young and have one's teeth, I have been mumbling and tumbling that piece of brawn in my mouth this half hour to no purpose, and that young gentleman has chewed and swallowed it in a moment.

612. A young lady of pretty high spirit, who was just about entering into the marriage state, told her gallant, that she could never bring herself to say *Obey*, and was resolved she would not. When the ceremony was performing, and she was to repeat that word, she was for mincing the matter, and cried *honour and bey*: Nay, madam, said the parson; you must say *obey*; I cannot say you are married, if you do not speak the words as the office directs; but still she would say only as she had done before, and the parson again reproving her: Let her alone? doctor, said the husband, let her only say *bey*, if she has a mind to it now, and I'll make her cry *O* at night.

613. Old Johnson the player, who was not only a very good actor, but a good judge of painting, and remarkable for making many dry jokes, was shewn a picture, done by a very indifferent hand, but much commended, and ask'd his opinion of. Why, truly, said he, the painter is a very good painter, and observes the Lord's commandments. What do you mean by that, Mr. Johnson? said one who stood by. Why, I think, answered he, that he hath not made to himself *the likeness of any thing that is in Heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth*

614. A gentleman having a very pretty woman to his wife in a certain country place, could not forbear being a little jealous of her having too great an intimacy with, or at least casting too favourable an eye upon, a young captain in the neighbourhood; and being obliged to go a journey from home, for two or three days, his head ran so upon the captain and his wife, that after he was got four or five miles, the roughest and dirtiest part of the whole way, he calls to his man, and orders him to go back to his wife, and tell her, that for some particular reasons, he desired she would not see the captain in his absence. The man was very much displeased at being sent back again through the dirt on such an idle errand, and having a little more discernment than his master, knew, that forbidding a woman to do a thing was oftentimes the readiest way to egg her on to it, resolved not to carry the message: but when he came home, and his lady with great surprize asked him the reason of his return so soon, and if his master was come to any hurt? He answer'd her, No, but that he had sent him back with a very odd message to her, he could not imagine the meaning of it: He desires, said he, madam, of all love and kindness, that you will not ride upon our great dog, Ball, during his absence. Ride upon Ball, cried she, the man's mad sure! Well, well, you may tell him, I shall hardly disobey his commands.

But the man no sooner out of sight, but she calls to her maid, and tells her of the ridiculous orders her husband had sent her; and that Harry came back four or five miles upon no other account; for my part, continued she, such a thing would never have come into my head, if he had not taken such pains to have put it there, and now, methinks, I long to ride upon Ball. Do you think he can carry me, Betty? I shall never be easy till I try.

The maid, who was always ready to assist her mistress in any thing, to gratify her inclinations, told her, she would go and bring the dog to her, and that she verily belived he could carry her.

Ball being brought forth, and his mistress mounted on his back, began to curvet and prance round the hall, but unfortunately threw his rider with her head against the frame of the great old fashioned table, which gave her such a cut in her forehead, that she was obliged to have it plaister'd and bound up with a linen cloth, which she could not get well enough to leave off before her husband returned,
who

who enquiring with much concern into the occasion of it. *Why, what did you send me word for (said she,) that I should not ride upon Ball?* The man that stood close by his master, whispered in his ear, *Better so, Sir, than worse.*

615. A certain noble lord in the county of Hants, who had not much applied himself to letters, and was remarkable for his ill spelling, dining at a neighbouring gentleman's house, took notice several times, and commended a snuff-box he made use of; when my Lord was gone away, the gentleman's wife said to her husband, *My dear, you did not observe how often my Lord commended your snuff-box; I dare say he would have been highly pleased if you had made him an offer of it; if I was you, I would send it after him.* The gentleman took his lady's advice, and the next morning sent a servant away with a letter, and the snuff-box, as a present to the Lord.

The lady judged right, for my Lord was mightily delighted with it, and returned a most complaisant letter of thanks for the present, and told the gentleman, in his ill spelling, that he was greatly obliged to him, and in a few days would send him an *elephant* (*equivalent* he would have said.) The gentleman not at all liking my Lord's proposal, sent his servant with a letter again the next day, telling his lordship, that he was very glad the box was so acceptable to him, and thanking him for the honour he designed him, but begged he would not think of sending what he mentioned, for it would not only be attended with an expence, which he could not very well afford, being such a devouring animal, but would bring such numbers of people to see it, that it would make the house a perfect Lake-house. My Lord, a little while after, meeting the gentleman, told him, he was surpris'd at his letter, and could not imagine what he meant by it. The *Elephant*, said he, that your Lordship spoke of sending to me. *Elephant*, said the learned Lord, how could a man of your understanding make such a mistake? I said I would send you an *equivalent*. I beg your Lordship's pardon, returned the gentleman, and am ashamed of being such a dunce, that I could not read your Lordship's letter.

616. Young Griffith Lloyd of the county of Cardigan, being sent to Jesus-college, in the University of Oxford, where he was looked upon as an errant dunce, had a calf-skin waistcoat, tann'd with the hair on, and trimmed with a broad gold lace, and gold buttons. One of the *Oxonians*,

ans, an eminent punster, said, that Griffith was like a dull book, bound in calf-skin, and gilt, but very ill letter'd.

617. Old G ———, the rich miser of Gloucestershire, going home one day, between Wickivarr, and Badminton, the way being greasy, after a shower of rain, his foot slipped, and he fell off a high bank into a wet ditch, where he was almost smother'd; a countryman, who knew his character, coming by, he begged him, for God's sake, to help him; ay, said the countryman, *give* me your hand. *Give* being a word that old G ——— had a great aversion to, cried out, I thank you, honest friend, I will *lend* you my hand with all my heart. I have often heard, said the other, that you would never *give* any thing in your life, so lie there and be d——'d; and on he walk'd.

618. An old woman at the head of a table, said a satirical young one, seems to revive the old Grecian custom of serving up a death's head with their banquets.

619. The *Independant Whig*, an author who was no great friend to the clergy, tells us the following story of a parson.

An unfortunuate *Levite* some years since, having an intrigue with a butcher's wife, and being caught in bed with her by the husband, had his head cleft by him; and when the butcher was brought upon his trial for the same, neither the number of the reverend auditors, who attended the same, a due regard to the cloth, or an apprehension of the carnage it might produce, could hinder the judge from directing the jury to call the crime only *manslaughter*. This so provoked the weak spirit and patience of a holy brother, then present, that he cried out in the court, *Here's a fine world: If these things be suffered, there will be no living for us.*

620. The famous Tony Lee, a player in K. Charles the second's reign, being killed in a tragedy, having a violent cold, could not forbear coughing as he lay dead upon the stage, which occasioned a good deal of laughter and noise in the house, he lifted up his head, and speaking to the audience, said, This makes good what my poor mother used to tell me; for she would often say that *I should cough in my grave, because I used to drink in my poridge*. This set the house in such good humour, that it produced a thundering clap, and made every one very readily pardon the solecism he had before committed.

Ton.

621. Tom S——, the organist of St. M——, being reckoned to have a fine finger, drew many people to hear him, whom he would oftentimes entertain with a voluntary after evening service; and his auditory seeming one day greatly delighted with his performance, after the church was cleared, *Alad*, Sir, said his organ blower, *I think we did rarely to-day. We, sirrah*, said Tom. *Ay, we, to be sure*, answered the other, *what would you have done without me?* The next Sunday Tom sitting down to play, could not make his organ speak, whereupon calling to the bellows blower, asked him what he meant? Why he did not blow? *Shall it be we then*, said the other? Which Tom was forced to consent to, or there had been no music.

622. A certain French gentleman, having been but a very little while in England, was invited to a friend's house, where a large bowl of punch was made, a liquor he had never seen before, and which did not at all agree with him; but having forgot the name of it, he asked a person the next day, *What dey call a dat liquer in England, which is all de contradiction; where is de brandy to make it strong, and de water to make it small, de sugar to make it sweet, and de lemons to make it sower?* *Punch*, answered the other, *I suppose you mean. Ay, Punch*, began, cried Monsieur, *it almost ponche, my brain out last night.*

623. The famous captain Fitzpatrick, who married 'Squire Western's neice, and was reckoned an excellent hand at making bulls, was walking one day with two or three ladies a little way out of West Chester, with his hat under his arm; the wind blowing very hard, one of the ladies said, *I wonder, captain, you will be so ceremonious to walk bare-headed in such brisferous weather; pray, Sir, put on your hat.* *Arrab, by my shoul, dear Madam*, answered the captain, *I have been often trying two or three times already, and the wind is so high, that I can't keep my hat upon my head any longer than 'tis under my arm.*

624. The same gentleman being with the aforesaid ladies, in a nobleman's garden, where there was a large iron roller, told them, he thought it was the biggest iron rolling-stone he ever saw in his life.

625. A philosopher being blamed by a stander-by, for defending an argument weakly against the emperor Adrian, replied, *What, would you have me contend with a man that commands thirty legions of soldiers?*

626. A painter turned physician: upon which change, a friend applauded him, saying, *You have done well, for before your faults could be discovered by the naked eye, but now now they are hid.*

627. Bishop Latimer preaching at court, said, that it was reported the king was poor, and that they were seeking ways and means to make him rich; but he added, *For my part, I think the best way to make the king rich, is to give him a good post, or office, for all his officers are rich.*

628. Zelim, the first of the Ottoman Emperors that shaved his beard, his predecessors having always worn it long, being asked by one of his bashaws, why he altered the custom of his predecessors? answered, *Because you bashaws shall not lead me by the beard, as you did them.*

629. It being told Antigonus, in order to intimidate him, as he marched to the field of battle, that the enemy would shoot such volleys of arrows as would intercept the light on the sun. *I am glad of it,* replied he, *for it being very hot, we shall then fight in the shade.*

630. A sailor having received ten guineas for turning Roman Catholick, said to the priest who paid him the money, *Sir, you ought to give me ten guineas more, because it is so damnable hard to believe transubstantiation.*

MORAL SENTENCES.

WIT is a justness of thought, and a facility of expression; or, in the midwives phrase, a perfect conception with an easy delivery.

WIT depends very much on the circumstances of time and place. It must describe it's proper circumference, and not go beyond it, lest (like little boys when they straggle out of their own parish) it wander to places where it is not known, and be lost.

Not to laugh with honesty, when nature prompts, or folly (which is second nature) is but a knavish, hypocritical way of making a mask for one's own face;

Weak heads, like weak stomachs, immediately throw out what they received last; and what they read floats upon the surface of the mind, like oil upon water, without incorporating.

When

When men imagine others entertain some esteem for their abilities, they often expose all their imperfections and foolish works to the disparagement of the little wit they were thought masters of.

Silence is the surest friend of him who stands in distrust of himself.

The defects of wit increase in growing old, as well as those of the face.

A poet's success at first, like a gamester's fortune at first, is like to make him a loser at last, and to be undone by his good fortune and merit.

If a book can't answer for itself, to the public, it is to no sort of purpose for its author to do it.

The greater a man's merit, the more obnoxious it is to be traduced.

The chattering of monkeys is a better noise than a concert of senseless mirth.

Great dealers in wit, like those in trade, take least pains to set off their goods, while the haberdashers of small wit spare no decorations or ornaments.

Praise to a young wit, is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately bestowed it cheers and revives; but if too lavishly, over-charges and depresses him.

A man who refuses praise, by that lays claim to more, as a bishop gains his bishoprick, by his saying he will not episcopate.

It is a foolish gaiety to take notice of things which puts others to the blush.

To refuse a praise is only to invite and draw on another.

There are few persons so wise as to prefer the gentle reproaching council that avails them, before the praises which betray them.

Praise is a kind of delicate concealed flattery, which differently satisfies him who gives it, and him who receives it. For this receives it as due to his merit, and the other gives it as a testimony of his justice and judgment.

A woman takes compliment for demonstration, and sets it up as an evidence even against her looking-glass.

Vanity makes a woman, tainted with it, so topful of herself, that she spilleth it upon the company.

The greatest part of a fine lady's fancy is laid out in choosing her gown, as her discretion is chiefly employed in not paying for it.

She

She is faithful to the fashion, to which not only her opinion, but her senses are wholly resigned; so obsequious she is to it, that she would be ready to be reconciled even to virtue with all its faults, if she had her dancing-master's word that it was practised at court.

A woman should not be proud of a fine gown, nor when she has less wit than her neighbours, comfort herself that she has more lace.

Some ladies put so much weight upon ornament, that if one could see into their hearts, it would be found, that even the thoughts of death are made less heavy to them, by the contemplation of their being laid out in state, and honourably attended to the grave.

A coquet is a sort of beautiful desert in wax work, that tempts the fool to an entertainment, merely to baulk his appetite.

People at any time change a present uneasiness for any other condition tho' a worse.

It is wrong to lay out friendship too lavishly at first, since it will like other things, be so much the sooner spent.

No enmity is so bitter as that of alienated friends, and no persecution so bad as that of apostates.

Persecutions for conscience sake have occasioned violent disorders, and vast effusion of blood; and to compel men by fire and faggot, to partake even of a delicious entertainment, is a savage sort of hospitality.

The danger of superstition is even greater than that of atheism; for atheism leaves men to sense, to philosophy, to laws, to reputation; all which may be guides to moral virtue, tho' religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erects an absolute monarchy in the minds of men; therefore atheism did never perturb states, but superstition hath been the occasion of the confusion of many.

It is not improbable but God may be delighted with the various methods of worshipping him, which divide the whole world.

Enthusiasm is a kind of over-weaning and groundless persuasion of being the particular favourite of Heaven.

Belief necessarily follows evidence, and where the evidence does not appear sufficient, a man cannot believe if he would.

Enquiries after happiness, and the rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to mankind, as the arts of
consola.

consolation, and supporting one's self under affliction. The utmost we can hope for in this world is contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappointment. A man should direct all his studies and endeavours at making himself easy now, and happy hereafter.

Almighty God instituted religion for the sake of men, their frail power of acting could not farther be interesting to him, than to see his creatures increasing their own happiness mutually among themselves; religion, therefore, teaches and animates them to be assisting, forgiving, kind and merciful to one another.

The meditation of heavenly things produces admirable irradiations in the understanding.

The corruption of an age is made up of the particular contribution of every individual. Some contribute treachery, others in justice, irreligion, tyranny, avarice, and cruelty, according as they are for power. The weaker sort contribute folly, vanity, and idleness. Now the inversion of this may serve our present purposes; and corruption is to be destroyed, as well as introduced, by the contribution of every individual, while one contributes authority, another fortune, another capacity, and so of the rest.

There are certain crimes, which in our opinion become innocent by their noise, their number and excess; from hence it comes that public robbers gather strength, take provinces, and call it glorious conquest.

Forgiving injuries, and obliging the injurious, is a much greater, and more ingenuous pleasure, than the highest revenge can give.

The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice, than the best that ever was preached upon that subject.

Nothing is more dangerous than the unhappy passion of jealousy, which, though it is said to be the child of love, yet like the viper, its birth is the certain destruction of the parent.

Women should let every seven years make some alteration in them towards the graver side, and not be like the girls of fifteen, who resolve to be always young, whatever Time with his iron teeth determines to the contrary.

He that spares in every thing is an inexcusable niggard. He that spares in nothing is an excusable madman.

At an elegant entertainment, tho' we do not perhaps, taste of every dish, yet we admire the general disposition of the whole.

The handsome mien, and genteel carriage of the body, is as advantageous as the understanding of the mind.

To deceive a man prepossessed of his own merit, renders him as ill a turn as he did the Athenian fool, who fancied all the ships in the haven belonged to him.

A great and glorious title to a coxcomb, serves but to render him more despicable.

The greatest remark of extraordinary merit, is to find even those that envy it, praise it.

Wit cannot play long upon a good-natur'd person.

Avarice is more opposite to good husbandy, than liberality.

While cowardice and fear keep us honest and loyal, our virtue gets the honour of it.

Government is an art, whereby a civil society of men is instituted and preserved upon the foundation of common right or interest.

As well might we say, that a ship is built, and loaded and named, for the sake of any particular pilot, instead of acknowledging, that the pilot is made for the sake of the ship, her lading, and her crew, who are always the owners in the political vessel, as to say, that kingdoms were instituted for kings, not kings for kingdoms.

When a state or government is embarrassed or troubled, it is more easy to raise the common people to a factious mutiny, than draw them to a loyal duty.

In a kingdom where subjects are apt to rebel, no officers or command should be sold, for those that buy will not only use extortion, and practise unjust ways to make out their purchase, but be ablest to rebel, because they are more for private gain, than the public good; for it is probable their principles are like their purchases.

But all magistrates, officers, commanders, heads, and rulers, in what profession soever, both in church and state, should be chosen according to their abilities, wisdom, courage, piety, justice, honesty and loyalty; and then they will mind the public good more than their particular interest.

All great princes should consider before they make war against foreign nations, whether they be able to maintain it; for if they be not able, then it is better to be content

with an honourable peace, than to make war to their great disadvantage; but if they be able to maintain war, then they will force (in time) their enemies to submit, and yield to what terms and conditions they please.

It is a great error in a state to have all affairs put into Gazettes, (for it over-heats the people's brains, and makes them neglect their private affairs, by over-busyng themselves with state business) so it is great wisdom for a council of state to have good intelligence, (although it be bought with great loss and charges) as well of domestic as foreign affairs and transactions, and to keep them in private for the benefit of the commonwealth.

It is a great matter in a state or kingdom, to take care of the education of youth, to breed them so that they may know first how to obey, and then how to command, and order affairs wisely.

If a captain has only deserved to be advanced for exposing himself in parliament, the nation would have no great loss in the king's letting alone such preferment.

Our government is an empire of laws, and not of men.

What is constrained, and done by force, is by law declared to be null and void.

Reasons against a resolution taken offend, and the more force they have, the more they offend;—but before a resolution is taken, reason has its effect.

Ceremony is nothing in itself and yet doth every thing; for without ceremony there would be no distinction either in church or state.

The horse of spirit is governed by the very shadow of the switch; whereas the dull jade is not quickened even by the spur.

The short-sighted vulgar, in the chain of causes, seldom see farther than one link.

Some princes who are naturally beneficent, countenance all vices by their weakness: such know not the value of virtue, and are only good by complexion.

The confession of our weakness, and that of another's better sense, is generally both contained in the taking advice; which is seldom taken for that reason.

The aged love to give good precepts, only to comfort themselves for being not in an estate to give ill examples.

One gives nothing so liberally as counsel.

We cannot endure to be abused by our enemies, nor
betrayed

betrayed by our friends; yet we are very well pleased when we cozen and cheat ourselves.

Every body complains of his want of memory, but few or none of their want of judgment.

The true way to be deceived, is to fancy you have more cunning than another.

The air of calumny soonest attacks the sound and elevated mind, as storms of wind the tallest and most fruitful trees; whilst the low and weak, for bowing and moving to and fro, are by their weakness secure from the danger and violence of the tempest.

Use every man after his deserts, and who shall escape whipping?

Large trees are a long time growing, tho' an hour be sufficient to cut them down.

Fortitude in the largest sense consists is not permitting our irascible affections to exceed those evils or dangers which we seek to repel or avoid.

A kind look or word from a superior is strangely charming, and insensibly steals men's hearts from them.

Some men fly those they are too much obliged to, and the greatest favours sooner create coldness in them than gratitude.

Some people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindness, to put you in mind of bestowing another.

The greatest magnifying glasses in the world are a man's own eye, when they look upon his own person.

In case of robberies and murders, it is better to be severe than merciful; for the hanging of a few will save the lives and purses of many.

In comparing small things with great, the more extravagant the parallel, the more it answers the intention.

Scipio Africanus got nothing but a sur-name by driving Hannibal out of Italy, and adding Africa to the Roman empire.

There is a great deal of eloquence in silence, when misfortunes are too great to be expressed.

We tarnish the splendor of the greatest actions, when we make the tedious panegyrick of them ourselves.

A soldier makes a better figure dead, in the field of battle, than alive, and safe in flight.

A reformed drunkard should never be left in a cellar.

An old lianer's continency, is much like a gamester's forswearing play, when he has lost all his money.

Praising

Praising any one in the wrong place is turning panegyrick into lampoon.

Women, in London, are like rich silks, they are out of fashion a great while before they wear out.

Honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

When a gentleman speaks coarsely, he has dress'd himself clean to no purpose.

An object in possession seldom retains the same charms it had in pursuit.

Gaming is an amusement but to those who want conversation.

By frequently attending the stage, we assimilate to the favourite characters which are exhibited to us there, in the same manner that we acquire a fine style by reading fine authors.

To speak against plays in general may be thought too severe, and that which the present age cannot so well brook, and would not, perhaps, be so just and reasonable; because it is very possible they might be so formed and govern'd, by such rules, as not only to be innocently diverting, but instructive and useful, to put some vices and follies out of countenance, which cannot, perhaps, be so decently reprov'd nor so effectually expos'd and corrected any other way.

The wit of man cannot invent any thing more conducive to virtue, and destructive of vice, than the drama.

Plays are a diversion which wears out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little; cherishes and cultivates that humanity which is the ornament of our nature, softens insolence, soothes afflictions, and subdues the mind to the dispensations of Providence. No wonder therefore if all polite nations of the world are lovers and encouragers thereof.

Men run into the most excesses, by not being allowed regular and sober pleasures.

Zeno hearing a young man speak too freely, said. For this reason we have two ears and but one tongue, because we should hear much and speak little.

Ladies should not only keep themselves chaste, but avoid every thing that may give the least suspicion of their being otherwise.

Julius Cæsar having repudiated his wife upon a suspicion

cion only, being asked the reason of it, said, *that the wife of Cæsar ought not only to be exempt from crimes, but even from the suspicion of them.*

To shew a just reason for what one asks, is to intercede in the strongest manner.

Mr. Locke looked upon civility to be not only something very agreeable and proper to win upon men, but also a duty of Christianity, and which ought to be more pressed and urged upon men, than it commonly is.

The same gentleman would say, that anger was of no use either in educating children or keeping servants in order, but that it did indeed make a man loose his authority.

A lady is apt to think a man speaks so much reason whilst he is commending her, that she has much ado to believe him in the wrong when he is making love to her.

A queen, if she lay with her groom, would expect a mark of his kindness from him, tho' it were but his curry-comb.

Modesty is not only confined to face, she is there only in shadow and effigy, but is in life and motion in the words.

A blush, which was formerly accounted the colour of virtue, is now looked upon as worse manners than those things which ought to occasion it.

A wise dissimulation, or very calm notice, is the likeliest means of reclaiming a bad husband; for where men have not put off humanity, there is a native compassion to a meek sufferer.

An angry vindication of ourselves against an unkind or unjust aspersion, serves the design of an enemy, and helps to spread the calumny; whereas a wise neglect and dissembling does often stifle and suppress it.

The great prince of Cande, being shew'd some libels against him, in which he was made to say and do things he knew nothing of. 'These fellows, said he, make me talk and act as they would do in my place.'

Tho' hope be faithless and flattering, yet it fails not however to bring us to the end of life's tedious journey thro' an agreeable way.

When madmen are found incurable, wise men give them their way, and please them as well as they can; so when poets are once irrecoverably be-mused, the best way to quiet them, and secure yourself from the effects of their frenzy is to feed their vanity, which indeed, for the most part, is all that is fed in a poet.

The

The world is never wanting when a coxcomb is accomplishing himself, to help to give him the finishing stroke.

In writing sometimes our first thoughts are best, as the first squeezing of the grapes makes the finest and richest wine.

As it is the character of a great wit to express much in few words, so it is of a little wit to talk much to little purpose.

Virtue loses itself in interest, as rivers are lost in the sea.

We easily forget our faults, when they are known to nobody but ourselves.

A prince by evil government is precluded from all tranquillity here, and from any honourable name hereafter,

Most men are governed by custom or authority, not one in ten thousand thinks for himself, and those few who are emancipated, dare not act up to their freedom, for fear of incurring the censure of singularity.

Some nations have no hereditary honours, wisely judging that rewards which are due to personal merit, should not by artifice, be intailed upon merit merely derivative.

When dangers are threatened, wise men will suffer the less evil to avoid a greater; as a physician, to save the whole body, will lop off one of the members, especially when from the part infected the disorder is like to spread to the parts that are sound.

Sir William Temple ask'd the grand pensionary De Witt, how he was able to transact so many various and intricate affairs so clearly, expeditiously, and successfully? The pensionary reply'd, I will tell you, Sir William, I have one rule that carries me through all, *I do but one thing at once.*

Many flatulent writers have sunk in their reputation after seven or eight editions of their work.

There are some wounds not to be cured without cicatrizing.

As death is only a passage to happiness, if we have lived well; therefore let us so live as to destroy the fear of it.

Those who have politick designs, are for the most part dishonest, by reason their designs tend more to interest than justice.

Liberty never flourishes so happily as under a good king.

Laws are like cobwebs, which catch the small flies, but are broken through by the great ones.

To

To hear with patience, and answer aptly, is the greatest easy perfection of conversation.

Sickness is the best cure in nature for ambition, and designs upon the world or fortune; it makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be easy by intervals for the present.

A total abstinence from intemperance or business is no more philosophy than a total conspiciation of the senses is repose.

The most that human wisdom can do, is to procure greater good at the expence of less evil.

In all things where our interest is concerned, we catch at every trifling hope, and are deluded by every little appearance.

We have so good an opinion of ourselves, that they tell us no news who speak well of us.

How easily we forgive those that injure others, and how unwillingly those that injure us.

Interest, which is reckoned among our crimes, ought be esteemed as one of our good actions.

We find few ungrateful while we are in a condition to oblige.

'Tis as necessary and reasonable to have pride one's self, as 'tis ridiculous to shew it to others.

There are in both sexes a sort of people destined to be fools and fops, and coxcombs, and who do not only commit folleries by choice, but even fate itself constrains 'em to it.

Sometimes there arrives in one's life accidents, wherein one must appear ignorant to withdraw one's self from those troubles that may befall us by understanding them.

If there be a man on earth who has not committed a weakness that may render him ridiculous, it is because others have not looked narrowly into his actions, or made good observations upon them.

The surest way of governing, both in a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince sometimes to drop their prerogative.

The greatest men may sometimes over-shoot themselves, but their very mistakes are so many lessons of instruction.

Not only religion and law, but even gold and silver, are falsify'd to procure gold and silver.

If your friend be in want, don't carry him to a tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and

and head ach upon him the next morning. Treating a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy, or filling his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of lac'd ruffles to a man that has never a shirt to his back. Put somewhat in his pocket.

Poverty keeps us in a due state of mind and body; prosperity, as it is not every one's fortune, so every one cannot bear it.

A beautiful face is a silent commendation—as a good outside is the best Sir Clement Cotterel in a strange place.

A pen in a conceited man's hand is like a sword in a madman's, with this difference only, that the laws lay hold of the former, and acquits the latter.

A woman never repents of a fool so heartily, as in the arms of a man of sense.

Were we to believe nothing but what we can comprehend, every man upon the face of the earth would be an Atheist.

A fool, like a coward, is more to be fear'd behind a man's back, than a witty man: for as a coward is more bloody than a brave man, a fool is more malicious than a man of wit.

Beauty soon obtains pardon for the pain it gives, when it applies the balsam of compassion to the wound; but a fine face and a hard heart is almost as bad as an ugly face and a soft one, both very troublesome to many poor gentlemen.

Death only has a key of a miser's chest, and the devil unlocks it.

As 'tis a black crime to forget the favours we have received from others, so we should not be too mindful of the favours which others have recieved from us.

He who laughs at mischief, tells us he is pleased that it is done, tho' he is sorry that he had no hand in it.

Collectors for the poor provide usually for themselves first, imagining, as they say, that charity begins at home.

The world is truly compar'd to a stage play, because there is so much dissimulation in it wherein, like players, most persons act the part of others, and not their own.

'Tis very hard to know the worth of persons by the common characters which are given of them. Interest and conceit are loud and talkative, and ignorance always goes along with the stream.

The success of gamesters, like the sea, has its ebbs and

flowings, and fortune is the only coy mistress that ever shunn'd her admirers after her enjoyment.

What are vices in some are virtues in others, according to circumstances and constitutions of mankind.

This life is short and miserable at the best, it is no continuing city for the wisest and most virtuous men: 'Tis but a pilgrimage, we are all travellers, the whole world is but one large inn, every inhabitant of which is a steward to God.

Princes, as they are said to be the fountain of honour, should never be dry by being worse than their words.

If we go empty-handed to court for preferment, we must expect to come empty back too.

A gamester, the greater master he is in the art, the worse man he is.

If vices were upon the whole matter profitable, the virtuous man would be the sinner.

In taking revenge, the very haste we make is criminal.

He that injures one, threatens an hundred.

That sick man does ill for himself, who makes his physician his heir.

'Tis part of the gift, if you deny handsomely what is asked of you.

The coward calls himself a weary man, the miser says he is frugal, and the fool cries up his own wit.

'Tis a strange desire which men have, to seek power and lose liberty.

Great numbers import not much in armies where courage is wanting; for, Virgil says, *it never troubles the wolf how many the sheep be.*

'Tis safer sleeping in a good conscience than a whole skin.

The sensible man, and the silent woman, are the best conversation.

The best company makes the upper end of the table, not the salt.

The epicure puts his money in his belly, and the miser his belly in his purse. An envious man keeps his knife in his hand, and swallows his meat whole.

He that lets his tongue run before his wit, cuts other men's meat, and his own fingers.

He who sins that he may repent, surfeits that he may take physic.

A young fellow who falls in love with a whore, may be said to fall asleep in a hog sty.

A cove-

A covetous rich man may be said to freeze before the fire; and to be a mere dog in a wheel, that toils to roast meat for other men's eating.

Where vice is a state commodity, as in some Popish countries, he his the greatest offender who never offends.

Those are aptest to domineer over others, who, by suffering indignities, have learned to offer them.

The wounds of an ancient enmity leave their scars behind, which seldom are healed so well to the sight, but they lie open to the memory.

It is the wholesomest getting a stomach by walking on one's own ground; and the thriftiest way of assuaging it at another's table.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty; and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humour of those with whom the party converses: True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal; false modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermin'd instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscrib'd by the rules of prudence and religion.

Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance, which is more amiable than beauty. It shews virtue in the fairest light; takes off, in some measure, from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

Cardinal Wolsey, who was the most absolute and wealthy minister of state that England ever had, who seem'd to govern all Europe, as well as the kingdom wherein he liv'd; when he came to the period of his life, left the world with this stinging reflection on his own ill conduct, *Had I been as diligent, said he, to serve my God, as I was to please my King, he would not have abandon'd me thus in my grey hairs.*—

A melancholy reflection for all worldly-minded men, who have the power and means of doing good in the world, and have not resolution enough to do it.

Every virtue gives a man a degree of felicity in some kind; honesty gives him a good report; justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and munificence, universal affection; temperance confers on him health of body;

and fortitude such a quiet and steady mind, as not to be moved whatever happens.

Every state and condition of life, if attended with virtue, is undisturbed, and perfectly delighted.

The madness of love is to be sick of one part, and cur'd by another. The madness of jealousy to seek diligently, yet hope to lose one's labour.

The means of begetting a man has more encreas'd mankind than the end.

Use makes every posture familiar to the body and every opinion to the mind.

The pleasure which coxcombs afford is like that of drinking, only good when 'tis shar'd; and a fool like a bottle, which makes one merry in company, makes one dull alone.

Railing is now grown so common, that 'tis more the fashion than malice: and the absent think they are no more the worse for being rail'd at, than the present think they are the better for being flatter'd.

A woman may appear the greater fortune, but not the greater beauty, for her dress: And as fools are never more provoking than when they are endeavouring at wit, so ugly women are never more nauseous, than when they would be beauties.

A large preface to a short book, is like a large porch to a little house.

A handsome wife and a fine house is a country parson's coat of arms: a tythe capon and a tythe pig are the two supporters.

Five of the most agreeable things on a journey, are money in one's pocket, a good road, a wholesome bed, fine weather, and a kind landlady; if she be handsome too, 'tis so much the better.

We may reasonably compare the gifts of fortune to an ell, which we have no sooner in our hands, but she slips thro' our fingers.

Courage without conduct in a general, is like fancy in a poet without judgment; but how admirable is it when they meet in both.

One speaking of an old-fashioned country house, said, It look'd like Noah's Ark, as if it had been made for the beasts of the field, and fowls of the air.

A man and his wife, said one, are like the sign of the Spread Eagle, one looks one way, and t'other the other.

A painted woman is like a gilded pill; fools admire the former, and children the latter, for the disguise

An insufficient old man, marrying a young wife, is like the vanity of taking a fine house, and yet be forc'd to let lodgings to help to pay the rent.

A rich fool among the wife, is like a gilt empty bowl among the thirsty.

Beauty in a virtuous woman is like the bellows, whose breath is cold, yet makes others burn.

Wit and a woman are two frail things, and both the frailer by concurring.

In a mixt monarchy salaries should not be so great as to make those desire who do not want them.

When salaries run high, and that for little or no service, we ever think nobody deserves but ourselves.

Debauching a member of the house of commons from his principles, and creating him a peer, is not much better than making a woman a whore, and afterwards marrying her.

Men naturally love their princes, as appears by the court made to them in the beginning of their reigns, yet it seldom lasts long, by reason princes often mistake their true interests, and enrich their courtiers at the expence of their people: preferring, as it were, the paroquet and monkey, that are of no solid use to them, to sheep and oxen that cloath them.

A prince, 'tis certain, ought to be religious; but it is absolutely necessary to seem so: for the people will never promise themselves any felicity under him, if they do not think God on his side; and on the contrary, will be apt to impute the disappointments of every year to his want of devotion.

An unquiet life between man and wife lessens both in the esteem of their neighbours.

Beasts of pleasure are seldom beasts of burden; but of the two, a prince had much better make a favourite of his minister, than a minister of his favourite.

Familiarity it is true, may breed contempt, but love is not to be gained without some degree of it.

A prince who parts with his friends to please his enemies, cools the one and inflames the other.

A prince's word ought to be equal to the oath of a private person: he should consider well before he gives it, but no consideration can excuse the breach of it.

When the people press for a new ministry they do not mean a new set, but a new sort of men.

A man ought to be deaf to all insinuations of liberality, 'till he has satisfied the clamours of right and justice.

Want of good laws is a very great defect; but want of due execution of them corrupts the very vitals of government.

What signifies a king's prerogative of chusing officers military and civil, while his courtiers have that of disposing of their places?

A prince who sells his pardons sells the innocent blood of his subjects, and is, in some measure, guilty of shedding of it.

Brains and heads, not powder and perukes, must support a government.

If a courtier be discontented, the worse for him; but when a people is so, the worse for the prince.

If a player undertakes a part above him, he will soon be his'd off the stage; but if a courtier does so, the dignity of the office covers him for a while; yet sooner or later it turns to his disgrace.

Moderate councils are safest both for him who takes and for him who gives them.

Adventures are like leaps in hunting, they bring you into the chace sooner, but may chance to cost you a fall.

Great men care not to converse with any but such as are inferior to them in parts.

A tall tree seems yet taller among shrubs, as some men's friendship shew their contempt.

A man of sense and some fortune, thinks he pays dear enough for an employment, if he parts with his liberty, by giving his honest and diligent attendance; therefore such seldom get into any.

Obstinacy is more a manly fault than too much easiness; the one perhaps is too great a stiffness, but the other is commonly a weakness of mind.

Warlike princes seldom look well into their accounts or expences; they have a superior genius, which makes them leave that groveling part of wisdom to the care and pains of such as may be hir'd for those ends; but nevertheless, faith and honesty are not to be bought.

Tho' the people are not apt to perceive their disease, when shew'd them, yet they seldom fail of finding a remedy.

Dogs know their own physic.

A prince that exalts a favourite, degrades himself.

He

He that procures the benefit will sometimes be thought the benefactor.

That prince who has the love of his subjects may easily satisfy all parties; but courting them is endless.

We are sometimes mistaken for men of pleasure, because, we are not men of business; and not men of business, because we are not men of pleasure: A discreet man finds leisure for both, an inferior genius for neither.

It is a reproach to the nobility and gentry of England, that for the most part men of no birth fight their battles, fill their pulpits, and plead their causes; and also that tradesmen, vintners, and stewards run away with their estates.

An officer should be continu'd in his employment if he does his duty; but great rewards and high preferments are only due to extraordinary services.

One courtier speaks for another; so all of them obtain what none of them deserve.

A king of England, if he pleases, may ride his ministers, and spur them too; otherwise they will be apt to ride him.

When ministers refuse to serve but upon their own terms, they are no longer servants, but masters.

Ministers that are allow'd to put in and out when they please, make themselves friends, but their prince enemies.

A prince had better govern amiss than impotently.

'Twas aptly said, That a courtier out of favour was like a lanthorn without a candle.

A court is many times as heavy in a monarchy, as armies and fleets in a commonwealth; 'tis not so useful, and therefore ought to be retrench'd: Superfluous offices are to be extinguish'd, and the rest lessen'd.

It is harder to find an *honest* man than an *able* one; business, which improves the one, corrupts the other.

Men as well as women are debauch'd by opportunity.

Men should be employed in what they are fit for: A good coachman should not be made your cook, only because it is a better place, and he has a mind for it.

An English discontent is like a dog shut out of doors in a cold night, who only howls to be let in.

A dull fellow is presum'd sincere; a man that knows tricks is thought to use them; so that we are upon our guard with the one, and lie open to other.

When a wife man seems covetous, 'tis not that he loves money

money more, but that he values the world and mankind less,

Tho' the dead may not be concern'd in what happens after them, the dying are, and ought to be; 'tis a debt charg'd upon them, which in honour and conscience they ought to pay to their posterity.

Much reading begets more doubts than it clears.

Learning makes a good man better, an ill one worse.

The world grows older, but not wiser; women and parliaments still trust the same sort of men who have constantly deceiv'd them.

Not this, or that man, but mankind in general is the rogue: He that makes the exception does it at his own peril.

To undertake for what is not in our power to perform, is to mortgage an entail'd estate, which is downright knavery in a private person.

'Tis great impotence in a prince not to be able to keep his word: Not to be willing is somewhat worse.

War is a calamity, for which there is no comfort, but that it is as bad for one side as the other.

The defensive weapons of peace ought to be first try'd, such as embassies and treaties, in order to a reconciliation.

If war must ensue, let it be rather a raging than a hectic fever.

The Romans and other heroes of antiquity made war by wholesale; they conquer'd kingdoms; we by retail: Four or five battles won, some on one side some on the other; three or four towns taken, ten years war, fifty millions paid and to pay on both sides, and you are welcome gentlemen to a very indifferent, and perhaps a short, peace.

We should not measure men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.

Honour and honesty are profess'd every where, yet are very scarce to be found.

A prince should never employ a man who has no reputation to lose. He brings nothing into his service, and cares not what he carries out.

If a man walks lame he is pity'd; if he dances lame he is laugh'd at; The one is unavoidable, the other is not.

The man who fears neither horse, foot, nor cannon, will never stand in awe of pen, ink, and paper.

He who writes one book out of an hundred, may be rather said to be a collector than an author; and flourishes like Covent-Garden market, with fruit, not growing, but withering upon hand.

No man knows himself. Phalaris did not think he was a tyrant, nor Julius Cæsar reckon himself an usurper.

Pride, insolence, and arrogance, are the bladders that keep men above water.

Modesty is a kind of fear that sinks a good man to the bottom.

There are tyrants in conversation as well as on the throne; and are oftentimes not men of half the merit of those they insult.

Machiavel calls all princes weak who are not warlike; Solomon not excepted.

Greater things might, and would be done, where we not so severe upon miscarriages:

A Roman consul had the thanks of the senate, tho' he was beaten, that he did not despair; when if we lose one ship we are presently for changing the admiral.

Old men say they are weary of the world, but the world is first weary of them.

A moderate man may be a friend to his country, when the furious and violent are generally factious.

Fancy and wisdom seldom go together; nor are they fruits for the same soil or season.

A sublime fancy may, by age and experience, cool into wisdom: Out of such the great men of the world have been ever form'd.

The diseases of wisdom are covetousness and ambition, those of fancy are lewdness and luxury; the former injure the world, the latter only the person that is infected with them.

The great vulgar are more to be despis'd than the small. The one brutually neglect learning, the other want means to obtain it.

Such as best deserve friends are least industrious in procuring them.

There are few great men who have not sacrificed in the temple of the Muses: King David wrote his *Psalms*; Julius Cæsar a poem in praise of Hercules; Augustus Cæsar his Ajax; Seneca his tragedies; our Oliver Cromwell made an *extempore distich*, when he dissolv'd the long parliament, which for its oddness I set down,

Magna

Magna Charta.

Magna Farta.

The law of God is but the law of reason reveal'd, and establish'd under those high rewards and punishments of heaven and hell.

A woman had rather lose her gallant at Tyburn, than to a rival.

The reason why women have a greater share in the government of France, than they have in that of England, because France is a government of men, and England a government of laws; the former they know how to manage, the latter they are not bred to understand.

Witty men commit the most fatal errors, as the strongest horses make the most dangerous stumbles.

A moderate genius goes fair and softly, and advances slowly, but more certainly to a design.

Men are commonly cheated when they first enter upon play; and women in the first intrigue.

He who speaks against religion deserves to be torn in pieces by the mob whom he endeavours to unchain.

The clergy should let fall some of their hypocrisy, and the gentry should take it up, that they may think the better of one another.

Fear may keep a man out of danger, but courage only can support him in it.

Orders and professions ought not to entrench upon each other, lest in time they make a confusion among themselves.

The temper of the mind is no more in our power, than the health of the body; and we can't ensure ourselves from being angry to-morrow, any more than from having a fit of the cholic.

A gentleman is judg'd by his company; a workman by his tools: and a prince by his ministers.

Men venerate ancient virtue, and envy the present; while we look upon 'm thro' such different glasses, the former must carry it.

If a man be powerful, 'tis ten to one if I be the better for him; if he be agreeable, 'tis the same odds but I am; yet the one is courted, the other is not.

Men are wanting to opportunity, but opportunity to more.

There

There is never a day passes wherein a man may not be made miserable ; yet there is no day in which he is not proud, intolent, and conceited.

The good opinion we have of ourselves is the foundation of what we have of others.

It is pity that the justice of a man's cause cannot always carry it against the subtlety of his adversary's council.

The fair sex would be an agreeable amusement to mankind, if they did not make so deep an impression.

No man has a particular fault, which he does not think he finds in all mankind.

Reasons of state are so very intricate, that a good minister can hardly be a good man.

Interest, that makes some men blind, makes others very sharp sighted.

The affability of some great men is to make us believe, that their goodness is greater than their fortune.

The artful doing of an indifferent thing sometimes gains a person as much reputation as true merit.

'Tis not always courage that makes a man fight, nor chastity that keeps women from being whores.

A young wench oftentimes loves a chargeable bully better than a kind keeper.

Some men have been thought brave, because in the heart of the battle they were afraid to run away.

Most men are shock'd when any one is very much commended. We think every body flatter'd but ourselves.

Reputation is a greater tie upon women than nature, or they would not commit murder to prevent infamy.

There is a great deal of hypocrisy in sick men ; the convulsions of their eyes, and contorsions of their faces, are not always an effect of pain ; they speak low to make us believe them faint ; they sigh and shriek out to force our compassion, then suddenly recollect themselves to a calm ; By all the grimaces of pain they would prepossess us of the greatest of their sufferings, and by their resignation persuade us of their piety.

When a woman has granted one thing, she can afterwards deny nothing.

An unexpected turn of affairs has frequently given a lustre to an indifferent statesman.

The satisfaction we take in a friend's good fortune, is not from a principle of good nature but interest ; we expect

ped to rise in our turns, or to be the better for them that are risen.

'Tis easier to ridicule than command; a very little understanding serves for the first, but a man must have a good deal of judgment to do the latter properly.

Nothing makes us so easy in the unequal distribution of the goods of fortune, as the opinion we have of our own desert.

It was not probity made the philosophers contemn riches, but their vanity turned their despair into a seeming virtue.

We ought not to flatter ourselves, that we please in all things, since it would be sufficient if we cou'd please in some.

A critic, in the modern acceptation, rarely rises in the world; his profession keeps him under, when a candid judge of things gains every body's esteem.

Either decline being trusted with a secret, or endeavour to render yourself capable of keeping it.

Courage is not always *innate*; and a man may learn to be brave, as well as to exercise a battalion.

Jealously is a pardonable passion; it is only a desire of keeping what is our own, or what at least, we think so.

If we had not faults of our own, we should not be so glad to observe them in other people.

Some persons preach and pray themselves into religion, as Hobbes disputed himself out of it.

The lives of the clergy second their doctrines so ill that they make atheists of those that might prove honourable converts.

The Papists would fain have the doctrines of the Protestants thought new inventions. One ask'd a Protestant, *Where his religion was before the time of Luther?* Did you wash your face this morning, reply'd he? Yes, answer'd the other. *Then where was your face,* cry'd the other, *before it was wash'd!*

Love is easier to counterfeit than conceal; yet if women did not flatter themselves, we could not so much impose on them.

It is the nature of the creature makes the honeyfuckle poison to the spider, and not to the bee.

A prince's negligence or fear, or sometimes a word from a favourite, or importunity from somebody else, makes a
pardon

pardon pass for an act of mercy, when his clemency had nothing to do in it.

To be often in love shews levity of mind, but to be never so, stupidity.

He that forswears being in love, proclaims himself a fool.

He who marries for an estate is happier than he expected, if he meets with a good wife.

Matrimony is not so heavy a yoke as batchelors pretend, nor so easy as the husbands give out; yet would be a much more happy state than it is generally found, if it were enter'd upon as it ought,

Who thinks woman has no merit but her money, ought to be a cuckold.

A violent passion hardly ever brought two together but it made them miserable.

Many great actions owe success to chance, tho' the general and statesman run away with the applause.

To have neither merit nor fortune, is the greatest unhappiness that can befall a man; but the gift of either recompenses the want of one.

He that affects always shewing his wit, seldom fails of letting the world know he has little or none.

The only way to be reveng'd on a person that talks too much, is not to give him the hearing.

Some people would please more in conversation, if they did not endeavour to tell all in a moment that they had been learning many years.

Always apprehend the visits of those whose memories or pockets may furnish them with means to disturb you.

Pride does not become a rich man; but it is insupportable in a poor one.

A woman's chastity is not to be endur'd, when she expects an uncontrollable liberty as the reward of it.

A woman's virtue is commendable, provided she does not value herself too much upon it.

A reasonable gradation of employments and dignities is equally honourable to both prince and people; But to have mushrooms of state in a day's time over-top even the cedars, is monstrous, as well as invidious.

There is no woman but will be civil to her husband when she has a mind to conceal her love from him.

What ridiculous œconomy is there between a rampant wife and a couchant husband.

Widows

Widows shed the more tears out of hopes of encouraging another husband to exert the same favour.

A gamester's goods are so often in the broker's hands, that they, in a manner become proprietors of them.

Women are the first that are possess'd of an opinion of their own beauty, and the last that quit it.

Gaming is only fit for those that have great estates, or those who have none.

If women could be persuaded that nothing but knowledge can entitle them to talk, they would blush with shame at being for ever oblig'd to hold their tongues.

A man that is capable of other things, seldom understands play; for what incapacitates him for that, makes others good gamesters.

Some have more regard to the floridness of a preacher, than the matter he handles: Thus we value the beauty of a flower beyond its medicinal virtues.

Some men read polemic divinity, not to confirm them in their own religion, but to out-talk those of another.

Courting virtue for her own sake, was but a haughty dogma of the Stoicks to conceal their hypocrisy.

The most considerable advantage a rich man has, is, that he may more safely transgress the law, because he has wherewithal to bribe the Judges.

There is a great deal of difference between dying and talking of death.

Many men's virtues seem calculated for their present stations; if they are exalted, they are disgrac'd like pictures that hang in a wrong light.

Continual shifting of officers is the ruin of affairs; by that time they have learn'd to be serviceable, their commissions must expire.

A traitor that impeaches is twice a villain; yet we see some dignified, all rewarded, while men of real good service want bread.

The thoughts of freedom make people easy in a republic, tho' they suffer more than under an arbitrary monarch.

He that would rise at court must have a large throat to swallow indignities, and a good strong stomach to digest them afterwards.

He that carries merit to court will quickly be crowded out of the ring.

Why

Why should we wonder that Commodus is exalted, since scum will be always upermost as well as cream.

Every one desires a friend, and yet very few can suffer friendship. To tell a man his failings does not reform him, but incur his hatred, and it may be, bring you to a duel.

He that is truly great will never be proud; as always the most generous wine carry the least head.

A great army in the time of peace may be thought too expensive; but a small one in time of war may prove a dangerous parsimony.

Old folk love young bedfellows, not so much out of tenderness as policy: 'Tis a sort of applying pigeons to their feet; it gives a vital warmth to decaying nature.

Taking up money at interest, is like drinking in a fever; it may gratify the palate a little, but generally does a great deal of mischief to the patient.

Where the means of growing rich are not visible, the person's integrity will be suspected who has heap'd up too much wealth:

Some men are so over-cautious, that they will hazard nothing; but a true sportsman will hook a gudgeon to catch a jack.

He who desires to live merely for living's sake, has not a worthy notion of his being: He only puts a right value upon life, who desires it barely that he may do good.

We may more reasonably expect great actions from those that fight for safety, than those that contend for dominion. This is evident by the battles of Thermopyæ, Salamis, Platea, and Mycale; in all which Xerxes always lost more men than he attack'd.

'Tis much more honourable to govern than to conquer; as a wise head is better than a strong arm.

'Tis not chastity to be insensible of youth and beauty; nor sobriety not to love wine; 'Tis the not abusing the creatures that is a virtue, not the omitting the use of them.

The affectation of the Stoicks made virtue seem very severe; they frighten'd many from the practice of it, to enhance their own characters.

Duels are the effects either of want of good sense, a peevish courage, or the insufficiency of the laws; and therefore are a reflection upon the government, and no honour to the parties that engage in them.

When our actions run counter to our pretensions, we find

find out different terms for the same fact; so think to evade the scandal of falshood and hypocrisy, Cromwell who set, up for liberty and a free people, would not be king yet would be a Protector, but that not without the ragalia.

Virtue in retirement and obscurity, is like a coal under the ashes, waisting away itself, and profiting no-body.

Patience under misfortunes, is like opiates in a fever, tossing and tumbling only irritate the dislemper.

Continual apologies for every thing at table are a thousand times more troublesome than the faults they would excuse.

He that is in the wrong oftentimes deserves our pity; but he that is unwilling to be in the right, should have nothing but our contempt.

He that judges of virtue by success, will do honour to a great many knaves.

Every little club thinks wit confin'd to it, as every small sect to monopolize salvation.

Many that carry the liberty of the people highest, serve them as they do trouts, tickle them till they catch them.

A moderate degree of pride has this advantage, that it prepossesses several in our favor, while the bashful are too often thought to deserve nothing.

Silence may hide folly, as a vizard does an ill face, but then it is but for a time.

The best jewellers use the least silver, and he that will set his thoughts to advantage, must not over-load them with words.

Compliments and ceremonies were invented to conceal the hatred which men naturally bear to one another.

Meddle with your match is a saying among boys, a rule of honour among men, and a wise one among princes.

He that takes up arms against his prince, can never lay them down with safety: 't is equally folly for the one to expect a pardon, and the other to grant it.

A prince that turns out his ministers upon every complaint of the people, will not have a capable, on an honest man long about him.

Great men are like wolves, we must not strike at them, unless we are secure of our blow; for if we miss they will be sure to tear us to pieces.

A prudent and discreet silence will be oftentimes of advantage to a man: We often repent what we have said; but seldom repent that we have held our tongue.

Examples

Examples make a greater impression upon us than precepts: The sight of Sir Edward B——h running after a coach for six-pence, will sooner reclaim a prodigal than a sermon.

A change is not always for the best. We have sometimes seen the ministry discarded, and a new set of men brought in their room ten times worse than their predecessors; like the devil in the Gospel, that left the possess'd man's body, and came afterwards seventy strong.

All parties blame persecution when they feel the smart on't, and all practise it when they have the rod in their hands. For all his pretended meekness, Calvin made roast meat of Servetus at Geneva, for his unorthodoxy.

When Moliere's *Tartuff* was acted in France, all the churchmen complain'd of it. The *Festin de Saint Pierre*, tho' a lewd beastly piece, went down without the least wry face. At so much an easier rate may a man expose religion, than hypocrisy!

It is very much to be question'd, whether Mr. Collier would have condescended to lash the vices of the stage, if the poets had not been guilty of the abominable sin of making familiar now and then with the backslidings of the cassock.

Affiduity is one of the best qualities in a courtier to recommend him to his master. As prince Maurice was once at dinner, in came a huge mastiff, and took sanctuary under the table. The pages beat him out of the room, and kick'd him, but for all that monsieur Le Chien came punctually at the same hour next day, and so continu'd his visits, tho' they still continu'd the same treatment to him. At last the prince order'd them to beat him no more, and made much of him. From that time the mastiff commenc'd a perfect courtier, follow'd the prince wherever he went, lay all night at his chamber door, ran by his coach-side as duly as one of his lacqueys; in short, so insinuated himself into his master's favour, that when he died he settled a pension upon him for life.

'Tis a sign of the last necessity in another when he is forc'd to steal from himself. 'Tis worse than robbing the spital.

Mr. Shadwell, in one of his plays, is so honest as to own that had stole a few hints out of a French comedy, but pretends it was rather out of laziness than want. This confession, instead of mending matters, would have hang'd him

him at the Old Bailey, and why it should save him in Parnassus I can't tell.

Melissa looks as demure as a nun, goes twice a day to church, abhors the play house and players, has always a catalogue of Lent preachers by heart, rails at patches and large hoops, and yet is a fury incarnate in a corner. I went to pay Melissa a sum, says a gentleman, last night, and she was so fond of my money, that I thought in my conscience she would have run away with my purse.

He who makes a jest of the frailties of nature, upbraids the God of nature.

Such persons as are in haste to shew their wit, lose the grace of it, and offend in conversation, as importunate beggars do while they hang about your coach.

E P I G R A M S.

A RECEIPT to make an EPIGRAM.

By the Right Hon. the late Lord Hervey.

A Pleasing subject first with care provide :
 Your matter must with nature be supply'd ;
 Nervous your diction, be your measure long.
 Nor fear your verse too stiff if sense be strong :
 In proper places proper numbers use,
 And now the quicker, now the slower chuse ;
 Too soon the dactyl the performance ends,
 But the slower spondee coming thoughts suspends ;
 Your last attention on the string bestow,
 To that your good or ill success you'll owe ;
 For there not wit alone must shine, but humour flow. }
 Observing these your Epigram's completed ;
 Nor fear 'twill tire, tho' seven times repeated.

On MILTON. By Mr. DRYDEN.

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn ;
 The first in loftiness of thought surpass ;
 The next in majesty ; in both the last,
 The force of nature could no farther go ;
 To make a third, she join'd the former two.

To a Lady who was against the Quakers Bill.

AT Quakers, dear Eusebia, why so wrath?
Just the same principles direct you both:
Just the same practice, (and you'll ne'er forsake it)
Never to give the thing, but let us take it.

On MAIDS.

MOST maids resemble Eve, now in their lives,
Who are no sooner women, but they're wives.

*On Quin's comparing Garrick to Whitefield, and saying,
that the people that were madding it after him, would re-
turn to the old curch (meaning himself.) By G—ck.*

POPE Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
Complains that heresy misleads the town,
That Whitefield-Garrick does corrupt the age,
And taints the sound religion of the stage.
—Thou great infallible! forbear to roar;
Thy bulls and errors are rever'd no more:
Where doctrines meet with gen'ral approbation,
It is not heresy but reformation.

*SUSANNAH and the Two ELDERS. By
Mr. Cobb.*

WHEN fair Susannah, in a cool retreat
Of shady arbors, shunn'd the sultry heat,
Two wanton lechers to her garden came,
And, rushing furious, seiz'd the trembling dame,
What female strength could do, her arms perform,
And guarded well the fort they strove to storm,
The story's antient, and (if rightly told)
Young was the lady. but the lovers old.
Had the reverse been true! had authors sung,
How that the dame was old, the lovers young,
If she had then the blooming pair deny'd,
With tempting youth and vigour on their side,
Lord! how the story would have shock'd my creed!
For that had been a miracle indeed.

On Miss Biddy Floyd. By Dean Swift.

WHEN Cupid did his grandfire Jove intreat,
To form some beauty by a new receipt;

G

Jove

Jove sent and found, far in a country scene,
 Truth, innocence, good-nature, looks serene;
 From which ingredients first the dextrous boy
 Pick'd the demure, the aukward, and the coy:
 The graces from the court did next provide
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
 These Venus cleans'd from every spurious grain
 Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain:
 Jove mix'd up all; and his best clay employ'd,
 Then call'd the happy composition, Floyd.

On the Grave-Stone of a Blacksmith, buried in Chester Church-Yard.

MY sledge and hammer lie reclin'd,
 My bellows too have lost their wind;
 My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
 And in the dust my vice is laid;
 My coal is spent, my iron's gone,
 My nails are drove, my work is done,
 My fire-dry'd corpse lies here at rest.
 My soul, smoak like, is soaring to be blest.

*On a monument intended to be erected for Mr. Rowe, by his widow. Written before Mr. Dryden's was set up.
 By Mr. Pope.*

THY reliques, Rowe, to this fair shrine we trust,
 And, sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust.
 Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
 To which thy tomb shall gain enquiring eyes:
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest,
 Blest in the genius, in thy love too blest;
 One greatful woman to thy fame supply'd
 What a whole thankless land to his deny'd.

On the late Lord H——y. By the late E. of C——d.

NATURE, whilst He——y's clay was blending,
 Uncertain what the thing would end in,
 Whether a female, or a male.
 A Pin dropt in, and turn'd the scale,

On Giles Jacob, the Poet, By the late Dr. Sewell.

PARENT of dullness! genuine son of night!
 Total eclipse! without one ray of light:
 Born when dull midnight bells for fun'ral chime,
 Just at the closing of the bellman's rhyme.

The Scotch Weather-Wife.

SCOTLAND, thy weather's like a modish wife;
 Thy winds and rains maintain perpetual strife;
 So termagant, a while, her thunder hies;

And when she can no longer scold — she cries.

WHILE bunters attending the Archbishop's door,
 Accosted each other with cheat, bitch, and whore,
 I noted the drabs, and considering the place,
 Concluded 'twas plain that they wanted *his grace*.

By Dean Swift.

AS Thoms was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
 He took to his heels and ran for his life:
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squable,
 And skreen'd him at once from the shrew and the rable;
 Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice:
 But Tom is a fellow of humour so nice,
 Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warning,
 He sent to all three a challenge next morning:
 He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his life,
 Then went home again, and was thrash'd by his wife.

On Crassus, a covetous Person. By the late Mr. Amhurst.

UNFORM'D in nature's shop while Crassus lay,
 A cumb'rous heap of coarse neglected clay,
 Pray madam, says the foreman of the trade,
 What of yon paltry rubbish must be made?
 For it's too gross, said he, and unrefin'd,
 To be the carcase of a thinking mind;
 Then its too lumpish, and too stiff to make
 A fop, a beau, a whittling, or a rake;
 Nor is it for a lady's footman fit,
 For ladies footmen must have sense and wit;
 A warrior must be vigilant and bold,
 And therefore claims a brisk and active mould;
 A statesman must be skill'd in various arts;
 A mistress must have charms, a pimp have parts;
 A lawyer without craft will get no fees;
 This matter, therefore, will make none of these;
 In short, I plainly think it good for nought.
 But, madam, I desire your better thought.
 Why, Tom, said she, in a disdainful tone,
 Amongst the sweepings let it then bethr own.

Or make——a parson of the useles stuff,
'Twill serve a preaching blockhead well enough.

On one Humphry Briggs, who had three wives.

HERE lies Sarah, Mary, and Elizabeth Briggs,
And Humphry their husband who humm'd all their
giggs.

MENS MULIEBRIS.

NATURE to all does kind provision make,
And what men want in head they have in back;
Then who can disapprove the fair one's rules,
Who talk with men of sense, but kifs with fools?

Translated from Buchanan.

Beginning, Pauper eram juvenis, &c.

POOOR, when in youth, now worn with feeble age
I'm rich; but wretched still in either stage;
When wealth I could enjoy I then had none;
Now plenty's come all power of use is gone.

One thing needful.

T——R, a priest of modern date,
(Our modern priests are short and fat,)
Perch'd in the pulpit, gravely cries,
Young men and maidens, great and small,
There's * *One thing needful for you all:*
And he the virgin's wants supplies.

On a company of bad dancers to good music. By Mr. Budgell.

HOW ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

The Lover's Legacy.

UNHAPPY Strephon, dead and cold,
His heart was from his bosom rent,
Embalm'd, and in a box of gold,
To his beloved Kitty sent.
Some ladies might, perhaps, have fainted,
But Kitty smil'd upon the bauble;
A pin-cushion, said she, I wanted,
Go put it on the dressing-table.

* *Alluding to his text.*

The

The Lucky Man. By Mr. Welsted.

I OWE, says Metius, much to Colon's care ;
Once only seen he chose me for his heir :
True, Metius ; hence your fortunes take their rise ;
His heir you were not, had he seen you twice.

*On Ben Johnson's bust set up in Westminster-Abbey, with
the buttons on the wrong side of his coat. By the late Rev.
Mr. Samuel Wesley.*

O Rare Ben Johnson ! What, a turn-coat grown !
Thou ne'er wert such, 'till thou wert clad in stone.
When time thy coat, thy only coat, impairs,
Thou'lt find a patron in a hundred years :
Then let not this mistake disturb thy sprite,
Another age shall set thy buttons right.

*Written in the leaves of a fan. By Dr. Atterbury, late
Bishop of Rochester.*

F LAVIA the least and slightest toy,
Can with resistless art employ ;
This fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love ;
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told or fairly seen,
Directs its wanton motion so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow ;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast a flame.

Writ in Miss F——'s Pew at I—— Church.

W ITH awe, with pleasure, and surprize,
I view the lightning of your eyes ;
Lightning that wounds me as it flies.

What prayer ! what vow ! to Heav'n can go ?
For all devotion you subdue ;
At least, 'tis all transferr'd to you.

In vain is human strength, its boasted art,
While you sit here, you share my vows in part ;
To * Y—— I give my ears, to you my eyes and heart.

* *The Minister.*

To Mr. T——d, on his complimenting Mr. F——de, on his Poetry.

F——de writes well, you say : suppose it true,
You pawn your word for him ;——he'll vouch for
you ;

So two poor knaves, when once their credit fail,
To cheat the world become each other's bail.

On a handsome Woman, with a fine voice, but very covetous and proud.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts, and their Orpheus along ;
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have dy'd :

On a Papist's praying to the Statue of a Saint. From Buchanan.

WHEN you before an image kneeling down,
Cry with grave face, *Our Father*, to the stone :
Forgive me if I say you seem to me,
More senseless than the thing to which you pray ;
As you yourself by this expression own,
For he's a block, whose father is——a stone.

To the Papists and Quakers.

THEY in an unknown tongue their prayers do say :
Ye in an unknown sense your prayers convey.
Betwixt ye both this difference must ensue :
Fools understand not them, nor wise men you.

Venus mistaken. By Mr. Prior.

WHEN Chloe's picture was to Venus shewn,
Surpriz'd the goddess took it for her own ;
And what, said she, does this bold painter mean ?
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen ?
Pleas'd, Cupid heard and check'd his mother's pride ;
And who's blind now mamma ? the urchin cry'd.
'Tis Chloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast,
Friend Howard's genius fancied all the rest.

Epitaph

Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt's Tomb. By Mr. Pope.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near.
 Here lies the *friend* most wept, the *son* most dear.
 Who ne'er knew *joy* but friendship might divide,
 Nor gave his father *grief*——but when he dy'd.
 How vain is reason; eloquence how weak!
 When Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
 Yet let thy once lov'd friend inscribe the stone,
 And with a father's sorrow mix his own.
 Ah, no! 'tis vain to strive——it will not be;
 No grief that can be told is felt for *thee*.

Prometheus ill painted. By Mr. Cowley.

HOW wretched does Prometheus' state appear,
 Whilst he his second mis'ry suffers here.
 Draw him no more, lest, as he tortur'd stands,
 He blame great Jove's less than the painter's hands.
 It would the vulture's cruelty outgo,
 If once again his liver thus should grow.
 Pity him, Jove, and his bold theft allow;
 The flames he once stole from thee grant him now.

On a Lady who pretended to tell fortunes. By Mr. Mottley.

SOME oracles of old, to cause more wonder,
 Were, when pronounc'd, accompany'd with thunder:
 But thy predictions come not in a storm,
 They are deliver'd by the brightest form:
 If when you speak, Jove does not pierce the sky,
 Yet still you've all his lightning in your eye.

E P I T A P H.

HERE lies a lady, who, if not bely'd,
 Took wise St. Paul's advice, and all things try'd;
 Nor stop she here; but follow'd thro' the rest,
 And always stuck the longest to the best.

The Cure of Love.

WHEN, Chloe, I confess my pain;
 In gentle words your pity shew,
 But gentle words are all in vain,
 Such gales my flame but higher blow:

Ah, Chloe, would you cure the smart
Your conqu'ring eyes have keenly made,
Yourself upon my bleeding heart,
Yourself fair Chloe, must be laid.

Thus for the viper's sting we know,
No surer remedy is found,
Than to apply the tort'ring foe,
And squeeze his venom on the wound.

Epitaph on an unknown person.

Without a name, for ever senseless, dumb,
Dust, ashes, nought else, lies within this tomb,
Where'er I liv'd, or dy'd, it matters not ;
To whom related, or by whom begot ;
I was, but am not, ask no more of me ;
It's all I am, and all that thou shalt be.

In a window of a room in the Tower of London is wrote,
R. Walpole, 1712.

Underneath that are the following lines.

GOOD unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene :
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again.
And fall so hard, they bound to rise again.

Lansdown, Sept. 24, 1716.

The disappointed Husband.

Mulieri nē crede, ne mortuæ quidem.

A Scolding wife so long a sleep possess'd,
Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest.
Sable was call'd to hang the room in black ;
And all their cheer was fugar rolls and sack.
Two mourning staffs stood centry at the door ;
And silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They march'd in woeful pomp to Abchurch-Yard ;
When see of narrow streets what mischiefs come !
The very dead can't pass in quiet home :
By some rude jolt, the coffin lid was broke,
And madam from her dream of death awoke.

Now

Now all was spoil'd: the undertaker's pay,
 Sour faces, cakes, and wine, quite thrown away.
 But some years after, when the former scene
 Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,
 The tender husband took especial care,
 To keep the passage from disturbance clear,
 Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
 Nor put his dear in such another fright.

AMONG the fair that Hyde-park Circus grace,
 Canidia seeks admirers of her face:
 In vain her airs, her wanton arts she tries,
 Among those beauties that engage all eyes:
 Bright rays, like diamonds, they around 'em fling,
 Whilst she is but the cypher of the ring.

The Artist. By Mr. Concanen.

VERY nicely thou lay'st on thy colours, dear Nan,
 And no painter in skill can o'er-top ye;
 When to Ellys you sat, he dully brush'd on,
 'Till he thought he had an original drawn,
 Which you prov'd to be only a copy.

*To Chloe. From Martial, Book III. Epig. liii. By Mr.
 Mottley.*

THY eyes and eyebrows I could spare;
 Nor for thy nose do I much care;
 I could dispense too with thy teeth;
 And with thy lips, and with thy breath,
 And with thy breast, and with thy belly,
 And with that which I wont tell ye;
 And, to be short—hark, in thy ear.
 Faith I could spare thee All, my dear.

Epitaph on a talkative old Maid.

BENEATH this silent stone is laid
 A noisy antiquated maid,
 Who, from her cradle, talk'd till death,
 And ne'er before was out of breath.
 Whither she's gone we cannot tell,
 For if she talks not she's in hell:
 If she's in heaven she's the re unblest;
 Because she hates a place of rest.

THAIſ, her teeth are black and nought,
 Lucania's white are grown;
 But what's the reaſon? theſe are bought,
 The other wears her own.

A Dialogue between two very bad Poets. By Mr. Concanen

SAYS Richard * to Joe † thou'rt a very ſad dog,
 And thou can'ſt write verſes no more than a log;
 Says Joſeph to Dick, prithee ring-rhime get hence,
 Sure my verſe, at leaſt, is as good as thy ſenſe.
 Was e'er ſuch a conteſt recorded in ſong;
 The one's in the right, and t'others not wrong.

On a Robbery.

RIDWAY robb'd Duncote of three hundred pounds;
 Ridway was taken and condemn'd to die:
 But for his money was a courtier found,
 Begg'd Ridway's pardon: Duncote now doth cry
 Robb'd both of money and the law's relief,
 The courtier is become the greater thief.

On the late Sally Salisbury.

HERE flat on her back, but unactive at laſt,
 Poor Sally lies under grim death;
 Thro' the courſe of her vices ſhe gallop'd ſo faſt,
 No wonder ſhe's now out of breath.
 To the goal of her pleaſure ſhe drove very hard,
 But was trip'd up e'er half way ſhe ran;
 Tho' every one fancied her life was a yard,
 Yet it prov'd to be leſs than a ſpan.

A SIMILE.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd: we play
 A round or two; when uſed, we throw away,
 Take a freſh pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
 Who cuts and ſhuffles with the dirty leaving,

On Suicide: from Martial. By Mr. Sewell.

WHEN all the blandiſhments of life are gone,
 The coward creeps to death, the brave lives on.

* Savage.

† Mitchel.

To a Painter drawing a Lady's Picture. By Mr. Dennis.

HE * who great Jove's artillery ap'd so well,
By real thunder and true lightning fell;
How then durst thou, with equal danger try
To counterfeit the lightning of her eye?
Painter, desist; or soon th'event will prove,
That Love's as jealous of his arms as Jove.

On a Flower painted by Varelst. By Mr. Prior:

WHEN fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
And finishing the piece, she smiling said,
Behold one work of mine which ne'er shall fade.

The C H O I C E.

TOO conscious of her worth, a noble maid,
Baulk'd many a lover, and her mind out-stray'd,
While yet a peer, less doubting than the rest,
Defy'd her coldness, and attack'd her breast.
A spaniel whelp, and spaniel lord declare
Their vows to serve, and hope to please the fair;
The cautious nymph, still fearing a trapan,
Their fortune, wit, and worth, did nicely scan;
Then, as the reason of the case is clear,
Embrac'd the puppy, and dismiss'd the peer.

On a certain Writer.

HALF of your book is to an index grown;
You give your book contents, your readers none.

*Wrote on the door of the Angel Inn, on the road to Newmarket;
which was kept by two sisters, but just then shut up, and the
sign taken down.*

CHRISTIAN and Grace
Liv'd in this place,
An Angel kept the door,
But Christian's dead,
The Angel's fled,
And Grace is turn'd a whore.

* Salmoneus.

An Epitaph on little Stephen, a noted fiddler in the county of Suffolk.

STEPHEN and *Time*
Are now both even;
Stephen beat *Time*,
Now *Time* beats Stephen.

On a Lady who was very handsome and very kind.

CHLOE's the wonder of her sex,
'Tis well her heart is tender:
How might such killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!
But nature, graciously inclin'd,
Not bent to vex, but please us,
Has to her boundless beauty join'd
A boundless will to ease us.

On a certain Poet.

THY verses are eternal, O my friend!
For he who reads them, reads them to no end.

On Giles and Joan.

WHO says that Giles and Joan at discord be,
Th' observing neighbours no such mode can see;
Indeed poor Giles repents he marry'd ever,
But that his Joan doth too: And Giles would never,
By his free will, be in Joan's company;
No more would Joan he should: Giles riseth early,
And having got him out of doors is glad;
The like is Joan: But turning home is sad;
And so is Joan: Oft-times when Giles doth find
Harsh sights at home, Giles wishes he were blind;
All this doth Joan: Or, that his long earn'd-life
Were quite out-spun; the like with hath his wife:
The children that he keeps Giles swears are none
Of his begetting; and so swears his Joan.
In all affections he concurrereth still;
If now with man and wife to will and nill
The self same things, a note of concord be,
Know no couple better can agree.

On seeing a Miser at Spring Gardens.

MUSIC has charms to sooth the savage breast,
To calm the tyrant, and relieve th'oppress'd:
But Vauxhall's concert's more attracting pow'r,
Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at threescore:
Oh! strange effect of music's matchless force,
T' attract a shilling from a miser's purse!

To a Sempstress.

OH, what bosom but must yield,
When, like Pallas, you advance,
With a thimble for your shield,
And a needle for your lance:
Fairest of the stitching train,
Ease my passion by your art;
And in pity to my pain,
Mend the hole that's in my art.

*A Distich, written under the sign of the King's Head and Bell
in Dublin, at the host's request. By Dean Swift.*

MAY the king live long;
Dong, ding, ding, dong.

To a Lady who had very bad teeth.

OVID, who bids the ladies laugh,
Spoke only to the young and fair;
For thee his council were not safe,
Who of sound teeth have scarce a pair.
If thou the glass, or me believe,
Shun mirth, as foplings do the wind:
At Cibber's face affect to grieve,
And let thy eyes alone be kind.
Speak not, tho' 'twere to give consent,
For he that sees those rotten bones,
Will dread their monumental scent,
And fly your sighs, like dying groans.
If thou art wise see dismal plays,
And to sad stories lend an ear;
With the afflicted spend thy days,
And laugh not above once a year.

A cure

A Cure for Love.

OF two reliefs to cure a love-sick mind,
 Flavia prescribes despair: I urge, be kind:
 Flavia be kind: The remedy's as sure;
 'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest cure

Epitaph on his Wife.

HERE lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,
 But dead as any door-nail, God be thanked.

On Mary Creswell.

UNDERneath this stone lies one,
 Whom many times I've lain upon;
 I've kiss'd her sitting, standing, lying,
 When she rises again, have at her flying.

On an old Maid's Marriage.

CELIA, a coquet in her prime,
 The vainest ficklest thing alive;
 Behold the strange effects of time!
 Marries and doats at forty-five.
 Thus weathercocks, who for a-while
 Have turn'd about with every blast,
 Grown old, and destitute of oil,
 Rust to a point, and fix at last.

Under the picture of a Beau.

THIS vain thing set up for a man,
 But see what fate attends him;
 The powd'ring barber first began,
 The barber-surgeon ends him.

On a gentleman drinking the Health of an unkind mistress.

WHY dost thou wish that she may live,
 Whose living beauties make thee grieve:
 Thou would'st more wisely wish her kind,
 That she may change her cruel mind;
 Thy present wish but *this* can gain,
 That she may *live* and thou *complain*.

On a prize-Fighter.

HIS thrusts like lightning flew, yet subtle death
 Parried them all, and beat him out of breath.

The Penance.

WHEN Phillis confess'd the father was rash,
 And so, without further reflection,
 Her delicate skin he condemn'd to the lash,
 While himself would bestow the correction :
 Her husband, who heard this, oppos'd it by urging,
 That he, in regard to her weakness,
 And to save her soft back, would himself bear the scourging,
 With humble submission and meekness.
 She piously cry'd, when the priest gave accord,
 To shew what devotion was in her,
 He's able and lusty, pray cheat not the lord,
 For, alas ! I'm a very great sinner.

On a Welchman.

A Welchman coming late into an inn,
 Asked the maid what meat there was within ?
 Cow-heels, she answer'd, and a breast of mutton ;
 But, quoth the Welchman, since I am no glutton,
 Either of these shall serve : To-night the breast,
 The heels i' th' morning, then light meat is best ;
 At night he took the breast, and did not pay,
 I' th' morning took his heels, and ran away.

The children of Isarel's passage out of Egypt.

WHEN Israel's flock th' Egyptian king pursu'd
 In chrystal walls the wand'ring waters stood :
 When thro' the dreary waste they took their way,
 The rocks grew liquid, and pour'd forth a sea.
 What limits can Almighty goodness know,
 Since seas can harden.—and since rocks can flow !

On a gentleman who died the day after his lady.

SHE first departed ; he for one day try'd
 To live without her ; lik'd it not, and dy'd.

*Pinn'd to a sheet, in which a woman stood to do Penance
in the Church.*

HERE stand I, for whores as great
 To cast a scornful eye on ;
 Shou'd each whore here be doom'd a sheet,
 You'd soon want one to lie on.

A French

A French gentleman dining with some company on a fast-day, call'd for some bacon and eggs; the rest were angry and reprov'd him for so heinous a sin: Whereupon he wrote the following lines extempore, which are here translated.

*PEUT on croire avec bon sens
Qu'un lardon le mit en colere;
Ou, que manger un harang
C'est un secret pour luy plair?
En sa gloire envelopé
Songe t'il bien de nos soupé.*

In English: By Dean Swift.

WHO can believe, with common sense,
A bacon slice gives God offence!
Or, how a herring hath a charm
Almighty-anger to disarm?
Wrapt up in majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine!

The fate of Poetry.

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Thro' which the living Homer begg'd his bread.

On an old woman with false hair.

THE golden hair that Galla wears
Is her's: Who wou'd have thought it?
She swears 'tis her's,—and true she swears;
For I know where she bought it.

On another old woman. By Mr. Prior.

FROM her own native France, as old Alifon past,
She reproach'd English Nell, with neglect, or with
malice;
That the flattern had left, in the hurry and haste,
Her lady's complexion and eye brows at Calais.

An Epitaph

HERE lies honest Strephon, with Mary his bride,
Who merrily liv'd and chearfully dy'd;
They laugh'd and they lov'd, and drank while they were
able,
But now they are forc'd to knock under the table.

This

This marble, which formerly serv'd them to drink on,
Now covers their bodies, a sad thing to think on!
That do what one can to moisten our clay,
'Twill one day be ashes, and moulder away.

On a beautiful and ingenious young Lady.

MINERVA, one day, pray let nobody doubt it,
Rid an airing from Oxford six miles, or about it,
Where she 'ipy'd a young damsel so blooming and fair,
That, ah, Venus! she cry'd, is your ladyship there?
Pray is not yon' Oxford? And lately you sware,
Neither you, nor aught like you, thou'd ever come there:
Do you thus keep your promise? and am I defy'd?
The virgin drew near her, and, smiling reply'd,
——My goddess! What have you your pupil forgot?
——Your pardon, my dear,——Is it you, Molly Scot?

On an ugly old Woman in the dark. From Martial.

WHILST in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting syren in thy tongue;
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!
But, when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

The Rapture.

CRY'D Strephon, panting in Cosmelia's arms,
I die, bright nymph, I die amidst your charms;
Chear up, dear youth, reply'd the maid,
Dissolv'd in am'rous pain,
All men must die (bright boy, you know)
Ere they can rise again.

To a Lady who marry'd her Footman, Colonel P——.

DEAR cousin, think it no reproach,
(Thy virtue shines the more)
To take black John into the coach;
He rode *behind b fore*.

On Reginelli, the eunuch.

IF Febria's judgment you rely on,
Enraptur'd Febria's sure to tell ye,
That neither Orpheus, nor Amphion,
Cou'd charm like warbling Reginelli.

But

But if effects most wond'rous prove

A title to the greatest fame ;

Those old musicans stones cou'd move ;

Can Reginelli do the fame ?

On the late duke of Argyll. By the late Mr. Gay.

ARGYLL, they say, has wit; for what?

For writing?—No, for writing not.

Upon the stealing a pound of Candles.

LIGHT-finger'd Catch, to keep his hand in ure,

Stole any thing; of this you may be sure,

That he thinks all his own which once he handles,

For practice-sake did steal a pound of candles ;

Was taken in the fact: Oh, foolish wight !

To steal such things as needs must come to light.

To a lady with Ovid's Epistles, By the late Mr. Beckingham.

MADAM, whilst here th' intrigues of ancient dames,

And sad effects of ill-requited flames,

The love-recording Ovid's numbers show,

In all the lively grace of tunful woe ;

Think not too rude the poet's art appears,

That draws deserted toasts and beauty's tears ;

How perjur'd man the easy fair disdain,

And too complying nymphs are kind in vain ;

Think not your sex traduc'd thro' spleen and rage,

His belles were copy'd from a former age ;

Their charms too languid, and too faint to move,

But thro' an Ovid's skill the heroes love ;

Now had he liv'd, that praise had all been cross'd,

And half the genius of the poet lost ;

The pleasing anguish that his lines impart,

Ne'er touch'd with female griefs the reader's heart ;

Once had he seen originals like you,

His ladies must have charm'd, his men been true.

On a very homely Lady, that patch'd much.

YOUR homely face, Flippanta, you disguise,

With patches, numerous as Argus' eyes ;

I own

I own that patching's requisite to you,
 For more we are pleas'd, if less your face we view;
 Yet I advise, if my advice you'd ask,
 Wear but one patch; but be that patch a mask.

To L——, the Miser.

WHEN thou art ask'd to sup abroad,
 Thou swear'st thou hast but newly din'd,
 That eating late does over-load
 The stomach and the mind.
 But if Appeius makes a treat,
 The slender'st summons thou obey'st;
 No child is greedier of the treat,
 Than thou art of the bounteous feast.
 There thou wilt drink 'till ev'ry star
 Be swallow'd by the rising sun;
 Such charms hath wine we pay not for;
 And mirth at other's charge begun.
 Who shuns his club, yet flies to ev'ry treat,
 Does not a supper, but a reck'ning hate.

The Dart.

WHEN'ERE I look, I may descry
 A little face peep thro' that eye;
 Sure that's the boy, who wisely chose
 His throne among such beams as those,
 Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
 May serve for darts to kill withal.

On Jealousy. By a lady.

OH! shield me from his rage, celestial pow'rs,
 This tryant that embitters all my hours.
 Ah, love, you've poorly play'd the monarch's part,
 You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
 So bless'd was I, throughout the happy reign,
 I thought this monster banish'd from thy train;
 But you wou'd raise him to support your throne,
 And now he claims your empire as his own:
 Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed,
 There, were one reigns, the other shall succeed.

On

On Julia's throwing a Snow-Ball.

JULIA, young, wanton, flung the gather'd snow,
Nor fear'd I burning from the wat'ry blow:
'Tis cold I cry'd, but, ah! too soon I found,
Sent by that hand, it dealt a scorching wound.
Resistless fair! we fly thy pow'r in vain,
Who turn't to fiery darts the frozen rain,
Burn, Julia, burn like me, and that desire
With water which thou kindlest, quench with fire.

Occasion'd by seeing some verses on Cælia, wrote on a pane of Glass.

WELL hast thou drawn, fond youth, in prop'rest
place,
The short-liv'd beauties of false Cælia's face.
When words obscurities thy sense o'er-shade,
The place gives light to what thou would'st have said.
Bright as this lucid glass her eyes now seem,
Like this, breath'd on, by fell disease grown dim.
Like glass is ev'ry strongest vow she makes,
Brittle as that, as easily she breaks;
Such is her honour: Short her fame, we find,
Which crack'd, must perish by the first high wind.

Epitaph on a certain Nobleman, who died by taking Catharides.

HERE old Grubbinol lies,
Upon very odd terms;
First a prey to the flies,
Now a prey to the worms.
Let those that grieve for him not wonder he's flown,
For the carcass must rot when the flesh is fly blown.
Yet this may be said in his praise,
Tho' death, cruel death, from us tore him,
He dy'd, endeavouring to raise
His friend who was dead long before him.

To Zelinda.

THE poet and the painter safely dare,
To form an image of the proudest fair:
Your brighter charms by lavish nature wrought,
Transcend the painter's skill, the poet's thought.

On

On Chloe.

HERE Chloe lies,
 Whose once bright eyes
 Set all the world on fire :
 And not to be
 Ungrateful, she
 Did all the world admire.

On Farinelli's coming to sing in the Opera.

AMPHION strikes the vocal lyre,
 And ready at his call,
 Harmonious brick and stone conspire
 To raise the Theban wall.
 In emulation of his praise,
 A Latian hero's come,
 Th' opera theatre to raise,
 And new erect its dome :
 But how this last shou'd come to pass,
 Is strange, all men must own ;
 When this poor gentleman, alas !
 Brings neither brick nor stone.

On a Riding House turn'd into a Chapel. By Mr. Farquhar.

A Chapel of a riding-house is made,
 Thus we once more see Christ in manger laid,
 Where still we find the jocky trade supplied,
 The laymen bridled, and the clergy ride.

On the Clare-Market, and other Orators.

TO wonder now at Balaam's ass is weak.
 Is there a day that asses do not speak ?

To a Lady who desir'd to know in what the goodness of an Epigram consists.

AN Epigram's good, when, like you, mistress frail,
 'Tis pretty and short, with a sting in its tail.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA makes a sad complaint she has lost her lover ;
 Why nothing strange I in that news discover.
 Nay, then thou'rt dull ; for here the wonder lies,
 She had a lover once ! — Don't that surprise ?

On

On a Painter, who stabb'd a man fasten'd to a Cross, that he might draw the picture of the Crucifixion more naturally.

WHILE his Redeemer on his canvas dies,
 Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies;
 The daring artist, cruelly serene,
 Views the pale cheek, and the distorted mien:
 He drains off life by drops, and deaf to cries,
 Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies;
 He studies torment, drives in mortal woe;
 To rouse up ev'ry pang, repeats his blow;
 Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
 Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face,
 Oh glorious theft? O nobly wicked draught?
 With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
 Such wond'rous force the magick colours boast,
 From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

Wrote by a young Lady on one of the windows of Nottingham Castle.

YE Heav'ns! if innocence deserves your care,
 Why have ye made it fatal to be fair;
 Base man the ruin of our sex was born,
 The beautiful are his prey, the rest his scorn;
 Alike unfortunate, our fate is such,
 We please too little, or we please too much:

To a Lady of pleasure.

MY heart is proud your chains to wear,
 But reason will not stoop:
 I love that angel's face, but fear
 The serpent in your hoop.

That circle is a magick spell,
 To which the wisest fall;
 Its center black and deep, like hell,
 Contains the devil and all.

Your eyes discharge the darts of love,
 But, oh, what pains succeed!
 When darts shall pins and needles prove;
 And love a fire indeed.

On a handsome Idiot. By Mr. Congreve.

WHEN Lefbia first I saw so heav'nly fair,
 With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
 I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
 As bold as his, who snatch'd celestial fire;
 But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
 Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;
 Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound
 And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound,

*On a Dumb Boy, very beautiful, and of great quickness of parts.
 Written by a Lady.*

I Sing the boy, who gagg'd and bound,
 Has been by nature robb'd of sound.
 Yet has she found a generous way,
 One loss by many gifts to pay.
 His voice, indeed, she close confin'd,
 But blest him with a speaking mind;
 And ev'ry muscle of his face
 Discourses with peculiar grace:
 The ladies tattling o'er their tea,
 Might learn to charm by copying thee:
 If silence thus can man become,
 All women beauties wou'd be dumb;
 Then, happy boy, no more complain,
 Nor think thy loss of speech a pain:
 Nature has us'd thee, like good liquor,
 And cork'd thee but to make thee quicker.

*To a young Gentleman who lov'd to drive hard with a sorry
 Pair of Horses. By Mr. Prior.*

THY nags, the leanest things alive,
 So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
 I heard thy anxious coachman say,
 It cost thee more in whips than hay.

On Wedlock.

IN marriage are two happy things allow'd,
 A wife in wedding-sheets, and in a shroud:
 How can a marriage state then be accurs'd,
 Since the last day's as happy as the first?

The

The HUSBAND. By a Lady.

THE poets sing of old, that am'rous Jove
 In various shapes perform'd the feats of love.
 Chang'd to a swan, he rifled Leda's charms,
 And with a rival whiteness fill'd her arms.
 On Dana's lap he fell a golden shower:
 (Gold is the surest friend in an amour)
 Now in a bull's or satyr's grisly shape,
 He on some beauty makes a welcome rape.
 Nor think it strange, that Jove's almighty power,
 Thro' these base forms, taught females to adore;
 A likeness less agreeable he try'd;
 He came a husband to Amphitrion's bride;
 And in a husband's shape could welcome prove:
 Who must not own th' omnipotence of Jove?

Solid Worth in a WIFE.

WHEN Loveless married lady Jenny,
 Whose beauty was the ready penny;
 I chose her, says he, like old plate,
 Not for the fashion, but the weight.

On a hasty marriage.

MARRY'D! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!
 But poor's the joy no coin possessing.
 In antient times, when folk did wed,
 'Twas to be one at board and bed:
 But hard's his case, who can't afford
 His charmer either bed or board.

By Mr. Prior.

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
 And was brought in a laudable manner to bed,
 She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,
 That one half of the parish was stunn'd with the noise;
 But when Florimel chose to lie privately in,
 'Twelve months before she and her spouse were a-kin,
 She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
 That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once
 squeal.
 Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
 That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

On CHLOE.

PRITHEE is not Miss Chloe's a comical case
She lends out her tail, and she borrows a face.

Epitaph on a Miser.

READER, beware immoderate love of pelf:
Here lies the worst of thieves, who robb'd himself.

A Case to the Civilians.

NOKES went, he thought, to Stiles's wife to bed,
Nor knew his own was lain there in her stead;
Civilians, is the child he then begot,
To be allow'd legitimate, or not?

*Written on the Chamber Door of King Charles II. By the
Earl of Rochester.*

HERE lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

Mankind punished.

THE crimes of men began to grow so great,
That how to punish justly puzzled Fate:
Heav'n sigh'd at last, that to his sons so dear
A punishment's decreed and so severe:
Go, says eternal justice, hell-hounds, go,
And execute my dread commands below:
Fix your rapacious claws on ev'ry door,
Despoil the rich, and poorer make the poor:
Pity not age, add to his weight of years,
And fill the wretched widow's eyes with tears:
Disturb their sleep, and poison ev'ry dish,
Not let them taste, without a doubt, a wish:
The judge supreme, who each effect foresaw,
Cry'd, *Havock, and let loose the dogs of law.*

To Charinus, an ugly woman's husband.

CHARINUS, 'twas my hap of late
To have a sight of thy dear mate;
So white, so flourishing, so fair,
So trim, so modest, debonaire;

a

H

That

That if great Jove would grant to me
A leash of beauties, such as she,
I'd give the devil, at one word,
Two, if he would but take the third.

On Timothy Mum, a Tapster.

HERE Tim the tapster lies, who drew good beer,
But now, *drawn* to his end, he *draws* no more;
Yes, still he draws from every friend a tear,
Water he *draws*, who *drew* good beer before.

On seeing a Copper-plate of the late Dr. Cheyne ill done. By Dr. Winter.

NATURE and Vandergutch in this agree,
Unfinish'd she has left him, so has he.

On a crooked Woman.

SHE's bent like a nine-pence, and would have been
broken,
Had not nature intended the devil a token.

On another crooked Woman.

NATURE in pity has deny'd you shape,
Else how shou'd mortals Flavia's chain escape?
Your radiant aspect, and your rosy bloom,
Without this form, would bring a gen'ral doom:
At once our ruin and relief we see,
At sight are captives, and at sight are free.

Against an Atheist.

WHILST in his double elbow-chair
Young Alcedor does loll and swear,
No wonder, if a wretch like me
An object's of his raillery:
Why should not I a blockhead seem
To one that does his God blaspheme?
But no man thinks (whate'er he saith)
His words are articles of faith.

On a famous Toast at Oxford.

ONE single stone now keeps poor Kitty down.
Who when alive mov'd half the stones in town.

By

By W. Walsli, Esq.

GO, said old Lyee, senseless lover go,
And with soft verses court the fair; but know,
With all thy verses, thou can'st get no more
Than fools, without one verse, have had before.
Enrag'd at this, upon the bawd I flew;
But that which most enrag'd me was, 'twas true.

Phillis's age. By Mr. Prior,

HOW old may Phillis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages:
To answer is no easy task;
For she really has two ages.
Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let Envy view her face,
And Phillis is but twenty one.
Paint, patches, jewels, laid aside,
At night astronomers agree,
The evening has the day bely'd,
And Phillis is full forty-three.

On the Death of Mary Countess of Pembroke. By Ben
Johnson.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse,
Lies the subject of all verses,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learned, good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

To a bad Fiddler.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well he mov'd old Nick
While thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

Written on a Glass with the Earl of Chesterfield's diamond
pencil. By Mr. Pope.

ACCEPT a miracle instead of wit;
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

H 2

On

On an antient Lady who painted very much. By James Moore Smith, Esq.

COSMELIA's charms inspire my lays,
Who, fair in nature's scorn,
Blossoms in the winter of her days,
Like Glastonbury thorn.

Cosmelia, cruel at theefscore;
Like bards in murd'ring plays,
Four acts of life pass guiltless o'er,
But in the fifth she slays.

If e'er impatient of the bliss,
Into her arms I fall,
The plaister'd fair returns the kifs,
Like Thisbe, thro' a wall.

The Real Affliction.

DORIS, a widow, past her prime,
Her spouse long dead, her wailing doubles;
Her real griefs increase by time,
And what abates, improve her troubles.
Those pangs her prudent hopes suppress'd,
Impatient now she cannot smother:
How should the helpless woman rest?
One's gone;——nor can she get another.

To an old Woman who used art.

LEAVE off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful dress,
And nature's failing honestly confess;
Double we see those faults which art would mend,
Plain downright ugliness would less offend.

To Flirtilla.

IN church the pray'r-book and the fan display'd,
And solemn curt'sies, shew the wiley maid;
At plays the leering looks, and wanton airs,
And nods, and smiles, are fondly meant for snares.
Alas! vain charmer, you no lovers get;
There you seem hypocrite, and here coquet.

To Oliver Cromwell. By the famous Mr. Locke.

A Peaceful sway the great Augustus bore,
 O'er what great Julius gain'd by arms before;
 Julius was all with martial trophies crown'd;
 Augustus for his peaceful arts renow'd;
 Rome calls 'em great, and makes 'em deities;
 That for his valour; this, his policies;
 You, mighty prince, than both are greater far,
 Who rule in peace that world you gain'd in war:
 You sure from heav'n a finish'd hero fell,
 Who thus alone two Pagan Gods excel.

To one married to an old man. By Mr. Waller.

SINCE thou would'st needs, bewitch'd with some ill
 charms,
 Be bury'd in those monumental arms:
 All we can wish is, may that earth lie light
 On thy young tender limbs, and so good night.

*On a picture of Mrs. Arabella Hunt, drawn playing on a
 lute after her death. By Mr. Congreve.*

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
 Another hand so bless'd with skill divine,
 The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
 And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

*On a Lady who shed water at seeing the tragedy of Cato. By
 Mr. Pope.*

WHILST maudling whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
 Still with dry eyes the tory Cælia fate,
 But tho' her pride forbad her eyes to flow,
 The gushing waters found a vent below.
 Tho' secret, yet with copious streams she mourns,
 Like twenty river gods, with all their urns!
 Let others screw an hypocritic face,
 She shews her grief in a sincerer place;
 Here nature reigns, and passion, void of art:
 For that road leads directly to the heart.

The Cuckold's Complaint. By Mr. Wallsh.

CORNUS proclaims aloud his wife's a whore,
 Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
 Wert thou no Cuckold, we might make thee one;
 But being one, we cannot make thee none.

On the expulsion of a member of the house of commons for an attempt to bribe a member of the secret committee.

TO raise a lady's expectation high,
 With hopes of some approaching bliss that's nigh;
 To tempt her to her chamber; shut the door;
 Then make acknowledgments, and do no more.
 Has she not reason loudly to complain
 Of—the corrupt intention of the swain?

On Tate and Brady's Psalms.

IN Hebrew times, when Israel's faith was strong,
 Great were the virtues of poetic song;
 Saul's evil spirit David's harp obey'd,
 The king was easy whilst the psalmist play'd;
 But now the force of poetry is chang'd,
 And David's sense from David's words estrang'd;
 When Tate and Brady touch'd the sacred strings,
 The madness seem'd the psalmist's, not the king's.

On the death of Mrs. B——, who died soon after her marriage. By lady Mary W—— M——.

HALL, happy bride! for thou art truly bless'd,
 Three months of rapture crown'd with endless rest.
 Merit, like your's, was heav'n's peculiar care,
 You lov'd,—yet tasted happiness sincere
 To you the sweets of love were only shewn;
 The sure succeeding bitter dregs unknown;
 You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,
 The tender love for the imperious lord;
 Nor felt the pains that jealous fondness brings
 Nor wept the coldness from possession springs;
 Above your sex distinguish'd in your fate:
 You trusted—yet experienc'd no deceit.
 Soft were your hours, and wing'd with pleasures flew,
 No vain repentance gave a sigh to you:
 And if superior bliss heaven can bestow,
 With fellow angels you enjoy it now.

Occasioned

Occasioned by the foregoing.

THO' all the world knows
 The fate of poor B——,
 Yet writers about it do vary;
 Some folks make a face,
 And pity her case,
 'Tis the envy of good lady Mary.
 She says, she don't know,
 How heaven can bestow
 And joy like the death of that bride;
 Whence some people say,
 Could she choose her own way,
 Ere now she had certainly dy'd.
 But here's the mistake,
 If her mind she would speak,
 The meaning appears very plain;
 She would ever be trying
 But to B——leave the dying,
 Her choice is to live in the pain.

THOMAS in High-Dutch once did court a wench,
 And to his cost, she answer'd him in French.

*On a Burser of a certain college in Oxford, cutting down the
 trees near the said college for his own use.*

INDULGENT nature to each creature shews
 A secret instinct to discern its foes;
 The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox;
 Lambs fly from wolves, and sailors steer from rocks;
 The thief the gallows, as his fate foresees,
 And bears the like antipathy to trees.

On Blood's stealing the crown. By Andrew Marvell, Esq.

WHEN daring Blood, his rent to have regain'd,
 Upon the English diadem distrain'd;
 He chose the cassock, surcingle, and gown:
 The fittest mark for one who robs the crown:
 But his Lay Pity underneath prevail'd,
 And, while he sav'd the keeper's life, he fail'd.
 With the priest's vestment, had he but put on
 The prelate's cruelty, the crown had gone.

On Sir Richard Blackmore, first a school-master, then a physician, and afterwards a poetaster.

BY nature meant, by want a pedant made,
 Blackmore at first profess'd the whipping trade;
 Grown fond of buttocks, he would lash no more,
 But kindly cur'd the arse he gall'd before:
 So quack commenc'd; then, fierce with pride, he swore
 That tooth-achs, gripes, and corns should be no more;
 In vain his drugs, as well as birch, he try'd,
 His boys grew blockheads, and his patients dy'd;
 Next he turn'd bard, and mounted on a cart,
 Whose hideous rumbling made Apollo start;
 Burlesqu'd the bravest, wisest son of Mars,
 In ballad rhimes, and all the pomps of farce.
 Still he chang'd callings, and, at length, has hit
 On business for his matchless talent fit,
 To give us drenches for the plague of wit.

On Sir Richard Blackmore's paraphrase upon Job.

WHEN Job contending with the devil I saw,
 It did my wonder, but not pity draw;
 For I concluded, that without some trick,
 A saint at any time could match *Old Nick*.
 Next came a fiercer fiend upon his back,
 I mean his spouse, stunning him with her clack;
 But still I could not pity him, as knowing
 A crab-tree cudgel soon would send her going;
 But when the quack engag'd with Job I spy'd,
 The Lord have mercy on poor Job I cry'd.
 With impious doggrel he'll pollute his theme,
 And make the saint, against his will, blaspheme:
 What spouse and Satan did attempt in vain,
 The quack will compass with his 'murd'ring pen,
 And on a dunghill leave poor Job again.

WOMAN. By Mr. Farquhar.

NATURE's chief gifts unequally are carv'd,
 They surfeit some, while many more are starv'd;
 Her bread, her wine, her gold, and what before
 Was common good, is now made private store;
 Nothing that's good we have among us common,
 But all enjoy that common ill,—a woman.

On

On a Fan, in which was painted the story of Cephalus and Procris, with this motto: Aura Veni. By Mr. Pope.

COME, gentle air, th' Æolian shepherd said,
 While Procris panted in the sacred shade;
 Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
 While at her feet her swain expiring lies;
 Lo! the glad gales do o'er her beauties stray,
 Breathe in her lips, and in her bosom play;
 In Delia's hand this toy is faithful found,
 Nor could that fabled dart more surley wound;
 Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,
 Alike both lovers fall, by those they love:
 Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
 At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
 She views the story with attentive eyes,
 And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

Upon Something. Written under the Picture of Daphnis and Chloe.

THUS blooming youth in rip'ning years,
 Just as this am'rous boy appears,
 And as this girl the fair ones prove,
 In Years just opening into love:
Something they feel, yet can't explain
 This *something* made of joy and pain;
Something they want, yet know not what,
 Or how this *something's* to be got;
 Absent they pine, yet when they meet,
 They still find *something* incomplete;
 By little toys he'd fain attain
 This *something*, to assuage his pain;
 As fain would she this *something* grant,
 Did either know what *something* meant;
 Unknown this *something*, here's the task,
 How she could grant, or he should ask.

Truth told at last.

SAYS Colin, in rage, contradicting his wife,
 "You never yet told me one truth in your life."
 Next Fanny no way could this thesis allow,
 You're a cuckold, says she; do I tell you truth now?

*The Emperor Adrian's death-bed versis to his soul, imitated.
By Mr. Prior.*

POOR little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing
To take thy flight the Lord knows whither?
Thy hum'rous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lie all neglected, all forgot;
And penfive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

A declaration of love.

YOU I love, nor think I joke,
More than ivy does the oak;
More than fishes do the flood;
More than savage beasts the wood;
More than merchants do their gain;
More than misers to complain;
More than widows do their weeds;
More than Friars do their beads;
More than Cynthia to be prais'd:
More than courtiers to be rais'd;
More than brides the wedding-night;
More than soldiers do a fight;
More than lawyers do the bar;
More than 'prentice boys a fair;
More than topers t'other bottle;
More than women tittle-tattle;
More than rakes a willing lady;
More than Nancy does her baby;
More than jailors do a fee;
More than all things I love thee.

The Bilboquet.

AS Celia with her catcher play'd,
Young Damon standing by,
With am'rous looks the wanton maid
Gave Damon it to try.
He tofs'd the ball the picked way,
But could not stick it on;
Fumbler, cry'd she, I'll better play
With *two*, than you with *one*.

On Mr. Cornelius Marten, a contented cuckold:

NIGRELIO leads a married life,
Not with his own, but neighbour's wife;
Cornelius knows it to be thus;
But he's *Cornelius Tacitus*.

On a Chaste Maid.

HERE lies the body of a beauteous maid,
Whose secret parts no man did e'er invade;
Scarce her own hand she would admit to touch
That virgin spring, altho' it itch'd so much:
She dy'd at eighteen years of age, and then
She gave to worms what she deny'd to men;
But 'twas her last request, with dying groans,
To have no tomb at all if built with stones;
Such vig'rous things she always us'd to wave,
And fear'd they would disturb her in her grave.

On the Picture of Susannah.

SUSANNAH's face with pity we behold,
Condemn'd to lechers, impotent and old:
With wond'rous art the pencil shews she fears
The faint address—*not the force of years.*

*An inscription for the blank scroll on Shakespear's monument
before it was fill'd up.*

THUS leaned M——d to H——er spoke,
“ This empty scroll is but a joke;
“ There should be something thought on for't,
“ Extremely *deep*, extremely *short*;
“ But very apt, and very pat,
“ And fit for Shakespear to point at.”
Thus said the white-glov'd knight to M——;
The Doctor and his cane agreed:
A boy who heard them hit upon't,
Took out some charcoal, and wrote——.

A True Maid. By Mr. Prior.

NO, no, for my virginity,
When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die:
Behind the elms, last night, cry'd Dick,
Rose, were you not——extremely sick?

The Feather.

IN Florimel's arms as if quite out of breath,
 I'll kiss thee, my charmer, I'll kiss thee to death,
 Cry'd Thyrsis, in rapture—but soon on her breast
 He sunk down his head, and compos'd him to rest;
 Not long had they laid thus unactive together,
 Ere the wanton pluck'd forth from the bolster a feather,
 And grasping him hard till he open'd his eyes,
 In a tone of derision the witty one cries,——
 To prevent being kill'd in the manner you said,
 I resolve, with this feather, to chop off your head.

*To Celia, with a Snuff-Box, having a Looking-Glass in
 the Lid.*

LET others Venus, and the Graces place,
 Or Cupid, god of love, these toys to grace;
 Deign, charmer, but to cast those sparkling eyes
 On this fair mirror, lo! with glad surprize,
 A fairer form than Venus shall arise.
 Smile but, my fair, and view ten thousand loves,
 Cheerful as light, and soft as cooing doves:
 Beauty and love with thee for ever stay;
 Soon as thou clos'st the lid both fly away.

The Forbidden Fruit, or Love to a marry'd Lady.

ASSIST me, Cupid, lend me wings,
 To fly from Chloe's sight;
 Her voice, as when a syren sings,
 My longer stay invite.
 O melt her heart, and make her kind,
 That she may feel love's pain;
 Nor leave her loose, whilst me you bind,
 But hold us with one chain.
 If love's a crime, who can be free
 From guilt, by nature made?
 Who can the charms of Chloe see,
 And say, he's not afraid?
 Since for one apple heaven's bliss
 Was forfeited by Eve:
 For Chloe's sweet forbidden kiss,
 What is't I cou'd'nt leave?

*To a Lady, who said it was impossible to find true poetical
Energy express'd in four Lines.*

CONQU'rors and kings submit to beauty's shrine,
Venus, the only goodefs, is divine;
Nor Jove above, nor G——, who rules thisland,
The force of these initials can withstand.

*Written in the Nouveaux Interêts des Princes de l'Europe.
By Mr. Prior.*

BLEST be the princes who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion;
Since by their error we are taught,
That happiness is but opinion.

A Marriage Certificate. By Dean Swift.

UNDER this hedge, in stormy weather,
I join'd this * whore and rogue together;
And none but him who made the thunder,
Can put this whore and rogue asunder.

The Way to come at it.

AS Charlotte thro' the window leant,
Young William, glad to see her bent,
Seizes *behind* the virgin store,
Which she had long deny'd *before*;
Pho! says her dad, when she complain'd,
Your honour is by no means stain'd;
You cannot help, so hold your clack,
What's *done*, or *said*, behind your back.

*Inscription for a Fountain, adorn'd with Queen Anne's and the
late Duke of Marlborough's Images, and the chief Rivers
of the world round the work. By Mr. Prior.*

YE active streams; where-e'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes and farthest nations know,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlbro' fought.

The Numscull,

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

* *She was big with child when the ceremony pass'd.*

On

On the Countess of Dorchester, Mistress to King James the Second, Written in 1680. By the Earl of Dorset.

TELL me, Dorinda, why so gay,
 With such embroid'ry, fringe, and lace?
 Can any dresses find a way
 To stop th' approaches of decay,
 And mend a ruin'd face?

Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
 And ogle in the ring?
 Can'st thou forget thy age and pox?
 Can all that shines on shells and rocks
 Make thee a fine young thing?

So have I seen in larder dark,
 Of veal a lucid loin,
 Replete with many a brilliant spark,
 (As wise philosophers remark)
 At once both stink and shine.

On the same. By the Earl of Dorset.

PROUD with the spoils of royal cully,
 With false pretence to wit and parts,
 She swaggers like a batter'd bully,
 To try the tempers of men's hearts.

Tho' she appears as glitt'ring fine
 As gems, brocade, and paint can make her,
 She ne'er can win a breast like mine;
 The devil and Sir * David take her.

On Dolly Chamberlain, a Scampstrefs. By the Earl of Dorset.

DOLLY's beauty and art
 Have so hemm'd in my heart,
 That I cannot resist the charm;
 In revenge I will stich
 Up the hole next her breech,
 With a needle as long as my arm.

* Sir David Colyear, late Earl of Portmore.

Written extempore, on the Duke of Devonshire's House at Chatsworth.

*QUALITER in Mediis quam non sperave: at Urbem,
Attonitus, Venetam Navita cernit Aquis;
Sic Improviso Emergens Et Montibus Imis,
Attollis sese Devoniana Domus.*

And thus translated by Colley Cibber, Esq.

NOT sailors view with more astonish'd eyes,
In open seas Venetian tow'rs arise,
Than from the mountains strangers with delight,
See unexpected Chatsworth charm the sight.

A Character of Scotland, taken from a Pane of Glass in an Inn in the Northern Road.

WHOE'ER he is desires to see
A barren land, without a tree,
The rankest beggary and pride,
As close as nits and lice ally'd,
Be poison'd when he eats and drinks,
Or flavour'd with all kinds of stinks;
Whoe'er wou'd bite, or wou'd be bit,
Wou'd get the itch, or be beshit,
Let him to Scotland but repair,
He'll find all these perfections there.

On a silly talkative Lady, at the Hot Wells at Bristol. By the Hon. T. H. Esq.

FAM'D stream, by whose retentive force we're taught,
Such various and such wond'rous cures are wrought;
Stop but the gleet in Saccarisse's tongue,
Thy praises shall by Phœbus self be sung;
Admire not, reader, that I call it so,
Since great the *running*, and from *weakness* too.

Liars compar'd.

SUCH a liar is Tom, there's none can *lie* faster,
Excepting his maid, and she'll *lie* with her master.

On an old Miser.

HERE lies father Sparges,
Who dy'd to save charges.

The advantage of having two Physicians.

ONE prompt physician like a scüller plies,
 And all his art, and all his skill applies :
 But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
 Convey you soonest to the Stygian shores.

On Snuff.

JOVE once resolv'd, the females to degrade,
 To propagate their sex without their aid ;
 His brain conceiv'd, and soon the pangs and throes
 He felt, nor cou'd th' unnat'ral birth disclose ;
 At last, when try'd, no remedy wou'd do.
 The god took *snuff*, and out the goddess flew.

*Dean Swift being sent for by the Lord Carteret, then Lord
 Lieutenant of Ireland, and being made to wait in the
 Council Chamber alone, wrote with a Diamond on the
 Window,*

MY very good lord, 'tis a very hard task
 For a man to wait here who has nothing to ask.

My Lord coming soon after into the room, wrote under it thus :

MY very good dean, there are few who come here,
 But have something to ask, or something to fear.

MARRIAGE.

WERE I, who am not of the Romish tribe,
 The number of their sacraments to fix,
 I speak sincerely, without fee, or bribe,
 Instead of seven there shou'd be but six.
 All men of sense tautology disclaim,
 Marriage and penance always were the same.

By W. Walsh, Esq.

CHLOE, new marry'd, looks at men no more ;
 Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

The Encouragement.

'TIS the Arabian bird alone
 Lives chaste, because there is but *one* :
 But had kind nature made them *two*,
 They wou'd like doves and sparrows do.

Ah,

AH, me! quoth Betty, who cou'd e'er have thought
 Such mischief cou'd arise almost from nought?
 Which had she known ere she began to swell,
 Each yard of pleasure she'd have made an ell.

*A Translation in Modern English of Mr. P——'s Imitation
 of Chaucer.*

AN Oxford scholar made a goose his prize,
 And hid it where the garb inveils the thighs;
 Too weak the buttons prov'd, the goose too strong,
 And burst its jail as ladies pass'd along;
 The bill came bolting forth, a ruddy sight,
 The neck came after, long, and round, and white;
 The creature cackling, pertly rais'd its head,
 The lad look'd foolish, and the women fled.
 "O Jesu! sister Moll, said wanton miss,
 "Is this the thing wherewith they us'd to p——?
 "'Tis better far to feed on coals, or chalk,
 "Than trust to faithless man whose tail can talk.
 Thus Chaucer whilom did the fair advise,
 'That maids shou'd never sport but with the wise.
 With sly conceit, the bard his story told,
 Then left this moral, worth its weight in gold;
 "Pardie, Miss Betty, thou didst reason well;
 "They bear the goose about that love to tell."

Epitaph on Mr. Fenton. By Mr. Pope.

THIS modest stone, which few vain marbles can,
 May truly say, ——— Here lies an honest man!
 A poet blest'd beyond a poet's fate,
 Whom heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great;
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science in the vale of peace;
 Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, nor there to fear;
 From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

By Ambrose Philips, Esq.

GEORGE came to the crown without striking a
 blow;
 Ah! quoth the Pretender, wou'd I cou'd do so.

On

On a Civilian.

A Lusty, old, grave, and grey-headed fire,
 Slid to a wench to quench his lust's desire;
 She ask'd him what profession he might be?
 I am a civil lawyer, girl, quoth he.
 A civil lawyer! Sir? You make me muse,
 Your talk's too broad for civil men to use:
 If civil lawyers are such bawdy men,
 Oh what, quoth she, are other lawyers, then?

Epitaph on Cardinal Richlieu.

STAY traveller—for all you want is near;
 Wisdom and pow'r I seek—they both lie here.
 Nay, but I look for more, and raise my aim,
 To wit, taste, learning, elegance and fame.
 Here ends your journey, then; for there the store
 Of Richlieu lies—Alas! repent no more:
 Shame on my pride! what hope is left for me,
 When here death treads on all that man can be?

*What is it like? or, Verses upon Old T——r's Marriage.
 with Miss Graves.*

SEVEN matrons old were met o'er brandy,
 All knowing dames as any can be:
 And all agreed to raise their glee
 By jest and bawdy simile.
 I've thought, cries Dorcas, with a sneer,
 I've thought of something strangely queer;
 'Tis like, reply'd each sister hag,
 'Tis like a leek, a frog, a stag,
 A blister, sexton, and a ruin;
 Now tell us, Dorcas, what thou'rt brewing:
 I mean, cry'd she, a simple sage,
 A compound strange of youth and age;
 A winter in the garb of spring,
 A sputt'ring snake without a string;
 A lion tame, a lambent fire,
 All impotence, yet all desire;
 A boaster great, as great a failer,
 Or, in one word, I mean old T——r.
 He's like a leek, because 'tis said
 His tail is green, tho' grey his head.

He's

He's like a frog, because I'm told,
 His blood's so phlegmatic and cold,
 That tho' the female round him plays,
 He'll——but once in forty days.
 Then like a stag he'll needs appear,
 For a stag ruts but once a year:
 And ev'ry year new antlers spread
 Fresh honours o'er his aged head.
 He's like a blister none denies,
 For sure he's rais'd by Spanish flies,
 He's like a sexton, for 'tis known
 O'er many a wench h'as laid a stone.
 But now, since age his strength depraves,
 Some abler man must dig his *Graves*.
 He's like a ruin'd house, because
 He's crack'd, and patch'd, and full of flaws,
 His roof is bare, his timber broke,
 His front all black with smut and smoke;
 His stones are loose his yard decay'd;
 Alas! poor Moll must die a maid.

A Caveat to the Fair Sex. By the Right Honourable Lady
 M. W. M.

WIFE and servant are the same,
 But only differ in the name;
 For when that fatal knot his ty'd
 Which nothing, nothing can divide:
 When she the word *obey* has said,
 And man by law supreme is made,
 Then all that's kind is laid aside,
 And nothing left but state and pride;
 Fierce as an eastern prince he grows
 And all his innate rigour shews:
 Then but to look, or laugh, or speak,
 Will the nuptial contract break.
 Like mutes, she signs alone must make,
 And never any freedom take;
 But still be govern'd by a nod,
 And fear her husband as her god;
 Him still must serve, him still obey,
 And nothing act, and nothing say,
 But what her haughty lord thinks fit,
 Who with the pow'r, has all the wit.

He's

Then

Then shun, Oh! shun that wretched state,
And all the fawning flatt'ers hate;
Value yourselves, and men despise,
You must be proud, if you'll be wise.

*The Petition of Justice B———ns's Horse, to his Grace the
Duke of N———.*

QUITE worn to the stumps, in a piteous condition,
I present to your grace this my humble petition:
Full twenty-eight stone, as all the world says,
(To me it seems more) my plump master weighs.
A load for a team this, yet I all alone,
To Claremont must draw him, for help I have none;
O'er Esher's hot sands, in a dry summer's day,
How I sweat and I chafe, and I pant all the way:
But when I return, and the draft is increas'd
By what he has cramm'd—a stone at the least—
No single horse can be, in conscience, thought able
To draw both the justice, and eke half your table.
This, my case, gracious duke, to your tender compassion
I submit, and O! take it in consideration.
To draw with a pair, put the squire in a way,
Your petitioner then, bound in duty, shall neigh.

The Kiss.

AN am'rous wag once fought the bliss,
To steal a soft and balmy kiss!
When Sylvia stamp'd (and some say, swore)
That he shou'd gain the prize no more:
He smil'd, and said, if 'tis such pain,
Pray, miss, return it back again.

A poetical Oddity.

A Certain man, whose name was *Semper Idem*,
(And, to be brief, he was *Mercator quidem*).
Had a wife who was neither tall nor *brevis*,
Yet in her carriage was accounted *levis*:
He, to content her, gave her all things *satis*;
She, to requite him, made him cuckold *gratis*:
For which said act he turn'd her out of *fores*,
And bid her go to learn some better *mores*.

The

The pious Nun.

JANE, a young bantling having had,
 Led life austere, seem'd always sad;
 Whilst her gay sister nuns and mates
 Were ever peeping at the gates.
 The abbess to her daughters said,
 In a grave speech, which she had made:
 Lead, daughters, lead the life of Jane;
 Fly, fly this world, and all things vain,
 To which they answer'd in this strain:
 Pious as Jane we all will be,
 When we have done as much as she.

To a Lady sitting cross-legg'd for a gentleman at Cards.

WHAT various charms can Celia boast,
 By nature thus betriended;
 Whose legs are both a charm, when cross'd,
 And charming, when——extended?

On stealing the body of a young Woman to be anatomized, from St. Peter's Church-yard, Oxon, 1745.

FOR shame! for shame! Oxonians all,
 And blush to have it said,
 "Not pleas'd to steal the girls alive,
 "But must ye steal them dead?
 Infatiate nature thus directs,
 Nor is it strange, I own;
 That those who love to taste the flesh,
 Shou'd like,——to pick the bone.

The following Lines were found among Mr. Pope's Papers, in his own Hand Writing.

ARGYLL, his praise when Southerne wrote,
 First struck out this, and then that thought;
 Said this was flatt'ry, that a fault.
 How shall your bard contrive?
 My lord, consider what you do,
 He'll lose his pains and verses too;
 For if these praises fit not you,
 They'll fit no man alive.

On Nell Batchelor, the Pye-Woman at Oxford.

BENEATH, in the dust,
 The old mouldy crust
 Of Nell Batchelor lately was shoven,
 Who was skill'd in the arts
 Of pies, custards, and tarts,
 And knew ev'ry use of the oven.
 When she liv'd long enough,
 She made her last puff,
 (A puff by her husband much prais'd)
 Now here does she lie,
 And make a dirt-pye
 In hopes that her crust will be rais'd.

By Mr. Prior.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats;
 He eats more than six, and drinks more than he eats.
 Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes;
 And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes,
 Yet sighing, he says, we must certainly break,
 And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak:
 For of late I invite him—but four times a week.

By Mr. Prior.

TO John I ow'd great obligation,
 But John unhappily thought fit,
 To publish it to all the nation:
 Sure John and I are more than quit.

By Mr. Prior.

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool:
 By demonstration Ned can shew it:
 Happy, cou'd Ned's inverted rule
 Prove ev'ry foll to be a poet.

Written in an Ovid. By Mr. Prior.

OVID is the surest guide
 You can name, to shew the way
 To any woman, maid, or bride,
 Who resolves to go astray.

*Rhymes given by Miss——and fill'd up by the Hon. and Rev.
Mr. A——n.*

WHEN with all the cant of
Cupid's dart, and Venus'
Frowns that chill, and smiles that
Painful pleasures, sorrows
Coxcombs eager for the
Court thee to the silent
Shou'd'st thou yield their hopes to
Soon their ardour wou'd be
If to govern, be thy
Still to govern, still be

Love,
Dove,
Heat,
Sweet,
Shade,
Glade,
Bless,
Less,
Joy,
Coy,

Another.

THOU bright inspirer of untainted
Gay as the lark, and peaceful as the
Thou whose calm breast no struggling passions
May still thy life be, as thy temper,
By flatt'ers weary'd, when thou seek'st the
May peace attend thee thro' the silent
May all those pow'rs that heav'nly virtue
Improve thy mind, nor make thy beauty
But if impatient for sublimer
Prompt thee to call on death, may death be

Love,
Dove,
Heat,
Sweet,
Shade,
Glade,
Bless,
Less,
Joy,
Coy,

On a Grave stone in Cirencester Church-Yard.

GOD takes the good, too good on earth to stay,
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

Fast and Loose.

COLIN was marry'd in all haste,
And now to rack doth run;
So knitting of himself too fast
He hath himself undone.

Epitaph in Stepney Church-Yard.

HERE lies the body of John Saul,
Spital-Fields weaver, and that's all.

F I N I S.

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